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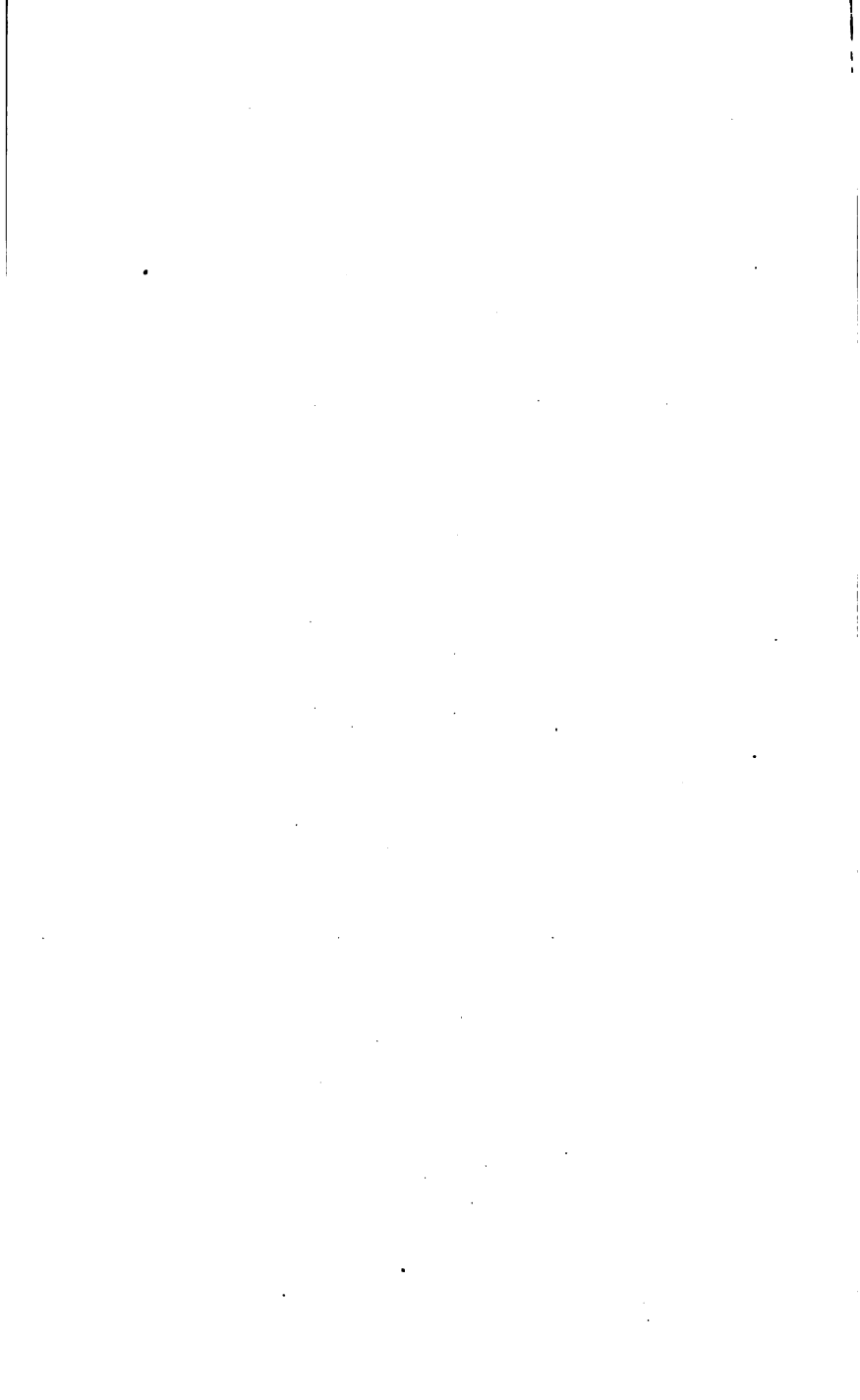
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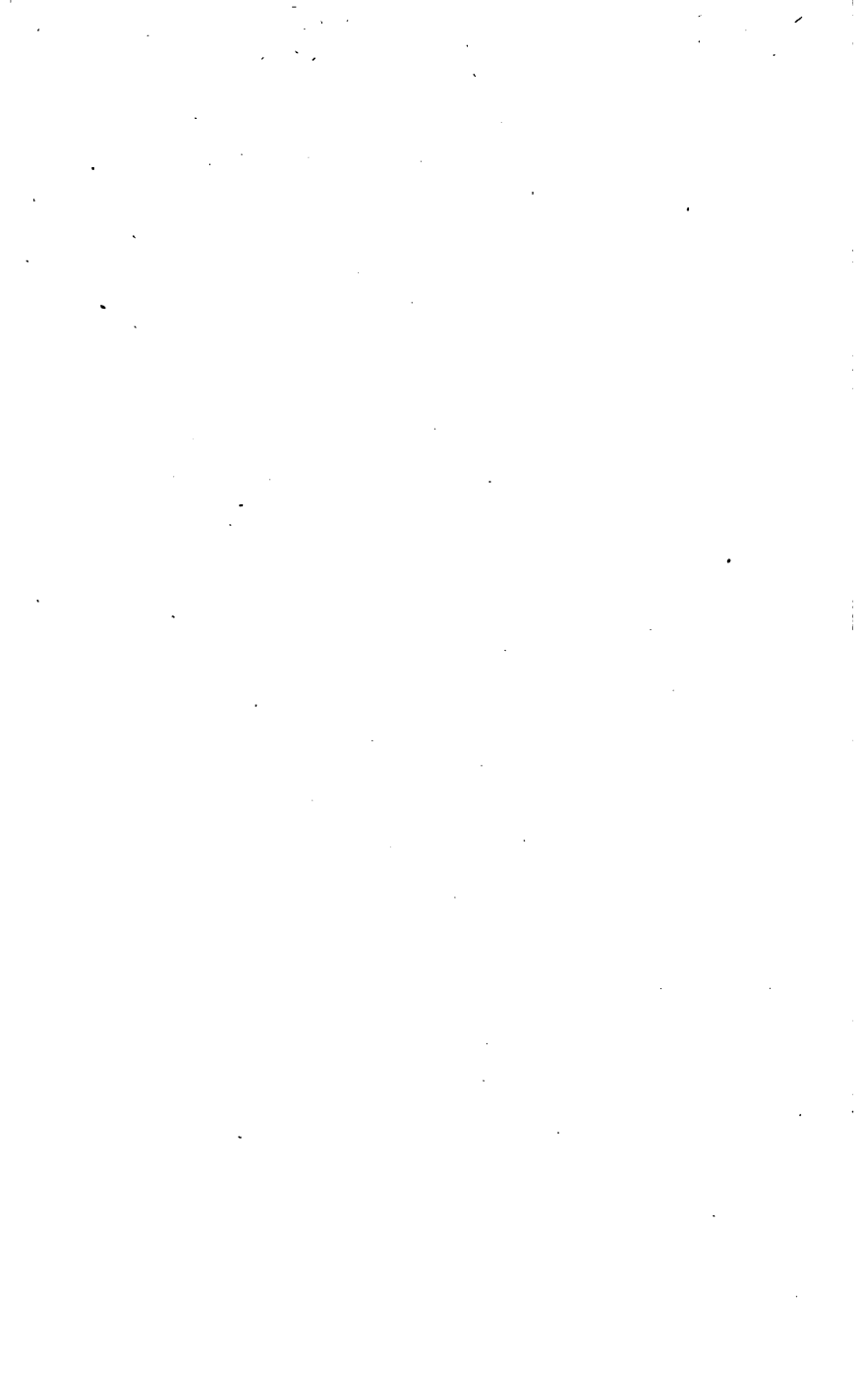
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*Albert Matthews.*



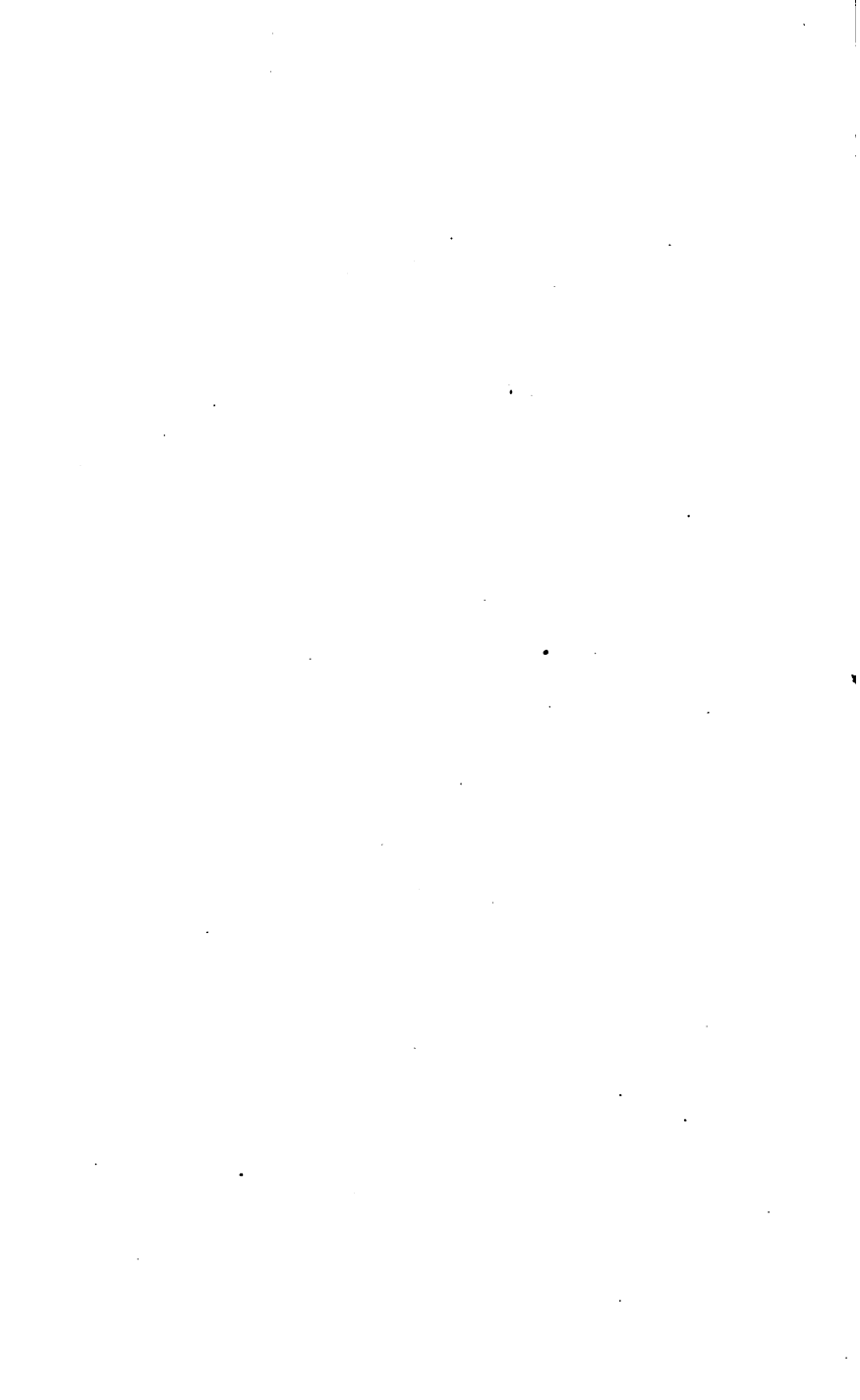
















Tho Wiat/.

THE  
POLITICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS LYELL

HENRY HOVLAR

EDITOR

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
Care Riverside Dr., Cambridge  
1889



Wid

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT  
AND  
HENRY HOWARD  
EARL OF SURREY

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



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*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*  
1880

KE 8850



# CONTENTS.

—◆—  
WYATT.

	Page
MEMOIR, by Sir Harris Nicolas . . . . .	xi
SONGS AND SONNETS.	
The Lover for shamefastness hideth his Desire within his faithful Heart . . . . .	1
The Lover waxeth wiser, and will not die for Affection	1
The abused Lover seeth his Folly and intendeth to trust no more . . . . .	2
The Lover describeth his being stricken with sight of his Love . . . . .	3
The wavering Lover willeth, and dreadeth, to move his Desire . . . . .	3
The Lover having dreamed enjoying of his Love, complaineth that the Dream is not either longer or truer . . . . .	4
The Lover unhappy biddeth happy Lovers rejoice in May, while he walleth that Month to him most unlucky . . . . .	5
The Lover confesseth him in Love with Phyllis . . . . .	5
Of others' feigned Sorrow, and the Lover's feigned Mirth	6
Of change in Mind . . . . .	7
How the Lover perisheth in his Delight as the Fly in the Fire	7
Against his Tongue that failed to utter his Suits . . . . .	8
Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover . . . . .	9
The Lover compareth his State to a Ship in perilous Storm tossed on the Sea . . . . .	9
Of doubtful Love . . . . .	10
The Lover abused renounceth Love . . . . .	11
To his Lady, cruel over her yielding Lover . . . . .	11
How impossible it is to find quiet in Love . . . . .	12
Of Love, Fortune, and the Lover's Mind . . . . .	13
The Lover prayeth his offered Heart to be received . . . . .	13
The Lover's Life compared to the Alps . . . . .	14



Charging of his Love as unpiteous and loving other . . .	15
The Lover forsaketh his unkind Love . . . . .	15
The Lover describeth his restless State . . . . .	16
The Lover laments the Death of his Love . . . . .	17
A renouncing of Love . . . . .	18
The Lover despairing to attain unto his Lady's Grace re- linquisheth the pursuit . . . . .	18
The deserted Lover consoleth himself with remembrance that all Women are by nature fickle . . . . .	19
That Hope unsatisfied is to the Lover's Heart as a pro- longed Death . . . . .	20
He prayeth his Lady to be true, for no one can restrain a willing Mind . . . . .	20
The deserted Lover wisheth that his Rival might experi- ence the same Fortune he himself had tasted . . . . .	21

## RONDEAUX.

Request to Cupid for Revenge of his unkind Love . . . . .	22
Complaint for true Love unrequited . . . . .	22
The Lover sendeth Sighs to move his Suit . . . . .	23
The Lover seeking for his lost Heart prayeth that it may be kindly entreated by whomsoever found . . . . .	24
He determineth to cease to Love . . . . .	24
Of the Folly of loving when the Season of Love is past . . . . .	25
The abused Lover resolveth to forget his unkind Mistress . . . . .	26
The absent Lover persuadeth himself that his Mistress will not have the power to forsake him . . . . .	27
The recured Lover renounceth his fickle Mistress for her Newfangledness . . . . .	28

## ODES.

The Lover complaineth the unkindness of his Love . . . . .	29
The Lover rejoiceth the enjoying of his Love . . . . .	30
The Lover sheweth how he is forsaken of such as he sometime enjoyed . . . . .	31
The Lover to his Bed, with describing of his unquiet State . . . . .	32
The Lover complaineth that his Love doth not pity him . . . . .	33
The Lover complaineth himself forsaken . . . . .	34
A renouncing of hardly escaped Love . . . . .	36

CONTENTS.

iii

The Lover taught, mistrusteth Allurements . . . . .	36
The Lover rejoiceth against Fortune that by hindering his suit had happily made him forsake his Folly . . . .	37
The Lover's sorrowful State maketh him write sorrowful Songs, but such his Love may change the same . . . .	38
The Lover sendeth his Complaints and Tears to sue for Grace . . . . .	40
The Lover's Case cannot be hidden however he dissemble	41
The Lover prayeth not to be disdained, refused, mistrust- ed, nor forsaken . . . . .	43
The Lover lamenteth his Estate with suit for Grace . . . .	44
The Lover walleth his changed Joys . . . . .	45
To his Love that hath given him answer of refusal . . . .	46
The Lover describeth his being taken with sight of his Love . . . . .	47
The Lover excuseth him of Words, wherewith he was unjustly charged . . . . .	48
The Lover curseth the Time when first he fell in Love . . .	50
The Lover determineth to serve faithfully . . . . .	51
To his unkind Love . . . . .	52
The Lover complaineth his Estate . . . . .	53
Whether Liberty by loss of Life, or Life in Prison and thraldom be to be preferred . . . . .	54
He ruleth not though he reign over Realms, that is sub- ject to his own Lusts . . . . .	56
The faithful Lover giveth to his Mistress his Heart as his best and only Treasure . . . . .	57
A Description of the Sorrow of true Lovers' parting . . . .	58
The neglected Lover calleth on his stony hearted Mistress to hear him complain ere that he die . . . . .	59
He rejoiceth the obtaining the Favour of the Mistress of his Heart . . . . .	60
The Lover prayeth Venus to conduct him to the desired Haven . . . . .	61
The Lover praiseth the Beauty of his Lady's Hand . . . .	62
That the Eye bewrayeth alway the secret Affections of the Heart . . . . .	64
The Lover complaineth that Faith may not avail without the Favour of Fantasy . . . . .	65

That too much Confidence sometimes disappointeth Hope	67
The Lover bemoaneth his unhappiness that he cannot obtain Grace, yet cannot cease loving . . . . .	68
The mournful Lover to his Heart with Complaint that it will not break . . . . .	70
The Lover renounces his cruel Love for ever . . . . .	71
A Complaint of his Lady's Cruelty . . . . .	73
Of the Contrary Affections of the Lover . . . . .	74
That right cannot govern Fancy . . . . .	75
That true Love avalleth not when Fortune list to frown	76
The deceived Lover sueth only for Liberty . . . . .	78
The Lover calleth on his Lute to help him bemoan his hapless Fate . . . . .	79
That the Power of Love is such he worketh Impossibilities	81
That the Life of the unregarded Lover is worse than Death	82
The Lover who cannot prevail must needs have Patience	83
When Fortune smiles not, only Patience comforteth . . . . .	84
That Patience alone can heal the Wound inflicted by Adversity . . . . .	85
The Lover, hopeless of greater Happiness, contenteth himself with only Pity . . . . .	86
That Time, Humbleness, and Prayer, can soften every thing save his Lady's Heart . . . . .	87
That Unkindness hath slain his poor true Heart . . . . .	88
The dying Lover complaineth that his Mistress regardeth not his Sufferings . . . . .	89
The careful Lover complaineth, and the happy Lover counselleth . . . . .	90
The Lover having broken his Bondage, voweth never more to be enthralled . . . . .	91
The abused Lover, admonishes the unwary to beware of Love . . . . .	92
A Reproof to such as slander Love . . . . .	93
Despair counselleth the deserted Lover to end his Woes by Death, but Reason bringeth Comfort . . . . .	96
The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness . . . . .	98
The neglected Lover calleth on his Pen to record the ungentle Behaviour of his unkind Mistress . . . . .	100

CONTENTS.

v

That Caution should be used in Love . . . . .	101
An earnest Request to his cruel Mistress either to pity him or let him die . . . . .	102
The abused Lover reproacheth his false Mistress of Dis- simulation . . . . .	103
He bewails his hard Fate that though beloved of his Mis- tress he still lives in pain . . . . .	104
A Complaint of the Falseness of Love . . . . .	105
The Lover sueth that his Service may be accepted . . . . .	106
Of the Pains and Sorrows caused by Love . . . . .	107
The Lover recounteth the variable Fancy of his fickle Mistress . . . . .	108
The abused Lover bewails the time that ever his Eye beheld her to whom he had given his faithful Heart . . . . .	110
An earnest Suit to his unkind Mistress not to forsake him . . . . .	111
He remembereth the Promise his Lady once gave him of Affection, and comforteth himself with Hope . . . . .	112
That all his Joy dependeth on his Lady's Favour . . . . .	113
He promiseth to remain faithful whatever Fortune betide . . . . .	115
The faithful Lover wisheth all Evil may befall him if he forsake his Lady . . . . .	116
Of Fortune, Love, and Fantasy . . . . .	117
Deserted by his Mistress, he renounceth all Joy for ever . . . . .	119
That no Words may express the crafty Trains of Love . . . . .	119
That the Power of Love excuseth the Folly of loving . . . . .	121
The doubtful Lover resolveth to be assured whether he is to live in joy or woe . . . . .	122
Of the extreme Torment endured by the unhappy Lover . . . . .	123
He biddeth farewell to his unkind Mistress . . . . .	124
He repenteth that he had ever loved . . . . .	124
The Lover beseecheth his Mistress not to forget his stead- fast Faith and true Intent . . . . .	126
He bewails the Pain he endures when banished from the Mistress of his Heart . . . . .	127
He compares his Sufferings to those of Tantalus . . . . .	127
That nothing may assuage his Pain save only his Lady's Favour . . . . .	128
The Lover prayeth that his long Sufferings may at length find Recompense . . . . .	128

He describeth the ceaseless Torments of Love . . . . .	130
That the Season of Enjoyment is short, and should not pass by neglected . . . . .	181
That the Pain he endured should not make him cease from loving . . . . .	188
The Complaint of a deserted Lover . . . . .	184
That Faith is dead, and true Love disregarded . . . . .	186
The Lover complaineth that his faithful Heart and true Meaning had never met with just Reward . . . . .	187
The forsaken Lover consoleth himself with remembrance of past Happiness . . . . .	138
He complaineth to his Heart that having once recovered his Freedom he had again become thrall to Love . . . . .	140
He professeth Indifference . . . . .	141
He rejoiceth that he had broken the Snares of Love . . . . .	141
The Lover prayeth that his Lady's Heart might be in- flamed with equal Affection . . . . .	148
The disdainful Lady refusing to hear her Lover's Suit, he resolveth to forsake her . . . . .	145
The absent Lover findeth all his Pains redoubled . . . . .	147
He seeketh Comfort in Patience . . . . .	148
Of the Power of Love over the yelden Lover . . . . .	148
He lamenteth that he had ever Cause to doubt his Lady's Faith . . . . .	149
The recured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voweth to remain free until Death . . . . .	150

## POEMS.

Wyatt's Complaint upon Love to Reason, with Love's Answer . . . . .	152
Complaint of the Absence of his Love . . . . .	157
The Song of Iopas, unfinished . . . . .	168

## SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A description of such a one as he would love . . . . .	168
Why Love is blind . . . . .	168
The Lover blameth his instant Desire . . . . .	169
Against Hoarders of Money . . . . .	169
Description of a Gun . . . . .	169

## CONTENTS.

vii

Of the Mother that eat her Child at the Siege of Jerusalem	170
To his Love whom he had kissed against her Will . . .	170
Of the jealous Man that loved the same Woman, and espied this other sitting with her . . . . .	171
To his Love from whom he had her Gloves . . . . .	171
The Lover complaineth that deadly Sickness cannot help his Affection . . . . .	172
Of the feigned Friend . . . . .	172
Comparison of Love to a Stream falling from the Alps . . .	173
Of his Love that pricked her Finger with a Needle . . . .	173
Of the same . . . . .	173
The Lover that fled Love now follows it with his Harm . .	174
The Lover compareth his Heart to the overcharged Gun . .	174
How by a Kiss he found both his Life and Death . . . . .	175
To his Lover to look upon him . . . . .	175
Of disappointed Purpose by Negligence . . . . .	175
Of his Return from Spain . . . . .	176
Wyatt being in Prison, to Bryan . . . . .	176
Of such as had forsaken him . . . . .	177
The Lover hopeth of better Chance . . . . .	177
That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain . . . . .	177
The Courtier's Life . . . . .	178
Of the mean and sure Estate . . . . .	178
The Lover suspected of Change prayeth that it be not believed against him . . . . .	179
Of dissembling Words . . . . .	179
Of sudden trusting . . . . .	180
The Lady to Answer directly with Yea or Nay . . . . .	180
Answer . . . . .	181
The Lover professeth himself constant . . . . .	181
The Lover blameth his Love for renting of the Letter he sent her . . . . .	182
The Lover complaineth and his Lady comforteth . . . . .	182
The Lover suspected blameth ill Tongues . . . . .	184
Of his Love called Anna . . . . .	184
A Riddle of a Gift given by a Lady . . . . .	185
That speaking or proffering brings alway speeding . . . .	185
I. Wyatt of Love . . . . .	186

## SATIRES.

Of the mean and sure Estate, written to John Poins . . .	187
Of the Courtier's Life, written to John Poins . . .	191
How to use the Court and himself therein, written to Sir Francis Brian . . . . .	194

## PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

The Prologue of the Author . . . . .	208
Domine, ne in furore . . . . .	206
The Author . . . . .	210
Beati, quorum remisse sunt Iniquitates . . . . .	211
The Author . . . . .	214
Domine, ne in furore tuo . . . . .	215
The Author . . . . .	218
Miserere mei, Deus . . . . .	219
The Author . . . . .	222
Domine, exaudi Orationem meam . . . . .	223
The Author . . . . .	227
De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine . . . . .	228
The Author . . . . .	229
Domine, Orationem meam . . . . .	231
Noli emulari in maligna . . . . .	233
An Epitaph of Sir Thomas Gravener, Knight . . . . .	237
Sir Antonie Sentleger of Sir T. Wyatt . . . . .	238
Index of First Lines . . . . .	239

## SURREY.

MEMOIR . . . . .	. vii
------------------	-------

## SONGS AND SONNETS.

Description of the restless State of a Lover, with Suit to his Lady, to rue on his dying Heart . . . . .	1
Description of Spring, wherein every thing renews, save only the Lover . . . . .	3

CONTENTS.

ix

Description of the restless State of a Lover . . . . .	4
Description of the fickle Affections, Pangs, and Slight of Love . . . . .	5
Complaint of a Lover that defied Love, and was by Love after the more tormented . . . . .	8
Complaint of a Lover rebuked . . . . .	11
Complaint of the Lover disdained . . . . .	12
Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine . . . . .	12
The Frailty and Hurtfulness of Beauty . . . . .	13
A Complaint by Night of the Lover not beloved . . . . .	14
How each thing, save the Lover in Spring, reviveth to Pleasure . . . . .	14
A Vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded . . . . .	15
Complaint that his Lady, after she knew his Love, kept her Face always hidden from him . . . . .	16
Request to his Love to join Bounty with Beauty . . . . .	16
Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed	17
The Lover comforteth himself with the Worthiness of his Love . . . . .	20
Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being upon the Sea . . . . .	21
Complaint of a dying Lover refused upon his Lady's unjust mistaking of his Writing . . . . .	23
Complaint of the Absence of her Lover, being upon the Sea	27
A Praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that com- pare their Ladies with his . . . . .	30
To his Mistress . . . . .	32
To the Lady that scorned her Lover . . . . .	32
A Warning to the Lover, how he is abused by his Love . . . . .	34
The forsaken Lover describeth and forsaketh Love . . . . .	35
The Lover describeth his restless State . . . . .	37
The Lover excuseth himself of suspected Change . . . . .	39
A careless Man scorning and describing the subtle Usage of Women toward their Lovers . . . . .	41
An Answer in the behalf of a Woman. Of an uncertain Author . . . . .	48
The constant Lover lamenteth . . . . .	46
A Song written by the Earl of Surrey of a Lady that refused to dance with him . . . . .	47
The faithful Lover declareth his Pains and his uncertain Joys, and with only Hope recomforteth somewhat his woful Heart . . . . .	53



The Means to attain happy Life . . . . .	57
Praise of mean and constant Estate . . . . .	58
Praise of certain Psalms of David. Translated by Sir Thomas [Wyatt] the elder . . . . .	59
Of the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt . . . . .	59
Of the Same . . . . .	60
Of the Same . . . . .	62
An Epitaph on Clere, Surrey's faithful Friend and Follower On Sardanapalus's dishonourable Life and miserable Death	62 64
How no Age is content with his own Estate, and how the Age of Children is the happiest if they had Skill to under- stand it . . . . .	65
Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me . . . . .	67
Exhortation to learn by others' Trouble . . . . .	68
The Fancy of a wearier Lover . . . . .	68
A Satire against the Citizens of London . . . . .	69
A description of the restless State of the Lover when absent from the Mistress of his Heart . . . . .	71

## ECCLESIASTES.

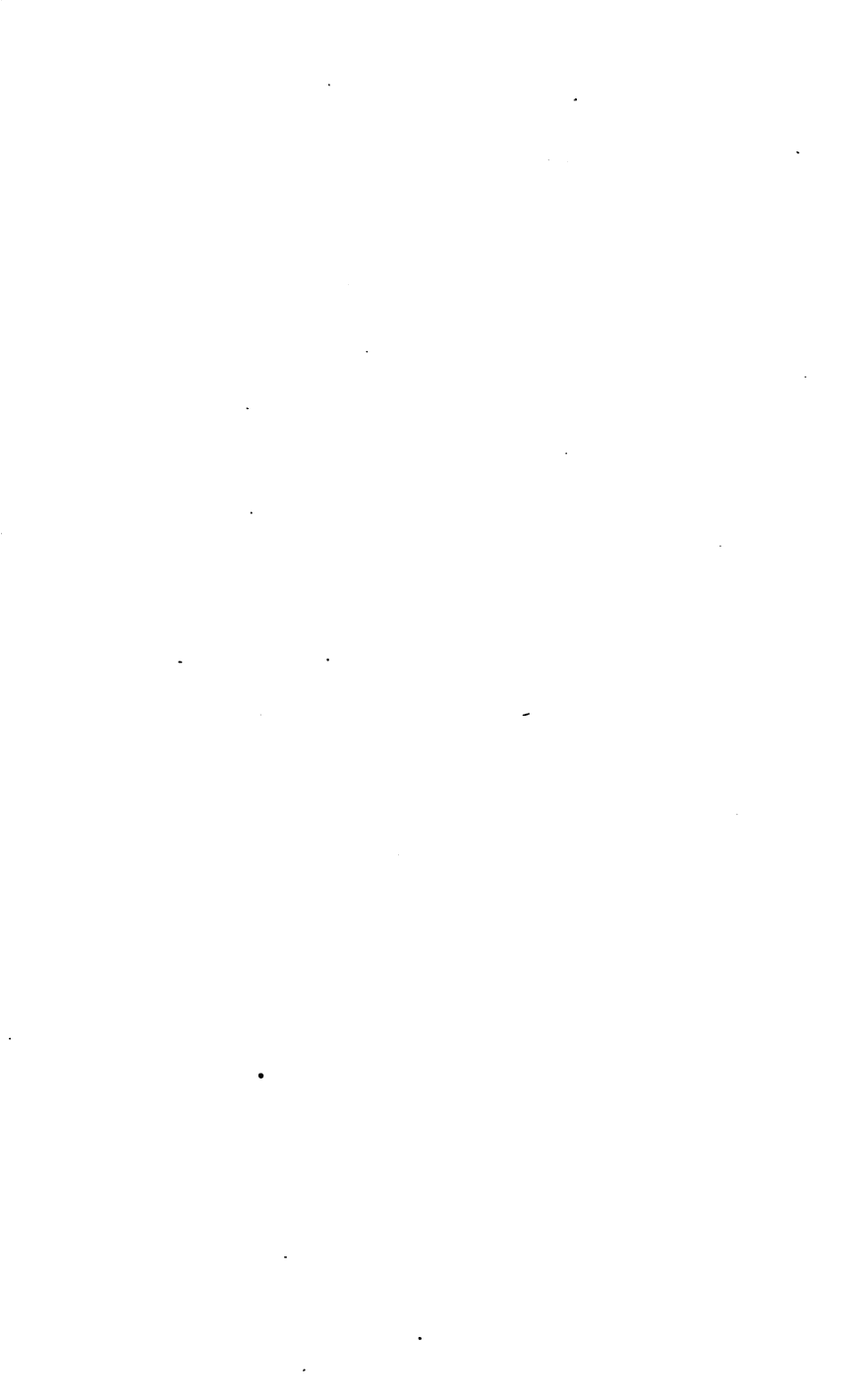
Chapter I. . . . .	82
II. . . . .	84
III. . . . .	89
IV. . . . .	93
V. . . . .	96

## A PARAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Proem . . . . .	101
Psalm LXXXVIII. . . . .	101
LXXIII. . . . .	104
“Though, Lord, to Israel” . . . . .	105
LV. . . . .	109
VIII. . . . .	111

The Second Book of Virgil's <i>Æneid</i> . . . . .	115
The Fourth Book of Virgil's <i>Æneid</i> . . . . .	153
“My fearful hope from me is fled” . . . . .	186
“Your fearful hope cannot prevail” . . . . .	187

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT.



## MEMOIR OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

---

His life for aye, of Fame the trump shall sound:  
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,  
Thus can no death from WYATT life deprive.

ST. LEIGER.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, the contemporary and friend of the Earl of Surrey, was descended from a family of some antiquity, which was settled for several generations at Southange in Yorkshire. His father Sir Henry Wyatt was a Privy Councillor to Henry the Seventh, whose favour he gained in consequence of his adherence to the house of Tudor during the reign of Richard the Third, by which monarch he was imprisoned in the Tower,\* and, unless his son was misinformed, he was racked in the usurper's presence.† He purchased the castle and estate of Allington near Maidstone in Kent, which became his principal residence. As

\* A traditional story is told, that whilst in the Tower a cat brought him a pigeon every day from a neighbouring dove-cot, which supply saved him from starvation.

† See Sir Thomas Wyatt's letter to his son.

one of the King's executors he was brought conspicuously to the notice of his successor, at whose coronation he was made a Knight of the Bath, and at the battle of Spurs his valour was rewarded by the honor of Knight Banneret: he was Treasurer of the King's Chamber in 1525, and filled many other important offices. By his wife Anne, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate in Surrey, Sir Henry left three children, Thomas the Poet, Henry who lived in a private manner in Kent, and Margaret the wife of Sir Anthony Lee.

Thomas Wyatt, the eldest son, was born at Allington in 1503, and the next circumstance relating to him which is known is that in 1515 he was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his B. A. degree in 1518, and in 1520, his Master's degree. Probably soon after quitting Cambridge, Wyatt passed a short time at Paris in conformity with the custom of the age, but whether, as Wood asserts, he visited Italy, is shown by Dr. Nott to be very doubtful. About 1520 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham; and it appears from Hall's account of a feat of arms which was performed at Greenwich at Christmas, 1525, that he was one of the fourteen challengers on that occasion.

For nearly ten years after that time no information has been found about him, and the next time he is mentioned is at the coronation of Anne Boleyn in July, 1533, when he officiated as Ewerer for his

father. In that long interval he may be presumed to have served in the army,\* and to have employed his leisure hours in literary pursuits; but great part of his time was undoubtedly passed at court, where his personal appearance, no less than his talents and accomplishments, attracted Henry's attention, and gained his favour. If Lloyd be correct, he exercised the influence which he possessed over his sovereign's mind in promoting the interests of his friends rather than his own, and this generous zeal on behalf of others secured him the esteem of all who knew him. But though the merits of Wyatt obtained for him a brilliant reputation, they nearly proved the source of a heavy misfortune. An attachment has been supposed to have existed between him and Anne Boleyn, though there is little other authority for the idea than a poem in which he speaks of his mistress by the name of Anna, and uses some expressions which have been tortured into an allusion to the Queen. Whether an opinion prevailed of this nature when her capricious husband's affections were withdrawn from her, or to speak more correctly, when his passion for her person was satiated, or whether Wyatt's attractive qualities rendered him an eligible individual upon whom to fix the

\* Leland speaks of his martial fame, and in the Dedication of the Penitential Psalms by Sir John Harington it is said that he was renowned "as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats." See page 202.

charge of a criminal correspondence, cannot be determined, but it is certain that he was accused of being her paramour. It would be tiresome and profitless to follow Dr. Nott in his speculations on the sentiments which he supposes Anne Boleyn and Wyatt to have entertained for each other. A similarity of taste may naturally have rendered his society agreeable to the Queen; and it is not extraordinary that in a crowd of foppish and unlettered courtiers, his presence was acceptable to her. That the verses which Dr. Nott cites as being addressed to her long before she became the object of Henry's desire, do not justify that interpretation, may be safely asserted; for there is not the slightest evidence to show when they were written, or that he was ever enamoured of her. Nor must it be forgotten that at the very moment when he is supposed to deplore his fate in losing her, in consequence of the King's intentions, he was himself a married man. The same reasons which refute the opinion that Surrey was seriously attached to Geraldine apply to Wyatt's imaginary affection for Anne Boleyn; and if it be conceded that he really alluded to her in the poem adverted to, the conclusion seems inevitable that she was the subject of a fictitious, or, if the expression be allowed, a poetical passion. Her rank, which was superior to that of Wyatt, if not her virtue, makes it impossible to believe that he contemplated an illicit connection, and his own

marriage proves that he could not have sought her hand. If, as has been conjectured,\* the two lines,

“ And now I follow the coals that be quent  
From Dover to Calais against my mind,”

mean that he formed one of her retinue when, as Marchioness of Pembroke, she accompanied Henry to Calais, in 1532, it is singular that his name should not occur among the many persons who are noticed in the account of the expenses of that voyage. Two sonnets have been particularly cited to substantiate the opinion that he was attached to Anne Boleyn. One † of these is that in which he says, that though May was generally propitious to love, misfortunes had often befallen him in that month, and after adding that this had been predicted at his nativity, he thus concludes:—

“ In May my wealth, and eke my wits I say  
Have stond so oft in such perplexity.”

As Anne Boleyn was tried and executed in May, and as it was attempted to implicate Wyatt in the misconduct of which she was accused, these lines have been presumed to refer to that circumstance. The other Sonnet is that in which he says, ‡

“ Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt  
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!  
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
There is written her fair neck round about:  
‘ Noli me tangere; for Cæsar’s I am,  
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.’ ”

\* Nott, p. xxiii.

† See p. 5.

‡ See p. 19.



The first of these passages may be supposed with equal, if not greater probability, to refer to some other circumstance rather than to the accusation that he had been criminally connected with the Queen, for not merely were "his wealth and wits" brought into "perplexity, but his life itself was then endangered;" and admitting that the other sonnet did allude to her, it by no means establishes the existence of tenderness or regret that she was another's: on the contrary, it speaks of her connection with the King in a tone of levity which cannot be reconciled with the feelings of a lover.

Those who believe in an attachment, whether platonic or otherwise, between Wyatt and Anne Boleyn, trace an alteration in his poetry to the effect which her fate produced on his mind. It is easy to support a favorite theory, and the task is an ungracious one to destroy those tales which impart a romantic interest to eminent personages; but there is no proof whatever of the period when the alteration in his pieces took place, or to show that it did not arise from those great sedatives to a poetical or amorous imagination — years and experience.

The suspicion which Wyatt incurred, with respect to Anne Boleyn, soon passed away; and it is said that on Easter Day, 16th April, 1536, he received the honor of Knighthood, though, as will afterwards appear, there is ground for assigning that distinction to the following year. Very soon afterwards, however, he fell under Henry's displeasure, and was

committed to the tower, but the precise nature of his offence has not been ascertained, and all which is known about it is that it arose from a personal quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk. His confinement was short; and soon after his liberation he was appointed to a command in the army, with which the Duke of Norfolk was about to subdue a rebellion in Lincolnshire. The rebels were, however, dispersed before he joined the Duke; and in the ensuing year he was Sheriff of Kent, an office which he says was indicative of the King's special confidence.\*

It has been considered that in 1537 Wyatt was appointed Henry's ambassador to the Emperor, but if the date of his Knighthood be correct, his instructions must have been issued before April, 1536, as he is therein called an "Esquire." The purport of his mission, which is fully explained in that document, was to remove the animosity the Emperor had entertained against Henry, in consequence of his having divorced Katherine of Arragon, and to prevent his annoying him with the claims of the Princess Mary.† Wyatt's despatches whilst on this mission are not preserved, but from the letters which were addressed to him by Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, it appears that his conduct gave great satisfaction to his sovereign.‡ Those letters

\* See his defence appended to this Memoir.

† These instructions and the other State Papers relating to Wyatt's Embassies were printed by Dr. Nott.

‡ The first of these letters, all of which are printed by Nott, is

refer chiefly to official business connected with his embassy, but a few passages relating to Wyatt personally may be selected from them. On the 8th July, 1537, Cromwell told him:—

“For all the haste I would not omit to advertise you, that some, your servants here, be called and named common stealers of the King’s hawks. I would ye should give them warning that they shall leave such pranks, and that ye will be no maintainer of such unlawful fellows of light disposition; and write unto them earnestly.”

On the 10th of October he was informed by Cromwell:—

“And as for your diet and post money, I shall see you shall have them paid according to your warrant: and in the rest of your affairs I shall be such a friend unto you, if need require, as your enemies, if you have any, shall win little at your hands in your absence. Your brother Anthony,\* he hath been in the porter’s lodge for consenting to the stealing of certain of the King’s hawks: and your sister suing for his deliverance, hath been here with me at Mortlake; they be both merry: and the King’s Highness is now again good Lord unto him.”

Either from habitual negligence, or from being

dated 29th June, 1537. As it was addressed to “Sir Thomas Wyat, Knight,” it may be inferred that he was knighted immediately before he left England instead of in April, 1536.

\* Apparently Sir Anthony Lee, his brother-in-law, the husband of his sister Margaret.

suddenly sent on his embassy, Wyatt left his private affairs in considerable disorder; and Cromwell thus alluded to the circumstance:—

“For your part I would have you in nowise to desire any such matter;\* it would be taken in evil part, and yet you shall never therein obtain your purpose. Mistrust not but you shall have as much favour as I may extend unto you. And indeed you had need of friendship; for I have not seen a wise man leave his things so rawly, as yours be left.”

A passage in Cromwell's letter of the 8th April, 1538, announcing an increase to his allowance, tends to show that his friends were not very zealous in promoting his interests:—

“Your agents here, if you have any, be very slack to call upon any man for you. Your brother Hawte† was not thrice here since you went; and the rest I hear nothing of, unless it be when nothing is to be done. I never saw man that had so many friends here, leave so few perfect friends behind him. Quicken them with your letters; and in the mean season as I have been, so shall I be both your friend and your solicitor.”

\* Charging the King interest on his allowance.

† Sir Thomas Wyatt's son married Jane, daughter and co-heiress of Sir William Hawte, who was the individual alluded to, it being then common to apply the word “brother” or “sister,” to persons whose children had married.

Dr. Nott says, Wyatt went to England early in the spring of 1538, at the request of the Emperor, to communicate his sentiments more fully to Henry, than he could do by writing, and that he returned to Spain before the end of March. This may be true; but as the indorsements of Lord Cromwell's letters prove that he was at Barcelona in January and March, and as no allusion to the circumstance occurs in the correspondence, it is very doubtful.

Sir Thomas continued accredited to the Emperor for some months; and in May, 1538, Bonner, afterwards Bishop of London, and Dr. Haynes were joined with him in his mission; but their arrival tended rather to embarrass than promote the King's affairs. The Emperor and the King of France had an interview with the Pope at Nice early in June, 1538, to which place Sir Thomas also proceeded. At the desire of the Emperor he set off post for England to obtain Henry's instructions, upon some important point, but being delayed on his arrival, he could not return to Nice within the fifteen days prescribed by the Emperor, whom he followed to Marseilles, and thence to Barcelona, where he was re-joined by his colleagues Bonner and Haynes. As he is styled for the first time "Gentleman of the King's Chamber," in May, 1538, it may be inferred that he was not appointed to the office until about that time. There is so much of personal matter in a letter from him to Lord Cromwell, written at

Toledo in January, 1539, that it will be inserted at length :—

“PLEASE it your Lordship for this time to accept short letters, remitting the same to the letters of the King more largely written. I thank your Lordship for the giving order for my money which I lent Mr. Bryan.\* If the King’s honour, more than his credit, had not been before mine eyes, he should have piped in an ivy leaf for aught of me. I report me to Mr. Thirlby, Loveday, and Sherington. I humbly thank you also for your advices of news. By our Lord it is a notable grace that the King hath ever had, the discovery of conspiracy against him. I cannot tell, but that God claimeth to be principal, whether he cause more to allow his fortune, or his minister’s. I would I could persuade these preachers as well to preach his grave proceeding against the Sacramentaries and Anabaptists (as your Lordship writeth) as they do the burning of the Bishop’s bones. But of that, nor of other news, on my faith, I have no letters from no man but from you.

“I cannot tell whether it be that men are more

\* Lord Cromwell, in a letter dated 28 Nov. 1588, informed him that, “Concerning the two hundred pounds, which ye lent to Sir Francis Brian, whosoever owed them I have disbursed them, and paid to Mr. Bonvixi. Other men make, in manner of their debts mine own; for very oft where they have borrowed I am fained to pay.”

scrupulous in writing than negligent to do their friends pleasure. Here are already news of the condemnation of the Marquis of Montagu, of his brother, of Sir Edward Nevill, and of three servants; but of the particularities I hear nothing. I have had it told me by some here of reputation, that peradventure I was had in suspect both with the King and you, as they said it was told them; but like as I take it light, so I ascribe it to such invention as some of my good friends would be glad to have it.

“I shall not let for all that to solicit at your Lordship’s hands my coming home, and there let me, reddere rationem. But out of game, I beseech your Lordship humbly to help me. I need no long persuasions. You know what case I am in. I have written this unto you. I am at the wall; I am not able to endure to march, and the rest shall all be the King’s dishonour and my shame; besides the going to nought of all my particular things. Have some consideration between them that feign excuses for such with——and him that endeth frankly his service to his Majesty. I can no more but remit me wholly to your Lordship; and if it be not sufficient that ye know of the strait I am in, inform yourself of Mr. Vane and Mr. Poynings. And thus after my most humble recommendations, our Lord send you good life and long.

“At Toledo the 2d of January, [1538-9,] Don Diego told me [he] had obtained license for two

genets for you, and that he would deliver them to me to send them. I trust to bring them myself to see them better ordered."

Towards the end of 1538, Wyatt became earnest in his solicitations to be recalled, being impelled by the state of his finances, as his allowance fell very short of his expenses, and still more, by his apprehension that Bonner, with whom he had not lived on cordial terms, and who had preceded him to England, might poison Henry's mind against him. On the 19th of January, 1539, Cromwell informed him that the King insisted upon his remaining until April, and desired him to state what money he required, as he would assist him; but he accompanied this promise with a reproach which shows that in pecuniary affairs Wyatt was generous to a fault:—

"I advise you to take patiently your abode there until April, and to send me word what money ye shall need to have sent unto you, for I shall help you. Assuring you that I could not see you that went, and hath abided there honestly furnished, to return home, and at the latter end return needy and disfurnished. I do better tender the King's honour, and do esteem you better than so to suffer you to lack. Advising you, nevertheless, that I think your gentle frank heart doth much impoverish you. When you have money, you are content to depart with it and lend it, as you did lately two hundred ducats to Mr. Hobby, the which I



think had no need of them ; for he had large furnishment of money at his departure hence, and likewise at his return. We accustom not to send men disprovided so far. Take heed, therefore, how you depart of such portion as ye need. And foresee rather to be provided yourself, than for the promotion of other to leave yourself naked. Politic charity proceedeth not that way. If you shall advertise me what sums ye shall need, I shall take a way that ye shall be furnished."

At the dissolution of the monasteries, he requested a grant of the Friary of Alresford, which Cromwell obtained for him, and in conveying that intelligence, in February, 1539, he added, "I will be glad in all other things to employ myself to further your reasonable desires." Agreeably to Lord Cromwell's promise, Wyatt was superseded in April, but he did not arrive in England until the end of June, or beginning of July. It would seem from one of Cromwell's letters on the subject of his return, that he met with a gratifying reception from the King ; and as soon as he was permitted, he hastened to his own home, but he was not long allowed to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life.

Towards the end of the same year, the Emperor proceeded through France into the Low Countries, and as Henry was anxious to watch his conduct, Wyatt was selected for the purpose. He was accordingly reappointed Ambassador to the Emperor, and arrived at Paris in the middle of November.

After a short sojourn he proceeded to Blois, where he found the French monarch, of whom he immediately obtained an interview, the particulars of which are described in a long despatch, dated on the 2nd of December, 1539.\* Sir Thomas quitted Blois the next day, and joined the Emperor at Chateaufort on the 10th. The letters which he wrote to the King, describing what occurred at the various audiences with that monarch, contain nothing which throws any other light on Wyatt's character, than that they establish his claims to sagacity and ability: they are written with great clearness, and are more interesting than most letters of a political nature. From Chateaufort he attended the Emperor to Paris, and thence to Brussels, from which place he wrote Cromwell on the 22nd January, 1540. From that letter it seems that he was tired of his situation, and had been urgent for his recall: he complained in strong terms of the heavy expenses which he incurred, but added, that he derived consolation from learning that his services were acceptable to the King. He says:—

“I am sorry that I have troubled your Lordship with touching my request for my revocation, seeing so small appearance of the attaining the same. I meant not even now in all my last, but that the way might by your Lordship have been framed against the expiration of my four months, to be ended at the

\* Printed by Dr. Nott, p. 350-355.

9th or 10th of March, for the which I have received. And here I think it not unmeet to advertise your Lordship what comfort I find at my coming for the disease I have long had. First, my house rent standeth me after the rate little lack of one hundred pounds by the year, without stabling; besides, the least fire I make to warm my shirt by stands me a groat. In my diet money I lose in the value eight shillings and eight pence every day, for that the angel is here but worth six shillings and fourpence; a barrel of beer that in England were worth twenty pence, it costs me here with the excise four shillings; a bushel of oats is worth two shillings; and other things be not unlike the rate. I beseech your Lordship take not this that I am so eager upon the King that I would augment my diet, for it is so honourable it were not honest to desire it, but for because I would another should have it. That your Lordship writeth the King's Highness to take in so good part my doings, I pray God, it may proceed of my merits as well as that doth upon his goodness; for if in the while that I would abide in this place my deeds might deserve any thing, would God my revocation and his Grace's continuance of favour might be my reward."

In his letter to Cromwell, of the 9th February, he gave the following account of his pecuniary affairs; and concluded by again pressing, as the greatest possible favour, that he might be recalled:—

"I must beseech your Lordship to move unto the

King's Highness for me this one suit. Among my many other great debts, I owe his Grace five hundred marks for my livery,\* which I could not get out till my last being in England; and I must pay it by forty pounds yearly. I owe him beside two hundred and fifty marks of old debt, which in all maketh five hundred pounds. If his Grace will so much be my good Lord, as to let me take out all mine obligations and bonds, and take good surety in recognizance for the said five hundred pounds, after fifty pounds a year, truly to be paid, I would trust so a little and a little to creep out of debt, with selling of a little land more. If not, on my faith, I see no remedy. I owe my brother Lee as much, beside other infinite that make me weary to think on them. I have written to Sir Thomas Poynings to know your Lordship's answer in this: and also most humbly to thank you for your goodness toward me, touching that he moved you for me of the Lordship of Ditton, that is John Lee's. But surely I am not able to buy it, unless the King's great liberality shewed unto me in this case; and yet the thing is so necessary for me, as that that lieth in the midst of my land, and within a mile of my house. I remit me wholly to your good Lordship, in whom is my only trust next to the King's Majesty. But above any of all these things I recommend unto your Lordship the good remembrance when time shall be of

\* Permission to inherit his father's lands.

my revocation; and I am always your bond bedesman, as our Lord knoweth, who send you good life and long. At Brussels, this Shrove Tuesday. [1540.]”

The Emperor's court having removed to Ghent, Wyatt followed, and was there in March and April, 1540; but the letters which he addressed to Henry, or Lord Cromwell, contain no other allusion to his private concerns than repeated requests to be allowed to return. This was granted him towards the end of April; but the arrival of the Duke of Cleves at Ghent delayed his departure until about the middle of May, when he arrived in England, and was received by Henry with flattering marks of approbation.

Within a few weeks Wyatt's constant friend, Cromwell, incurred the King's displeasure, and when his fate seemed no longer doubtful, Sir Thomas anticipated that Bonner, who was then Bishop of London, and his other enemies would avail themselves of the fall of the favourite, to renew their attempts against him. Nor was he deceived; for in consequence of the bishop's representations, he was arrested and sent to the Tower, either late in 1540, or early in 1541, on the charges of holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and of having treated the King with disrespect whilst Ambassador to the Emperor in 1538 and 1539. Upon the somewhat questionable authority of the beautiful lines which he addressed to Sir

Francis Bryan from the Tower,\* he is supposed to have been treated with extreme rigour whilst in confinement; for the account which he there gives of his sufferings has been taken in the most literal sense, without an allowance being made for the exaggeration which is permitted to a poetical description. After being some time in the Tower, he was ordered by the Privy Council to state what had occurred during his residence at the Emperor's court, which could possibly give offence. To this command he replied by the letter which will be found at the end of this Memoir; and on being shortly afterwards indicted and brought to trial, he delivered the defence which has contributed almost as much as his Poems to his celebrity. As it is too long to be introduced into this sketch of his life, it is appended thereto, and cannot fail to be read with interest. After artfully working upon the feelings of the jury, by urging the injury he sustained in not being allowed counsel, he proceeded to refute Bonner's charges, and then retorted upon his accuser in a strain of satire that places his talents in the most favourable point of view. His defence produced his acquittal, and as early as July in the same year, the King granted him some lands at Lambeth, as if to mark his conviction of his innocence. Henry followed up this act of favour in the next year, by appointing him High Steward of the Manor of

\* See page 176.

Maidstone, and giving him estates in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, in exchange for other of less value in Kent.

It was evidently to the narrow escape which Wyatt experienced on this occasion that his friend, the Earl of Surrey, alludes in one of his poems on Sir Thomas's death, in which he ascribes the malignity his enemies exhibited, to their being envious of his merits:—

“Some, that in presence of thy livelighed  
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln.”

“Some, that watched with the murderer's knife,  
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,  
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.”

“But I,” the Earl adds,

“ . . . . . knew what harbour'd in that head;  
What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast.”\*

Wyatt retired to his seat at Allington soon after this affair, and there can be little doubt that it was at this time he wrote the satires, addressed to his friend, John Pointz, in which he draws so pleasing a picture of the advantages of retirement over the dangers of a public life. Many lines of those pieces may be received as a faithful description of his own feelings; and he points out the security and happiness of his home, with similar sensations to those of the mariner, who finds himself safely anchored in

\* Surrey's Poems, page 60.

his destined port, after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage. In this production he confesses that his love of fame had seduced him from a more philosophic estimate of life,

“I grant, sometime of Glory that the fire  
Doth touch my heart.”

He then mentions the various base qualifications necessary for a courtier, and admits his deficiency therein:—

“My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to feign,  
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert  
Of them that list all vice for to retain.  
I cannot honour them that set their part  
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;  
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.  
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong;  
To worship them like God on earth alone,  
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.  
I cannot with my words complain and moan,  
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:  
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.  
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;  
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;  
Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.  
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer.”

After proceeding in a similar strain for some time, he thus concludes:—

“This is the cause that I could never yet  
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,  
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit:  
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk;  
And in foul weather at my book to sit;  
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk;  
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:



In lusty leas at liberty I walk ;  
 And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe : ”

“ . . . . .  
 Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey  
 For money, poison, and treason ; of some  
 A common practice, used night and day.  
 But I am here in Kent and Christendom,  
 Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme ;  
 Where if thou list, mine own John Pains, to come,  
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.”

In this peaceable and happy manner Wyatt passed the winter of 1541, and the spring and summer of 1542 ; and during this period he composed the seven penitential psalms, an employment indicative of the serious nature of his thoughts, rather than, as Dr. Nott has imagined, of remorse or even regret for his previous career. Part of his leisure was also given to the care and education of his nephew, Henry Lee ; and he bestowed much of his time in improving his mansion and estate of Allington. Leland says, that about this period Sir Thomas commanded one of the ships of Henry's navy, but the statement is not corroborated by any other writer.

On the arrival of ambassadors from the Emperor, in the autumn of 1542, the King commanded Wyatt to meet them at Falmouth, and conduct them to London ; but the execution of this mandate cost him his life. The weather was extremely unfavourable for travelling, and having overheated himself by his journey, he was seized with a fever at Sherborne. Horsey, one of his intimate friends, who lived in the neighbourhood of that town, hastened

to his aid, but his kindness proved unavailing. After lingering a few days under a malignant fever, his constitution gave way, and he expired on the 10th or 11th of October, 1542, in his thirty-ninth year. Horsey performed the last offices of friendship, by closing Wyatt's eyes, and attending his remains to their final resting-place, in the family vault of the Horsey family, in the great church of Sherborne, but no inscription marks the spot where he was interred.

Few men ever possessed a more unblemished reputation, or died more sincerely regretted and esteemed than Sir Thomas Wyatt. His talents and accomplishments, great as they undoubtedly were, yielded even to the higher qualities of frankness, integrity, and honour, in obtaining him the approbation and love of his contemporaries; and to judge from the numerous elegies by which minds of kindred excellence sought to commemorate his worth, Wyatt possessed the advantage of being appreciated by those whose praise is fame. His poems sufficiently attest the variety and scope of his abilities; and, like those of his friend Surrey, they are free from the slightest impurity of thought or expression. He spoke several languages, and was so richly stored with classical literature, that the erudite Camden says he was "splendide doctus." His prose is forcible and clear, and occasionally animated and eloquent. He excelled on the lute, and was eminent for his conversational powers; but all

these merits were exceeded by the agreeable qualities of his private character. In person Wyatt was eminently handsome. Tall, and of a commanding presence, elegantly formed, and gifted with a countenance of manly beauty.

Dr. Nott has collected many of Wyatt's witticisms, or rather "sayings," which will be introduced in that learned person's own words:—

"One day as the king was conversing with Wyatt on the suppression of monasteries, he expressed his apprehension on the subject, saying, he foresaw it would excite general alarm should the crown resume to itself such extensive possessions as those belonging to the church. 'True, Sire,' replied Wyatt; 'but what if the rook's nest were buttered?' Henry understood the force and application of the proverb, and is said from that moment to have formed the design of making the nobility a party in the transaction, by giving to them a portion of the church lands.

"At a still earlier period of the business, Henry, who passionately desired the divorce, had expressed some scruples about urging it from the opposition raised by the Pope. Wyatt, who witnessed the King's perplexity, is said to have exclaimed in his hearing; 'Heavens! that a man cannot repent him of his sins without the Pope's leave.' This speech, as was designed, sunk deep into the King's mind; and disposed him the more readily to adopt the measure proposed by Cranmer of consulting the universities.

“Connected with the progress of the Reformation was the downfall of Wolsey. That powerful favourite had gained so strong a hold in the affections of the King his master, that his ruin was not effected but by slow degrees, and that too by a union of all the ancient nobility of the kingdom, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head. Wyatt was deemed of sufficient importance to be ranked as one of their party, and is said to have contributed in a great degree to their success. For, coming one day into the King’s presence, when he happened to be angry with the Cardinal, and spoke of him in terms of displeasure, Wyatt immediately laid hold of the occasion to tell a humorous story of some curs baiting a butcher’s dog, which we are told ‘contained the whole method of Wolsey’s ruin.’”\*

“When the King once urged him to dance at one of those splendid midnight masks with which he so often indulged the court, Wyatt with great modesty excused himself; and when Henry pressed him for his reason, he replied, ‘Sir! he who would be thought a wise man in the daytime, must not play the fool at night.’”

On hearing a person jesting on matters of a serious nature, he is reported to have reproved him by saying, “It does not become Christians to do so. If the Athenians would not permit a comedian to ex-

\* As this must have occurred before Wyatt was nineteen, its truth may perhaps be doubted, since it is nowhere shown that he was then about the court.

hibit his farces on the scene where Euripides had acted his grave and solemn tragedies, much less ought we to suffer the levity of a joke to come as it were into the presence of things holy and religious."

"One day as Wyatt\* was conversing with the King he said playfully to him; 'Sir, I have at last found out a benefice that must needs make me a rich man, for it would give me a hundred pounds a year more than I could want. I beseech your Majesty bestow it on me.' 'Ha!' quoth the King, 'we knew not that we had any such in our kingdom!' 'Yes, in good faith, Sir,' replied Wyatt, 'there is one such! The Provostship of Eton! There a man hath his diet, his lodging, his horse meat, his servants' wages, and riding charges, and a hundred pounds a year beside.'

"It was one of his common sayings, 'Let my friend bring me into court; but let my merit and my service keep me there.' In a jest he was used to say three things should be observed. 'Never to play upon any man's unhappiness or deformity, for

\* Leland has preserved a circumstance respecting Wyatt, which, as it is descriptive of his turn of mind, deserves here to be repeated. He states that Wyatt's favourite ring, with which he always sealed his letters, was a beautiful antique gem, with Julius Cæsar's head on an agate, that Wyatt's predilection for it arose from his admiration of Cæsar's character; and that he used it that the memory of so great a man, being constantly present to his mind, he might himself be stimulated to generous exertion, and do something worthy of eternal record.—See *Leland's Næmia*, v. 172.

that is inhuman; nor on superiors, for that is saucy and undutiful; nor on holy matters, for that is irreligious.’”

Leland asserts that Wyatt cherished three friends more particularly than the rest, namely, Poynings for the generosity of his disposition, Blaze for his wit, and Mason for his learning; but his writings and other circumstances show that the Earl of Surrey, Sir Francis Bryan, and John Poins, or Poyntz, were specially favoured with his regard. Lloyd says “there were four things for which men went to dine with Sir Thomas Wyatt, First, his generous entertainment; secondly, his free and knowing discourse of Spain and Germany, an insight into whose interests was his masterpiece, they having been studied by him for his own satisfaction as well as for the exigency of the times; thirdly, his quickness in observing, his civility in entertaining, his dexterity in employing, and his readiness in encouraging every man’s peculiar parts and inclinations; and lastly, the favour and notice with which he was honoured by the King!”

By Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Cobham, who survived him, and married secondly Sir Edward Warner, Sir Thomas Wyatt left an only son, Thomas, who must have been born about 1521, as he was found of full age in October, 1542. He married, at the early age of fifteen, Jane, daughter and coheir of Sir William Hawte, of Bourne in Kent; and soon after that time he received the two follow-

ing inimitable letters of advice and instruction from his father, who was then in Spain, extracts from which deserve to be inscribed, in letters of gold, in a conspicuous part of every place of instruction for youth in the world.

## LETTER I.

“IN as much as now ye are come to some years of understanding, and that you should gather within yourself some frame of Honesty, I thought that I should not lose my labour wholly if now I did something advertise you to take the sure foundations and stablished opinions that leadeth to Honesty.

“And here, I call not Honesty that, men commonly call Honesty, as reputation for riches, for authority, or some like thing; but that Honesty, that I dare well say your grandfather, (whose soul God pardon,) had rather left to me than all the lands he did leave me; that was, Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendliness to get the love of many, and Truth above all the rest. A great part to have all these things is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth.

“Out of these things the chiefest and infallible ground is the dread and reverence of God, whereupon shall ensue the eschewing of the contraries of

these said virtues; that is to say, ignorance, unkindness, rashness, desire of harm, unquiet enmity, hatred, many and crafty falsehood, the very root of all shame and dishonesty. I say, the only dread and reverence of God, that seeth all things, is the defence of the creeping in of all these mischiefs into you. And for my part, although I do well say there is no man that would his son better than I, yet on my faith I had rather have you lifeless, than subject to these vices.

“Think and imagine always that you are in presence of some honest man that you know; as Sir John Russell, your Father-in-law, your Uncle Parson, or some other such, and ye shall, if at any time you find a pleasure in naughty touches, remember what shame it were afore these men to do naughtily. And sure this imagination shall cause you remember, that the pleasure of a naughty deed is soon past, and the rebuke, shame, and the note thereof shall remain ever. Then, if these things ye take for vain imaginations, yet remember that it is certain, and no imagination, that ye are alway in the presence and sight of God: and though you see him not, so much is the reverence the more to be had for that He seeth, and is not seen.

“Men punish with shame as greatest punishment on earth, yea! greater than death; but His punishment is, first, the withdrawing of his favour, and grace, and in leaving his hand to rule the stern to let the ship run without guide to its own destruct-



tion ; and suffereth so the man that he forsaketh to run headlong as subject to all mishaps, and at last with shameful end to everlasting shame and death. Ye may see continual examples both of the one sort, and of the other ; and the better, if ye mark them well that yourself are come of ; and consider well your good grandfather, what things there were in him, and his end. And they that knew him noted him thus ; first, and chiefly to have a great reverence of God and good opinion of godly things. Next that, there was no man more pitiful ; no man more true of his word ; no man faster to his friend ; no man diligenter nor more circumspect, which thing, both the Kings his masters noted in him greatly. And if these things, and specially the grace of God that the fear of God alway kept with him, had not been, the chances of this troublesome world that he was in had long ago overwhelmed him. This preserved him in prison from the hands of the tyrant\* that could find in his heart to see him racked ; from two years and more prisonment in Scotland in irons and stocks ; from the danger of sudden changes and commotions divers, till that well beloved of many, hated of none, in his fair age, and good reputation, godly and christianly he went to Him that loved him, for that he always had Him in reverence.

“ And of myself, I may be a near example unto you of my folly and unthriftness, that hath, as I well

\* Richard the Third.

deserved, brought me into a thousand dangers and hazards, enmities, hatreds, imprisonments, despites, and indignations; but that God hath of his goodness chastised me, and not cast me clean out of his favour; which thing I can impute to nothing but to the goodness of my good father, that, I dare well say purchased with continual request of God his Grace towards me more than I regarded, or considered myself; and a little part to the small fear that I had of God in the most of my rage, and the little delight that I had in mischief. You therefore if ye be sure, and have God in your sleeve to call you to his grace at last, venture hardily by mine example upon naughty unthriftiness, in trust of his goodness; and besides the shame, I dare lay ten to one ye shall perish in the adventure; for trust me, that my wish or desire of God for you shall not stand you in as much effect, as I think my father's did for me: we are not all accepted of Him.

“Begin therefore betimes. Make God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men: shoot at that mark: be no mocker: mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence; and think unkindness to be the greatest offence, and least punished amongst men; but so much the more to be dread, for God is justiser upon that alone.

“Love well, and agree with your wife; for where is noise and debate in the house there is unquiet

dwelling; and much more, where it is in one bed. Frame well yourself to love and rule well and honestly your wife as your fellow, and she shall love and reverence you as her head. Such as you are unto her, such shall she be unto you. Obey and reverence your father-in-law, as you would me; and remember that long life followeth them that reverence their fathers and elders; and the blessing of God, for good agreement between the wife and husband, is fruit of many children.

“Read oft this my letter, and it shall be as though I had often written to you; and think that I have herein printed a fatherly affection to you. If I may see that I have not lost my pain, mine shall be the contentation, and yours the profit; and, upon condition that you follow my advertisement, I send you God’s blessing and mine, and as well to come to honesty, as to increase of years.”

## LETTER II.

“I DOUBT not but long ere this time my letters are come to you. I remember I wrote to you in them, that if you read them often it shall be as though I had written often to you. For all that, I cannot so content me but still to call upon you with my letters. I would not for all that, that if any thing be well warned in the other that you should leave to remember it because of this new. For it is not like with advertisements as it is with apparel that with long wearing a man casteth away

when he hath new. Honest teachings never wear; unless they wear out of his remembrance that should keep and follow them, to the shame and hurt of himself. Think not also that I have any new or change of advertisements to send you; but still it is one that I would. I have nothing to cry and call upon you for but Honesty, Honesty. It may be diversely named, but alway it tendeth to one end; and as I wrote to you last, I mean not that Honesty that the common sort calleth an honest man. Trust me, that honest man is as common a name as the name of a good fellow; that is to say, a drunkard, a tavern haunter, a rioter, a gamer, a waster. So are among the common sort all men honest men that are not known for manifest naughty knaves.

“Seek not I pray thee, my Son, that Honesty which appeareth, and is not indeed. Be well assured it is no common thing, nor no common man’s judgment to judge well of Honesty; nor it is no common thing to come by; but so much it is the more goodly, for that it is so rare and strange.

“Follow not therefore the common reputation of Honesty. If you will seem honest, be honest; or else seem as you are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let not the name be the only mark you shoot at: that will follow though you regard it not; yea! and the more you regard it, the less. I mean not by regard it not, esteem it not; for well I wot honest name is goodly But he that hunteth

only for that, is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur. Honest name is to be kept, preserved, and defended, and not to employ all a man's wit about the study of it; for that smelleth of a glorious and ambitious fool. I say, as I wrote unto you in my last letters, get the thing, and the other must of necessity follow, as the shadow followeth the thing that it is of; and even so much is the very Honesty better than the name, as the thing is better than the shadow.

“The coming to this point that I would so fain have you have, is to consider a man's own self what he is, and wherefore he is; and herein let him think verily that so goodly a work as man is, for whom all other things were wrought, was not wrought but for goodly things. After a man hath gotten a will and desire to them, is first to avoid evil, and learn that point alone: ‘Never to do that, that within yourself you find a certain grudging against.’ No doubt in any thing you do, if you ask yourself, or examine the thing in yourself afore you do it, you shall find, if it be evil, a repining against it. My Son! for our Lord's love keep well that repining; suffer it not to be darked and corrupted by naughty example, as though any thing were to you excusable because other men do the same. That same repining, if it did punish as he doth judge, there were no such justicer; and of truth, so doth it punish; but not so apparently. Here however it is no small

grief, of a conscience that condemneth itself; but be well assured, after this life it is a continual gnawing.

“When there is a custom gotten of avoiding to do evil, then cometh a gentle courage. Be content to be idle, and to rest without doing any thing. Then too had ye need to gather an heap of good opinions and to get them perfectly, as it were on your fingers’ ends. Rest not greatly upon the approving of them; take them as already approved, because they were of honest men’s leavings. Of them of God, there is no question; and it is no small help to them, the good opinion of moral philosophers, among whom I would Seneca [in] your study; and Epictetus, because it is little, to be ever in bosom.

“These things shall lead you to know goodly [things]; which when a man knoweth and taketh pleasure in them, he is a beast that followeth not them: no, nor he cannot but follow them. But take this for conclusion and sum of all; that if God and his Grace be not the foundation, neither can ye avoid evil, nor judge well, nor do any goodly thing. Let Him be foundation of all. Will these things; desire them earnestly, and seek them at his hands, and knowledge them to come of Him, and questionless He will both give you the use and pleasure in using them, and also reward you for them that come of Him; so liberal and good is He.

“I would fain see that my letters might work to frame you honest. And think that without that, I esteem nothing of you: no! not that you are my son. For I reckon it no small dishonesty to myself to have an dishonest taught child: but the fault shall not be in me. I shall do the part of a father: and if you answer not to that I look for at your hands, I shall as well study with that that I shall leave, to make such [some] honest man, as you.”

As he is often styled Sir Thomas Wyatt “the younger,” it seems that he was knighted in his father’s lifetime; and, as the companion of Lord Surrey, he once shared in a mischievous frolic, which caused their imprisonment.\* A memoir of the younger Wyatt may be found in Dr. Nott’s edition of his father’s works; and all which it is necessary to add about him is, that he served with distinction under the Earl of Surrey at Boulogne, in 1545, who, in one of his letters to the King, thus bore testimony to his merits:—

“I assure your majesty you have framed him to such towardness and knowledge in the war, that, none other dispraised, your majesty hath not many like him within your realm for hardiness, painfulness, and circumspection, and natural disposition to the war.”

\* See Memoir of Surrey, p. xxix.

Having joined in the effort to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, he was condemned, and executed for high treason, on the 11th April, 1554. He left a numerous family, and his grandson, Sir Francis Wyatt, of Bexley in Kent, was living in the reign of James the First, and had two sons, Henry and Francis.



SIR THOMAS WYATT'S LETTER TO THE  
PRIVY COUNCIL IN 1541.\*PLEASE IT YOUR GOOD LORDSHIPS  
TO UNDERSTAND :—

I HAVE knowledge by Mr. Lieutenant that the King's pleasure is, and your commandment, that I should write and declare such things as have passed me whilst I was in the Emperor's court, by word, writing, communing, or receiving, with or from any man, whereby I know myself to have offended, or whereby I might run in suspect of offence; namely, in the time of that Court being at Nice, and Villa Franca.

First; like as I take God to record in whom I trust to be saved, and whose redemption I forsake if wittingly I lie; so do I humbly in his name beseech you all, that in those things that be not fresh in my memory no captious advantage be taken of me: professing always that if my self can by any means, or your Lordships, or any other, reduce any other thing than I shall touch to my remembrance, sincerely and uncolourably from time to time to declare the truth in prison, or out. And for my part I declare affirmingly at all proofs whereby a Christian man may be tried, that in my life in crime towards

\* See page xxix. ante.

the Majesty of the King my master, or any his issue in deed, writing, or wish, I never offended. I never committed malice or offence, or (as I have presently said before you) done a thing wherein my thought could accuse my conscience as touching words with any the King's enemy, or traitor, in my life. I remember not that ever I spake with any, knowing him at that time to be a traitor, or enemy, but to Brauncetour at his apprehension in Paris, and to Trogmorton at St. Daves, that would have brought me a present of wine from Pole : which processes, I doubt not but it is well in your Lordship's remembrance.

I had forgot in this place a light fellow, a gunner, that was an Englishman, and came out of Ireland with an Irish traitor, called James ; I have forgot his other name and doubt in that also. He could scarce speak English, and drunken he was ; and on a day I rebuked him out of my house ; and he sought to advertise me of that James' coming again ; but the thing was of no value, and I neglected them.

And there was also a fool, an Irishman, that was lame, maimed in the Emperor's wars ; and there took him by the name of Rosaroffa, because he ware a red rose in his breast : but there was no substance of those things. But if they require any further, I am ready to say to it ; though it be to none effect. Writing I never received none of any there, being known a traitor, or being suspect of treason ; or

none afterwards proved a traitor, other than followeth.

Of the Earl of Essex (being then as the King's chief Councillor, and after declared a traitor of Pagett) a letter, being inclosed within a letter of the Earl of Essex, directing another letter with the same to Brauncetour. Pate's letters I sent to the Earl of Essex, Brauncetour not yet known for a traitor. Of Leze, a letter or two, he being in Italy. Whereunto I answered him in substance, exhorting him to come and see Spain, and return into England with me: he then not being suspected of any offence, to my knowledge.

Of Brauncetour two or three letters (he being at Tour de Himmes in Castille, and I at Barcelona) concerning my money of the bank. This was twelve months before he was discovered for a traitor. Other letters or writings, such as above, I never remember that any came to my hands, or through my hands unopened, but of the Priest that was my lord Lyster's chaplain; which I opened, and after brought them the King.

Communing with any declared or known then to me a traitor or rebel, with sending of message, recommendations, advertisements, favourable tokens, or writings, or any such matter, let it be proved and impute it to me for treason. Nor I say not that, for that I have done it so secretly that it cannot be proved, but, as God judge me, I am clear of

thought. Receiving, I am as clear as sending. God knoweth what restless torment it hath been to me since my hither coming, to examine myself, perusing all my deeds to my remembrance, whereby a malicious enemy might take advantage by evil interpretation. But, as I complained before to your Lordships, it had grieved me the suspect I have been in, being in Spain, that it was noised that I was run away to the Bishop of Rome, had not the King's Majesty had so good opinion of me that, as I know, at my coming home they were punished that had sown that noise on me.

And further, by examination of Mason ; the which thing, with that you name the towns Nice and Villa Franca, reneweth the suspect thereof. Whereof the substance and truth of that I passed there, to my remembrance I shall declare sincerely.

At the Emperor's arrival at Villa Franca, (which is about one mile from Nice, and where is a boat for gallies,) to my galley came a servant from the Bishop of London that now is, and Dr. Haynes, advertising me of their being at Nice. I went with my boat without delay to them ; and, to be short, I gat them [lodging] at Villa Franca, right over against my own, as good as the time and place would suffer. For though they were better lodged at Nice, yet me-thought that Court being full of the Court of Rome, it was scant sure nor convenient, nor so meet for our communication. The execution thereof needs not here be comprehended : it was

then advertised of. And besides, I suppose it be not the intent of this declaration. I, as God judge me like as I was continually imagining, and compassing what way I might do best service; so rested I not day nor night to hunt out for knowledge of those things. I trotted continually up and down that hell through heat and stink, from counsellor to ambassador, from one friend to another; but the things then were either so secretly handled, or yet not in coverture, that I with all mine acquaintance, and much less they my colleagues for any policy or industry that I saw them use, could not get any knowledge. Me-thought (an Emperor, a French King, and Bishop of Rome being so assembled, pretending an union of all the world, to be treated by the hands of my Master's mortal enemy, I being present, neither having knowledge of any thing, nor thilk advertisement from hence) that I should leave no stone unmoved to get some intelligence: although, peradventure my colleagues thought that little to be their charge, but only to convert the Emperor by their learning.

Upon this it chanced that upon a day there was no person at dinner with us but we three, and Mason; and, the servants being from the board, (whether they were gone for meat, or whether I bade them go down, I remember not,) I rehearsed the [case], care I had for lack of knowledge, and the necessity, and demanded their opinion, 'What if Mason should insinuate himself dissembling with

Pole, to suck something worthy of knowledge in these great matters.' They both thought it good, and Mason was content to essay it when he should see time and occasion. The certain time how long I tarried after, or how long I was there in all, on my truth I remember not; but I think I was not there twelve days in all afore any thing done in this matter. To my knowledge, my overture for my coming to the King was made unto me; wherein I had not so much respect to the offers that were made, as to the promise and the assurance that both the Emperor, Grandvela, and Cavas made me, that nothing neither with Bishop or King should be treated and concluded till I came again, if I came in fifteen or sixteen days, or that the King did send resolution upon these affairs. This, me-thought, was so gladsome unto me to win to the King, he being unbound and at liberty so many days (with my posting only and pain in so high matters) that all my policy of knowledge, and intelligence was clean forgotten with me. Me-thought I had enough. The resolution upon these affairs your Lordships knoweth; and the success after sheweth what was meant then. The day passed; and [before] my return (although I solicited earnestly my despatch) the appointment [was] concluded, and these Princes departed.

Touching this device of Mason with Pole, this is all that soundeth in any case to my fact. And let it be proved that ever by Mason, or any other,

I sent him word, advertisement, or put word or order in his mouth what he should say or do, other than I have declared, and let it be imputed treason unto me.

The like unto this I used after at Toledo, where I used Mr. Foleman's brother and another merchant that had been spoiled to seek means to enter into Pole's lodging, and to spy who resorted thither, and what they could learn; whereby I discovered Brauncetour's treason, not only resorting to Pole, but plainly exhorting them to forsake the King and follow Pole, whereof I advertised: and by that also I knew of Grandvela's being there secretly with him; upon which I got of Grandvela farther knowledge of Pole's suits and demands. This I did without consultation, for I had no colleague with me. But at Paris about the apprehension of Brauncetour, I used Weldon and Sworder, and that with participation of both of Mr. Tate and the Bishop of London, to be spies over Brauncetour, and to put themselves into company, whereby I ever knew where he became, till the hour came that he was apprehended, Weldon being in the chamber with him. Our Lord defend these men, that the thing that was both meant and done in the King's service, should be prejudiced by suspect in this behalf.

But to return to the matter of Mason. I met with the Emperor upon the sea afore Marseilles, coming in a boat from Aquas-Mortes, both in hazard of the Moors and naughty weather, because I would

prevent the Emperor and the French King's meeting, which should be at Aquas-Mortes. — But I came too late to break any thing. Now had the Emperor been at Genes, and there had Mason gotten occasion to enter with Pole; and he told me that he could suck nothing out of him, for that he seemed to suspect him. At Venice was I never. Whilst this was done was I yet in England; and Mason told me that he had written to me and the Earl of Essex what he had done, which letters never came to my hands, nor almost a year after to the Earl of Essex' hands, as the same Earl told me at my coming home: and further told me how honestly Mason had declared himself, and how well the King took it, and how good lord he was to him. And farther declared unto me the chance, that though the letters that Mason wrote to him came not yet then to his hands, that in searching Mason's papers, the minute thereof was found; and after how the letter self came to his hands, adding thereunto these words, 'They meant at Mason, but they shot at the Wyatt.' And I remember well the answer I made was, 'They strake at me, but they hurt me not; therefore, I pray God forgive them, but i-beshrew their hearts for their meaning.' Mason of this all the while never wrote unto me into Spain, but that he was detained with a quartan; but I knew by Grandvela that he was detained by examination, wherein I was suspect; and further particular I could nothing of him. And after as it may appear



by my letters, I solicited my coming home for my declaration. If these be the matters that may bring me into suspect, me seemeth, if I be not blinded by mine cause, that the credit that an Ambassador hath, or ought to have, might well discharge as great stretches as these. If in these matters I have presumed to be trusty more than I was trusted, surely the zeal of the King's service drove me to it. And I have been always of opinion, that the King's Majesty either should send for Ambassadors such as he trusteth, or trust such as he sendeth. But all ye, my good Lords, and masters of the Council, that hath, and shall in like case serve the King, for Christ's charity weigh in this mine innocence, as you would be deemed in your first days, when you have [had] charge without experience. For if it be not by practice and means that an Ambassador should have and come to secrets, a Prince were as good send naked letters, and to receive naked letters, as to be at charge for residencers. And if a man should be driven to be so scrupulous to do nothing without warrant, many occasions of good service should scape him.

Touching the Bishop of London and Haynes' calumning in this matter, when it shall please your Lordships to examine me, I shall sincerely declare unto you the malice that hath moved them; and if I might be examiner in my own cause, I know they cannot avoid their untruth in denial of their consent in this cause of Mason.

I beseech you humbly be my good Lords, and let not my life wear away here, that might peradventure be better spent in some days deed for the King's service. Our Lord put in your hearts to do with me as I have deserved toward the King's Majesty.

The King's true, faithful subject  
and servant, and humble orator,  
T. WYATT

## SIR THOMAS WYATT'S DEFENCE,

AFTER THE INDICTMENT AND EVIDENCE.\*

MY LORDS,

IF it were here the law, as hath been in some Commonwealths, that in all accusations the defendant should have double the time to say and defend, that the accusers have in making their accusations; and that the defendant might detain unto him counsel, as in France, or where the Civil Law is used; then might I well spare some of my leisure to move your Lordships' hearts to be favourable unto me; then might I by counsel help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able against such a prepared thing. But in as much as that time, that your Lordships will favourably give me without interruption, I must spend to instruct without help of counsel their consciences, that must pronounce upon me; I beseech you only (at the reverence of God, whose place in judgment you occupy under the King's Majesty, and whom, you ought to have, where you are, before your eyes) that you be not both my judges and my accusers, that is to say, that you aggravate not my cause unto the quest, but that alone unto their requests or unto mine, which I suppose to be both ignorant in the law, ye interpret law sincerely. For

\* See page xxix. ante.

although it be these men that must pronounce upon me: yet I know right well what a small word may, of any of your mouths that sit in your place, to these men that seeketh light at your hands. This done, with your Lordships' leaves, I shall convert my tale unto those men.

I say unto you, my good masters and christian brethren, that if I might have had such help, as I spake of to my Lords before, counsel, and time, I doubt not but I should fully have satisfied your conscience, and have persuaded you. Nor I mean no such time as hath been had for the inventing, for the setting forth, for the indictment, for devisement of the dilating of the matters by my masters here of the King's Majesty's learned counsel; for it is three years that this matter is first begun: but I would have wished only so much time, that I might have read that they have penned; and penned too, that you might read. But that may not be. Therefore I must answer directly to the accusation, which will be hard for me to remember.

The accusation comprehendeth the indictment, and all these worshipful men's tales annexed thereunto. The length whereof, the cunning whereof, made by learned men, weaved in and out to persuade you and trouble me here and there, to seek to answer that is in the one afore, and in the other behind, may both deceive you and amaze me, if God put not in your heads honest wisdom to weigh these things as much as it ought to be. So to avoid

the danger of your forgetting, and my trouble in the declaration, it is necessary to gather the whole process into these chief points, and unto them to answer directly, whereby ye shall perceive what be the principals, and what be the effects which these men craftily and wittingly have weaved together, that a simple man might hardly try the one from the other. Surely, but that I understand mine own matter, I should be too much to seek and accumbered in it. But, masters, this is more of law than of equity, of living than of uprightness, with such intricate appearances to blind men's conscience; specially in case of man's life, where alway the naked truth is the goodliest persuasion. But to purpose.

Of the points that I am accused of, to my perceiv-  
ing, these be the two marks whereunto mine ac-  
cusers direct all their shot of eloquence. A deed,  
and a saying. After this sort, in effect, is the deed  
alleged with so long words: 'Wyatt in so great  
trust with the King's Majesty, that he made him his  
ambassador, and for whom his Majesty hath done  
so much, being ambassador hath had intelligence  
with the King's rebel and traitor Pole.' Touching  
the saying, amounteth to this much: 'That same  
Wyatt, being also ambassador, maliciously, falsely,  
and traitorously said, That he feared that the King  
should be cast out of a cart's tail; and that by God's  
blood, if he were so, he were well served, and he  
would he were so.' The sole apparel of the rest of  
all this process pertaineth to the proofs of the one or

other of these two points. But if these two points appear unto you to be more than false, maliciously invented, craftily disguised, and worse set forth, I doubt not, but the rest of their proofs will be but re-proofs in every honest man's judgment. But let us come to the matter.

And here I beseech you, if any of you have brought with you already my judgment, by reason of such tales as ye have heard of me abroad, that ye will leave all such determination aside, and only weigh the matter as it shall be here apparent unto you. And besides that, think, I beseech you, that, if it be sufficient for the condemnation of any man to be accused only, that then there is no man guiltless. But if for condemnation is requisite proof and declaration, then take me as yet not condemned, till thoroughly, advisedly, and substantially ye have heard and marked my tale.

First you must understand that my masters here, serjeant . . . and other of the King's Counsel that allege here against me, were never beyond the sea with me, that I remember. They never heard me say any such words there, never saw me have any intelligence with Pole, nor my indicters neither. Wherein you must mark, that neither these men which talk here unsworn, nor the indictment at large, is to be regarded as an evidence. The indicters have found that I have done it. If that be true, what need your trial? but if quests fetch their light at indictments at large, then is a man condemned

unheard: then had my Lord Dacres been found guilty; for he was indicted at large by four or five quests; like was his matter avowed, affirmed, and aggravated by an help of learned men; but on all this the honourable and wise nobility did not once look; they looked at the evidence, in which they weighed, I suppose, the malice of his accusers, the unlikelihood of the things hanging together, and chiefly of all, the substance of the matter and the proofs.

Who then accused me that ever he heard me, or saw me, or knew me to have intelligence with Pole by word, writing, or message to or fro? No man. Why so? For there is [no] such thing. Why art thou brought hither then? It is but a bare condemnation to say, 'If I had not offended, I had not been brought hither.' That was their saying against Christ, that had nothing to say against him else.

But there is other matter, for proofs hereof against me. There is the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of London, and Mr. Dr. Haynes the King's Chaplain, that depose against me. What sayest thou to this Wyatt? These men were beyond the sea with thee, where thou sayest that neither the indicters nor we were there: these men of learning, of gravity, yea! and Ambassadors with thee too.

To this I say, this word 'Intelligence' concludeth familiarity or conferring of devices together, which

may be by word, message, or writing, which the law forbiddeth to be had with any the King's traitors, or rebels, pain of the like. Rehearse the law: declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. Am I a traitor, because I spake with the King's traitor? No, not for that, for I may bid him, 'Avaunt, traitor:' or, 'Defy him traitor.' No man will take this for treason. But where he is holpen, counselled, advertised by my word, there lieth the treason, there lieth the treason. In writing it is like: in message it is like: for I may send him both letter and message of challenge, or defiance. But in any of these the suspect is dangerous; therefore whosoever would do any of these things, I would advise him that it appear well. And yet neither God's law, nor man's law, nor no equity condemneth a man for suspects: but for such a suspect, such a word, or writing, [that] may be so apparent by conjectures, or success of things afterwards, by vehement likelihoods, by conferring of things, and such like, that it may be a grievous matter.

But whereto do I declare this point? it is far out of my case: For if I ever spake word to him beyond the sea, and yet to my remembrance but once on this side; or if ever I wrote to him, or if I ever sent him word or message, I confess the action; let it be imputed to me for treason. I say not of word, message, or writing that should be abetting, aiding, comforting, or advertisement; but any at all, but only by his servant Trogmorton, at S. Daves,



in France; which was in refusal of a present that he would have sent me of wine, and of other gear; of which thing I advertised, and it appeareth by my letters, the matter how it went; and there was present Chambers, Knowles, Mantell, Blage, and Mason, that heard what pleasant words I cherished him withal.

‘Here were a great matter to blear your eyes withal,’ say my accusers, ‘if you would believe Wyatt, that is not ashamed to lie so manifestly in judgment. Didst thou not send Mason unto him at Nice? Hast thou not confessed thyself? Hath not Mason confessed it? Hath not the Bishop of London and Haynes accused thee thereof?’ Forsooth never a whit. Neither sent I Mason, nor have confessed that, nor Mason so confesseth, nor, I suppose, neither of my accusers do so allege. Call for them, Bonner and Haynes; their spirituality letteth not them from judgment out of the King’s Court. Let them be sworn. Their saying is, that Mason spake with Pole at Genes. Here do not they accuse me, they accuse Mason. Call forth Mason, swear him. He is defendant, his oath cannot be taken. What saith he at the least? He saith that Bonner, Haynes, and Wyatt, being all three the King’s Ambassadors at Villa Franca besides Nice, that same Wyatt, being in great care for intelligence how the matters went there in great closeness, being an Emperor, a French King, a Bishop of Rome so nigh together, that all these lay

within four miles treating upon a conclusion of peace by the hands and means of the Bishop of Rome, the King's mortal enemy; Pole also his traitor being there practising against the King, the said Wyatt at a dinner devised and asked, 'What if Mason did undermine Pole, to look if he could suck out any thing of him, that were worth the King's knowledge:' which then all three thought good, and he accepted it, when he should see his time.

Doth Mason here accuse me, or confesseth, that I sent him on a message? What word gave I unto thee, Mason? What message? I defy all familiarity and friendship betwixt us, say thy worst. My accusers themselves are accused in this tale, as well as I, if this be treason. Yea, and more: for whereas I confess frankly, knowing both my conscience and the thing clear of treason: they, belike mistrusting themselves, deny this. What they mean by denying of this: minister interrogatories. Let them have such thirty-eight as were ministered unto me; and their familiar friends examined in hold, and appear as well as I; and let us see what milk these men would yield. Why not? they are accused as well as I. Shall they be privileged, because they by subtle craft complained first? where I, knowing no hurt in the thing, did not complain likewise? But they are two. We are also two. As in spiritual courts men are wont to purge their fames, let us try our fames for our honesties, and we will give them odds. And if the thing be earnestly marked,

theirs is negative, ours is affirmative. Our oaths ought to be received: theirs in this point cannot.

I say further, they are not the first openers of this matter, whereby they ought to be received. For what will they say? Bonner wrote this out of France long after he was gone from me out of Spain. And Haynes came home, whereas he remained ambassador in France. But Mason wrote this to the late Earl of Essex from Genes, where he had spoken with Pole, forthwith upon the speaking with him, I being here in England. For afore was I come from Villa Franca, sent to the Emperor from the King's Majesty in post: for what purpose, or what service I did, I know the King's Majesty hath esteemed more than I will ascribe unto myself; and it should but occupy the time, and instruct you little the better in the matter.

I say then, Mason wrote of this unto the Earl of Essex, and unto me also, which letters never came to my hands, nor unto the Earl of Essex's hands neither, all a year after. And when Mason was examined here upon the same afore the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Suffolk, and, as I remember, the Bishop of Durham (I being in Spain), his papers and his things were sought and visited. And where Mason alleged these letters sent to the Earl of Essex, he sware he never received them; and in that search was found the minute of that same letter. And I think Mason no such fool, but in that letter he rehearsed, that upon our consent he went to Pole, and

so after what he did. Upon this, so apparent, was Mason dismissed: and long after came the letters to the Earl of Essex's hands. And this did the Earl of Essex tell me after my coming home out of Spain; and, as far as I remember, I learned that of Mr. Bartlett, which was the Earl's servant, that brought the minute with Mason's papers. This I say, for that peradventure the letters cannot now be found; yet let him say what he knoweth. So that it is not to be believed, that Mason, then not being in doubt of any accusation, would have said in his letter that he went by the Ambassador's consent, unless it had been so indeed. Therefore, I say, if our consents in this be treason, then are they in this as far in as I; and their negative requireth proof, and neither oath nor denial: and our oaths are to be taken in the affirmative, and not theirs in the negative: nor they are not to be received as the first openers, for Mason wrote it long before them. And they, belike, condemning themselves in taking it to be treason, would falsely lay it unto us, that frankly confess it without thought of treason. But you may see how their falsehood hangeth together. These men thinketh it enough to accuse: and as all these slanderers use for a general rule, 'Whom thou lovest not, accuse; for though he heal not the wound, yet the scar shall remain.'

But you will say unto me, What is it to thy declaration, whether they have offended or no? Thou confessest, that thou consentest to his going to the

**King's traitor** : how avoidest thou that ? What didst thou mean by that, or what authority hadst thou so to do ?

This is it, that I would ye should know, good masters, as well as God knoweth ; and it shall be clear enough anon, without suspect, unto you.

But first, if that suspect should have been well and lawfully grounded, before it had come as far as accusation ; it should have been proved between Pole and me kin, acquaintance, familiarity, or else accord of opinions, whereby it might appear, that my consent to Mason's going to him should be for naughty purpose : or else there should have been brought forth some success since, some letters, if none of mine, at the least of some others, some confession of some of his adherents that have been examined or suffered.

But what ? There is none. Why so ? Thou shalt as soon find out oil out of a flint stone, as find any such thing in me. What I meant by it is declared unto you. It was little for my avail : it was to undermine him ; it was to be a spy over him ; it was to learn an enemy's counsel. If it might have been, had it been out of purpose, trow you ? I answer now, as though it had been done on my own head without the counsel of two of the King's counsellors, and myself also the third ; there is also mine authority. I have received oft thanks from the King's Majesty, and his Councils, for things that I have gotten by such practices ; as I have in

twenty letters, 'use now all your policy, use now all your friends, use now all your dexterity to come to knowledge and intelligence.' This, and such like, were my policy; and by such means afterwards, and setting two to be spies over that same Pole in Toledo, when he came in post to the Emperor, I discovered the treason of Brauncetor and the practices of Pole in the Emperor's court. And I dare say the King's Majesty was served by the same deed; and how, my Lords of the Council know, both by my letters and declaration since I have been prisoner.

But this I shall beseech you to note in this matter, that now I speak of; for that I spake before, 'that successes declare suspects.' Before Pole came out of Rome to go post to the Emperor, I had so good intelligence, that I knew of it and advertised, that he should come, wherein I desired to know what I should do. I heard nothing. I wrote again, 'He is on the sea, or else as far as Genes by land hitherward.' I heard no word again. This was either because it was not believed, or else they thought it was not like that I should get the knowledge, being in Spain. I wrote again, 'He is in Spain;' and what I had done: for I had laboured before his coming importunately, that he should have been ordered according to the treaties. I heard yet no word. In conclusion, on my own head I did so much, that he was neither sent against, being the Bishop of Rome's legate, neither received, nor did

nothing that he came for, nor rewarded, which Princes use, nor accompanied out again. And besides that, I knew and advertised all his doings, and sent a copy of his own chief matters. And thus was he by my industry dispatched out of Spain smally to his reputation or contenting: and the answer with the king, afore the letters came to me by Francis the courier, [that directed] how I should order myself in the business. This I say hath been one of the fruits of mine intelligence with Pole; that, as God judge me, this seven year, I suppose, came no gladder news unto him than this of my trouble; and on my troth it is no small trouble unto me, that he should rejoyce in it.

But to set spies over traitors, it is I think no new practice with ambassadors. He of France, that is now here, had he not, trow ye, them that knit company with Chappuis afore he was delivered here? I myself the last year at Paris appointed Welden, and Swerder, two scholars there, to entertain Brauncetor, that by them I might know where he became always, for his sudden apprehension. The Bishop was made privy unto it; so was Mr. Totle. And I would have had Mason done this, but presently afore the Bishop he refused it, alleging that he \* had once swerved from him in such a like matter. I had no warrant for all this gear, no more had the Bishop in this that I know of, other than of the au-

\* The Bishop.

thority and trust that an ambassador hath and ought to have.

Besides this, ye bring in now, that I should have this intelligence with Pole because of our opinions, that are like; and that I am papish. I think I should have more ado with a great sort in England to purge myself of suspect of a Lutheran, than of a Papist. What men judge of me abroad, this may be a great token, that the King's Majesty and his Council know what hazard I was in in Spain with the Inquisition, only by speaking against the Bishop of Rome, where peradventure Bonner would not have bid such a brunt. The Emperor had much ado to save me, and yet that made me not hold my peace, when I might defend the King's deed against him, and improve his naughtiness. But in this case, good Masters, ye shall [hear] fair evidence: [what] the King and his Council thought in this matter, when they demised Mason at his first examination, and for the small weight there was either against him or me. And what thing hath there happened since, that was not then opened? Inquire, and ye shall find none.

But now to the other part of my accusation, touching my saying. For the Love of our Lord, weigh it substantially; and yet withal, remember the naughty handling of my accusers in the other point; and in this you shall see no less maliciousness, and a great deal more falsehood.

And first let us handle the matter, as though I



had so said, except only that same 'falsely, maliciously, and traitorously,' with all. Were it so, I had said the words; yet it remaineth unproved (but take it not, that I grant them, for I mean not so,) but only that I had so said. Rehearse here the law of words; declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. This includeth that words maliciously spoken, or traitorously, against the King's person should be taken for treason. It is not meant, masters, of words which despise the King lightly, or which are not all the most reverently spoken of him, as a man should judge a chace against him at the tennis, wherewith he were not all the best contented: but such words, as bear an open malice; or such words as persuade commotions, or seditions, or such things. And what say my accusers in these words? Do they swear I spake them traitorously, or maliciously? I dare say, they be shameless enough; yet have they not so deposed against me. Read their depositions: They say not so. Confer their depositions, if they agree word for word: That is hard, if they were examined apart, unless they had conspired more than became faithful accusers. If they misagree in words, and not in substance, let us hear the words they vary in; for in some little thing may appear the truth, which, I dare say, you seek for conscience sake. And besides that, it is a small thing in altering of one syllable either with pen or word, that may make in the conceiving of the truth much matter or error. For in this thing, 'I fear,'

or 'I trust,' seemeth but one small syllable changed, and yet it maketh a great difference, and may be of an hearer wrong conceived and worse reported; and yet, worst of all, altered by an examiner. Again, 'fall out,' 'cast out,' or 'left out,' maketh difference; yea, and the setting of the words one in another's place may make great difference, though the words were all one, as, 'a mill horse,' and 'a horse mill.' I beseech you therefore examine the matter under this sort; confer their several sayings together, confer the examinations upon the same matter, and I dare warrant, ye shall find misreporting and misunderstanding.

But first, for my own part, let this saying be interpreted in the highest kind of naughtiness and maliciousness; yea, and alter them most that can be, that they may be found to that purpose. This is, (which God forbid should be thought of any man) that by throwing out of a cart's tail, I should mean that vile death, that is ordained for wretched thieves. Besides this; put, that I were the naughtiest rank traitor that ever the ground bare: doth any man think that I were so foolish, so void of wit, that I would have told Bonner and Haynes, which had already lowered at my fashions, that I would so shameful a thing to the King's Highness? Though I were, I say, so naughty a knave, and not all of the wisest, yet am I not so very a fool, though I thought so abominably, to make them privy of it, with whom I had no great acquaintance, and much less trust.

But it is far from that point: Men may not be interpreted by as much as may be evil wrested and worse conjectured: there must be reason and appearance in every thing; but that way there is none. But ye know, masters, it is a common proverb, 'I am left out of the cart's tail,' and it is taken upon packing gear together for carriage, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently, slips out of the cart, and is lost. So upon this blessed peace, that was handled, as partly is touched before, where seemed to be union of most part of Christendom, I saw, that we hung yet in suspense between the two Princes that were at war, and that neither of them would conclude with us directly against the Bishop of Rome, and that we also would not conclude else with none of them: whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb, whereby I doubted they would conclude among themselves and leave us out. And in communicating with some, peradventure, [fore]casting these perils I might say; 'I fear for all these men's fair promises the King shall be left out of the cart's tail;' and lament that many good occasions had been let slip of concluding with one of these Princes: and I think that I have used the same proverb with some in talking. But that I used [it] with Bonner or Haynes, I never remember; and if I ever did, I am sure never as they couch the tale. And if I have used it with any other, I think, it hath been with Blage, or with Mason. Let their declarations be rehearsed, if they

have been in that examined, whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb.

But consider the place and time, where my accusers sayeth, that I should speak it, and thereby ye shall easily perceive, that either they lie, and misreport the tale; or else that I can [not] speak English.

At Barcelona, say they, after we were come from Nice, and Villa Franca, and Aquas-Mortes; that was after the truce concluded, after the meeting of the Princes; yea, and afore that, the King's Majesty was left out of the packing indeed: whereof at Aquas-Mortes I sent him the copy of the conclusions, and chapters of the peace, wherein he was not mentioned, contrary to the Emperor's promise, and to the French king's letters. Since we knew all three the same, it is now like that after this I would use the future tense in that was past, and shall, 'ye shall see,' and then 'if he be so, by God's blood he is well served;' and then, 'I would he were so.' It is more like I should say, if it were spoken at Barcelona, that 'he is left out of the cart's tail, and by God's blood he is well served, and I am glad of it.' By this you may perceive, that either they lie in the time, and the place, or else in the reporting the thing.

But because I am wont sometime to rap out an oath in an earnest talk, look how craftily they have put in an oath to the matter, to make the matter seem mine; and because they have guarded a

naughty garment of theirs with one of my naughty guards, they will swear, and face me down, that that was my garment. But bring me my garment as it was. If I said any like thing, rehearse my tale as I said it. No man can believe you, that I meant it as you construe it; or that I speak it as you allege it; or that I understand English so evil to speak so out of purpose. Therefore the time, the place, and other men's saying upon the same matter, bewray your craft and your falsehood. It well appeareth that you have a toward will to lie, but that you lacked in the matter, practice, or wit: for, they say, 'He that will lie well must have a good remembrance, that he agree in all points with himself, lest he be spied.'

To you, my good masters, in this purpose, I doubt not but you see already that in this saying, if I had so said, I meant not that naughty interpretation, that no devil would have imagined upon me; Nother is proved unto you, nor one appearance thereof alleged. Besides, how unlike, it is, that I should so say as it is alleged: and finally, as I do grant, I might say, and as I think, I did say, that is no treason; for that I should wish or will that the King should be left out of the comprehension; the King himself and all the Council, that were at that time understanding in the King's affairs, know, what labour and what pains I took to have his matters comprehended; and I report me unto him and them: and some man would have thought it much to have

said so much to his fellow, as I said after to the Emperor and his counsellors, charging them with that they had broken promise with the King. This was an evident sign of my will, that I would nothing less than the misgoing of the King's affairs, namely, of these that I had the handling of. If they would have proved that, they should have brought in my negligence, my slothfulness, my false handling of myself, whereby the King's matters had quailed. But I say this much, if they have quailed for lack of wit, I am excusable: let the King blame his choice, and not me. But if they have been hindered of one minute of the advancement that they might have had by my untruth, my slackness, my negligence, my pleasures, mine eases, my meat, my health; let any of this be proved, and let it be treason unto me.

But now cometh to places, the conjectures and likelihoods that maketh proofs of mine intelligence with Pole, and of my malicious speaking of that same so disguised saying. But how can any thing make a proof or a conjecture of nothing? Ye see the principles are wiped away: what matter can the appearances make? But yet let me answer unto them, you shall see them make for my purpose.

One and of the greatest is this: 'Wyatt grudged at his first putting in the Tower; ergo, say they, he bare malice in his heart; and it is like that he sought intelligence with Pole; and also he wished the King's affairs to miscarry, because he would one way or other be revenged.' Peradventure my

accusers frame not their argument so much apparent against me: but let us examine every point thereof. 'Wyatt grudged at his first putting into the Tower.' If they take grudging for being sorry, or grieving, I will not stick with them, I grant it, and so I think it would do to any here. But if they use that word 'grudging' including a desire to revenge, I say they lie, I never so grudged; nor they nor any other man can either prove that, or make a likelihood of a proof thereof. Mason saith, he hath heard me complain thereof. What then? Doth Mason say, that thereby he reckoned, I meant revenging, bearing malice in my heart? I know him so well that he will not so interpret complaining or moaning to revenging.

But here come my other two honest men, and they say that I should say, 'God's blood, the King set me in the Tower, and afterward sent me for his ambassador: was not this I pray you a pretty way to get me credit?' as they say, I should think. Nay put it, that I had spoken so like an idiot, as they seem to make me by this tale: what grudging or revenging findeth any for my putting into the Tower in this saying? Is here any threatening? Is here any grudging? Yea, and that it is far from my nature to study to revenge, it may appear by the many great despites and displeasures that I have had done unto me, which yet at this day is no man alive that can say that ever I did hurt him for revenging: and in this case yet much less; for it is

so far from my desire to revenge, that I never imputed to the King's Highness my imprisonment: and hereof can Mr. Lieutenant here present testify, to whom I did ever impute it. Yea, and further, my Lord of Suffolk himself can tell, that I imputed it to him; and not only at the beginning, but even the very night before my apprehension now last: what time (I remember) my suing unto him for his favour to remit his old undeserved evil will, and to remember, 'like as he was a mortal man,' so as 'to bear no immortal hate in his breast.' Although I had received the injury at his hand, let him say whether this be true.

But what is there here in this article of my fashion? Mark it, I pray you, that here again they have guarded my tale with an oath, because it should seem mine. But let them be examined that have heard me talk of that matter, whereof they seem to tear a piece or two, and patch them together; as if a man should take one of my doublet sleeves, and one of my coat, and sew them together after a disguised fashion, and then say, 'Look, I pray you, what apparel Wyatt weareth.' I say, let other men be examined, and ye shall find, that after I came out of the Tower in the commotion time,\* that I was appointed to go against the King's rebels, and did (until I was countermauded) as speedily

\* He alludes to the insurrection of the northern counties in 1587, during Cromwell's administration.



and as well furnished as I was well able: that after, I was made Sheriff of Kent for a special confidence in such a busy time: that after that again, I was sent the King's Ambassador. I have divers times boasted thereof, and taken it for a great declaration of my truth, for all my putting in the Tower, the confidence and the credit the King had in me after: and of this, peradventure, they have maliciously perverted some piece of my tale, if they perchance were there present, or heard of it. And it may easily appear; for their own saying is, that I should say, 'Was not this, I pray you, a pretty way to get me credit?' How think ye, masters? I suppose it was a way to get me credit. Trow ye, that any man could think, that I should think it was not a way to get me credit? It gat me so much credit that I am in debt, yet in debt for it. Mark, I beseech you, how this gear hangeth together. This is one of their proofs that I grudged at my last putting in the Tower; which, if by grudging they mean revenging, you see how substantially that is proved: and if by grudging they mean moaning, they need not prove it; I grant it. Will any man then, that hath honesty, wit, or discretion, gather, that because I bemoaned my imprisonment, that therefore I bare malice and would revenge? Will any man, that hath christian charity and any conscience, upon such a malicious gathering, frame an accusation upon a man's life? Doth any man, that hath any perceiv-

ing, see not the malice of these men? If there be any of you that doth not, I bind myself, ere my tale be done, to let you see it in great letters.

But unto this they add withal, that I should wish the King had sent me to Newgate when he sent me ambassador.

I confess frankly, I never begged the office; and, but for the obedience to my master, I would have utterly refused it. And how I excused the taking of it, my Lords of the Council can bear me record, as well for that I knew my own inability, whereby I should be wondrously accumbered, for that I was given to a more pleasant kind of life. My cumbrance I found again when I had great matters in hand, meddling with wise men, had no counsel but my own foolish head, a great zeal that the King might be well served by me, a great fear lest any thing should quail through my fault. This solicitude, this care troubled me. Mason, Blage, Mr. Hobby, Mr. Dudley, and other that were with me can testify, yea, and my letters oftentimes hither, that I wished a meeter man than myself in the room; yea, and that I had been at the plough on that condition. But I never remember, in good faith, that I should in that matter name Newgate. But if I had so said (although it had been foolishly spoken) what proveth this malice, to revenging for my being in the Tower? Would he, trow ye, that would revenge, wish himself in Newgate? is it not like

this matter? A man would think rather, he being an ambassador might do more despite toward the King. There he might play the false knave, and discover, and make misrelation, and such parts.

But what thing is that, that these men would not wrest for their purpose, that wrest such things? They found fault, that I did not them the honour that belonged to the King's ambassadors. I lent not them my horse, when they went out of Barcelona, nor I did not accompany them on the way.

First I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, [and] right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not sit always at the upper end of the table? Went we abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me, whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the most and best commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident? A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. I know no man that did you dishonour, but your unmannerly behaviour, that made ye a laughing-stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometime to sweat for shame to see you. Yet let other

judge how I hid and covered your faults. But I have not to do to charge you; I will not spend the time about it.

But mark, I pray you, I lent not them my horses: they never desired to go into the town, to walk or stir out of their lodging: but they had mule, or horse, or both ready for them, foot cloth, and harnessed with velvet of the best that I had for mule or hackney. Marry, it was thought indeed amongst us, that Bonner could have been content to have been upon a genet with gilt harness. These men came in post, and went again in post at their parting. My servants had gotten their post horses ready: would they have had without necessity my horse to have ridden post? I brought them to their horse. Would they, I should have companied them riding in post? Children would not have played the fool so notably. Was not this a pretty article toward treason to be alleged against me by Bonner: Some man might think, that hereby a man might perceive the malice that hath moved my trouble: but yet it shall be more manifest.

Another occasion there is, that I should say, 'They were more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors.' By my truth, I never liked them indeed for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely they that had to do with them. But that did I not [talk], on my faith, with no stranger. But if I said they were meet to be parish priests, on my faith I never re-

member it; and it is not like I should so say; for as far as I could see, neither of them both had greatly any fancy to Mass, and that, ye know, were requisite for a parish priest: for this can all that were there report, that not one of them all, while they were there, said mass, or offered to hear mass, [as] though it was but a superstition. I say, both Mason and I, because of the name that Englishmen then had, to be all Lutherans, were fain to entreat them that we might sometimes shew ourselves in the Church together, that men conceived not an evil opinion of us. Let Mason be asked of this. It was not like then, that the Bishop of London should sue to have the Scripture in English taken out of the Church.

But I have not to do withal: I must here answer to interrogatories, that upon this occasion belike were ministered against me. Whether he thought that I could be a good subject, that misliketh or repugneth his Prince's proceedings? I say here, as I said unto it, as far as misliking or repugning includeth violent disobedience or seditious persuasion, I think, he is no good subject: but to mislike a building, a choice of an ambassador, or the making of a law, obeying yet nevertheless, or such things proceeding, although peradventure it may be done out of time and place, yet I think, it may be without hurt of allegiance: unless there be a law made to the contrary, which I know not. What say I then to the law of words, which Mason should

say, that me thought very hard, and that the first devisers were well served in falling into it, which he thinketh I meant by the Lord Rocheford or the Lord of Essex? This, and if it were offence, it is uncertain by his own saying; and yet I never remember, I said so unto him. But what is it to treason? Do I maintain against the law? do I persuade any violence against the law? it rather includeth allowance of the law, if they were well served, that they suffered for offending in that.

Again, saith Mason, that I should say unto him, 'That it was a goodly Act, the Act of Supreme Head, speciously the King's Majesty being so virtuous, so wise, so learned, and so good a prince: but if it should fall into an evil prince, that it were a sore rod.' I suppose I have not missaid in that: For all powers, namely absolute, are sore rods when they fall into evil men's hands; and yet I say, they are to be obeyed by express law of [God]; for that there is no evil prince, but for desert of the people; and no hand over an evil prince but the hand of God. This, upon examining of as many men as have been familiar with me, among whom some words might have escaped me, and sucked out of both of them and of me with such interrogatories; yet is nothing found of me of treason. Yea, and when there is any toward my master within this heart, a sharp sword go thither withal.

But because I bound myself to make this malice of my accusers to appear manifest unto you, let me

come to another point of their accusing, which was, by Bonner's letters to the Earl of Essex, that I lived viciously among the Nuns of Barcelona.

To the end ye be fully persuaded and informed of that matter, there be many men in the town, and most of them [gentlemen], which walk upon their horses, and here and there talk with those ladies; and when they will, go and sit, company together with them, talking in their chambers. Earls, Lords, Dukes, use the same, and I among them. I used not the pastime in company of ruffians, but with such, or with Ambassadors of [Ferrara], of Mantua, of Venice, a man of sixty years old, and such vicious company.

I pray you now, let me turn my tale to Bonner: for this riseth of him, yea, and so (I think) doth all the rest: for his crafty malice, I suppose in my conscience, abuseth the other's simpleness.

Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it, or have ye heard it? I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here, with whom and when. If ye heard it, who is your author? Have you seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure, the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentle-

men took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your looks, your carving to *Madonna*, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask *Mason*, ask *Blage*, (*Bowes* is dead,) ask *Wolf*, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles, that no man might drink of but yourself; and 'That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the *Signora*.' This was their talk; it is not my devise: ask other, whether I do lie. But turn to my own part.

What, think you, this man meant sincerely to accuse me of treason, when he seeketh the conjectures to prove my treason by my moaning the first imprisonment, by not lending my horse (wherein also he lieth), by not accompanying him out of town, by misliking them for *Ambassadors*, and by my vicious living with *Nuns*. This man thought rather to defame me, than sincerely to accuse me. Like as, I trust, ye will not condemn me for conjectures and likelihoods, and namely so out of all appearance, although you hear them. Likewise, I pray you, give me leave to shew you my conjecture and likelihoods upon these things, and then guess, whether I go nearer the truth: and yet I desire not by them to be absolved, so that by the other I be not also condemned.

The *Earl of Essex* belike desired *Bonner* to be a spy over me, and to advertise him; he thinking



that if he might wipe me out of that room, that himself might come to it, as indeed the man is desirous of honour; and for my part I would he had it without envy. That this might be a practice of the Earl of Essex, I think, toward me, not meaning for any treason, but to find whether it were true that I did so good service as was reported, I know by myself; for so would he have had me done for him toward my Lord of Winchester, then being Ambassador in France; and I suppose my said Lord could tell, by Bonner's means and one Barnaby, what a tragedy and a suspect they stirred against him. Well, all this is reconciled. But yet, I say, it is the likelier that he would take that office toward me, that used it to another; and then, conceiving in his mind (and that as God judge me, falsely,) that I had letted him in Spain, that he had no reward of the Emperor, conceived therewithal a malice: and by some inkling that he had, that I misliked his fashion; and upon this he hath built this ungodly work that ye see, that standeth all by invention, conjectures, likelihoods, stretched, wrested, and drawn out of all, (God forbid) without any proof at all.

This far I have had to say upon the foundation and rearing of this accusation against me; and I do not mistrust your wisdom never a whit, but like as ye weigh the chief principles, so weigh ye little these horrible and slanderous words, that of ordinary learned men use both in their indictments and accusations, as at the beginning I declared them to

satisfy your conscience: but a great deal better to satisfy your minds, I touched afore, that this matter two years passed was afore the Council, Mason in hold detained, and all this rehearsed, and he dismissed. I heard thereof, and sued to come home for my declaration. After I came home, I was in hand with the Earl of Essex for that he desired me to let it pass. 'I was cleared well enough;' and he told me much of this thing, that I have in the matter rehearsed. If this were not sufficient to satisfy your conscience, then take more with you.

Within six months after that I came home, so far unlike was it, that any of these gear, both then known, examined, and dismissed, should be taken for treason, that I was sent again Ambassador to the Emperor at his coming into France, and the King's Grace had rewarded me with a good piece of lands, above my deserving. And then it was said unto me, 'I was used for the necessity,' yea, and my instrument of my treasons was sent with me, Mr. Mason. I came home in the beginning of the last summer. I ran not away at none of all these goings over. All this while, till now, there hath been no question of this reckoning. If any thing of new be against me, which is not alleged, if t be nothing but this, it hath been tried and dismissed. You see what evidence the Counsellors gave against me. The confidence put in my affairs is for you to acquit me. And it is a naughty fear (if any man have any such) to think a Quest dare

not acquit a man of treason when they think him clear; for it were a foul slander to the King's Majesty. God be thanked, he is no tyrant: he will no such things against men's conscience: he will but his laws, and his laws with mercy. What displeasure bare he to the Lords for the acquitting the Lord Dacres? Never none; nor will not unto you, if you do as your conscience leads you. And for a great cause: the law ministereth betwixt the King and his subject an oath to the Quest in favour of the subject, for it supposeth more favour to be borne to the Prince than to the party, if the oath bound not Christian men's conscience.

Thus much I thought to say unto you before both God and man to discharge me, that I seem not to perish in my own fault, for lack of declaring my truth; and afore God and all these men, I charge you with my innocent truth, that in case (as God defend) ye be guilty of mine innocent blood, that ye before his tribunal shall be inexcusable. And for conclusion, our Lord put in your hearts to pronounce upon me according as I have willed to the King, my Master and Sovereign, in heart, will, and wish.

T. W.

**P O E M S .**



## SONGS AND SONNETS.

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### THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love that in my thought I harbour,  
And in my heart doth keep his residence,  
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,  
And there campeth displaying his banner.  
She that me learns to love and to suffer,  
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence  
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,  
With his hardiness takes displeasure.  
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,  
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,  
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.  
What may I do, when my master feareth,  
But in the field with him to live and die?  
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

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### THE LOVER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,  
Nor never shall while that my life doth last:  
But of hating myself, that date is past;  
And tears continual sore have me wearied:

I will not yet in my grave be buried ;  
 Nor on my tomb your name have fixed fast,  
 As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste  
 From th' unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.  
 Then if a heart of amorous faith and will  
 Content your mind withouten doing grief;  
 Please it you so to this to do relief:  
 If otherwise you seek for to fulfil  
     Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;  
     And you yourself the cause thereof have been.



THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY AND  
 INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well yfiled,  
 To file a file for any smith's intent,  
 As I was made a filing instrument,  
 To frame other, while that I was beguiled:  
 But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled,  
 And pardoned me, since that I me repent  
 Of my last years, and of my time mispent.  
 For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.  
 Yet this trust I have of great apparence,  
 Since that deceit is aye returnable,  
 Of very force it is agreeable,  
 That therewithal be done the recompense:  
     Then guile beguiled plained should be never;  
     And the reward is little trust for ever.

## THE

LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRICKEN  
WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks that issue from those eyes,  
 Against the which there vailleth no defence,  
 Have pierc'd my heart, and done it none offence,  
 With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.  
 Was never man could any thing devise,  
 Sunbeams to turn with so great vehemence  
 To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence  
 Dazed am I; much like unto the guise  
 Of one stricken with dint of lightning,  
 Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there;  
 So call I for help, I not when nor where,  
 The pain of my fall patiently bearing:  
     For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,  
     Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.

THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH, AND  
DREADETH, TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.

SUCH vain thought'as wonted to mislead me  
 In desert hope, by well assured moan,  
 Makes me from company to live alone,  
 In following her whom reason bids me flee.



And after her my heart would fain be gone,  
 But armed sighs my way do stop anon,  
 'Twixt hope and dread locking my liberty ;  
 So fleeth she by gentle cruelty.  
 Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow  
 One beam of ruth is in her cloudy look :  
 Which comforts the mind, that erst for fear shook ;  
 That bolded the way straight ; then seek I how  
     To utter forth the smart I bide within ;  
     But such it is, I not how to begin.



THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING

OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS  
NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

UNSTABLE dream, according to the place,  
 Be steadfast once, or else at least be true :  
 By tasted sweetness make me not to rue  
 The sudden loss of thy false, feigned grace.  
 By good respect, in such a dangerous case,  
 Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas ;  
 But madest my sprite to live, my care t' encrease,  
 My body in tempest her delight t' embrace.  
 The body dead, the spirit had his desire ;  
 Painless was th' one, th' other in delight.  
 Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,  
 But thus return to leap into the fire ;  
     And where it was at wish, could not remain ?  
     Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

## THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY

LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY, WHILE HE WAILETH  
THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,  
And live in lust of joyful jollity,  
Arise for shame, do way our sluggardy:  
Arise, I say, do May some observance.  
Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance;  
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,  
That me betide in May most commonly;  
As one whom love list little to advance.  
Stephan said true, that my nativity  
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.  
He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.  
In May my wealth, and eke my wits, I say,  
Have stond so oft in such perplexity:  
Joy; let me dream of your felicity.

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE  
WITH PHYLLIS.

If waker care; if sudden pale colour;  
If many sighs with little speech to plain:  
Now joy, now woe, if they my chere distain;  
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;

To haste or slack, my pace to less, or more ;  
 Be sign of love, then do I love again.  
 If thou ask whom ; sure, since I did refrain  
 Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,  
 The unfeigned cheer of Phyllis hath the place  
 That Brunet had ; she hath, and ever shall.  
 She from myself now hath me in her grace ;  
 She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.  
     My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,  
     Without whose help scant do I live a day.



OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW, AND THE  
 LOVER'S FEIGNED MIRTH.

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt  
 With the honourable head did him present,  
 Covering his heart's gladness, did represent  
 Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.  
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshut  
 Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,  
 Laugh'd to his folk, whom sorrow did torment ;  
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.  
 So chanced me, that every passion  
 The mind hideth by colour contrary,  
 With feigned visage, now sad, now merry ;  
 Whereby if that I laugh at any season,  
     It is because I have none other way  
     To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

## OF CHANGE IN MIND.

EACH man me telleth I change most my devise ;  
And on my faith, methink it good reason  
To change purpose, like after the season.  
For in each case to keep still one guise,  
Is meet for them that would be taken wise ;  
And I am not of such manner condition ;  
But treated after a diverse fashion ;  
And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.  
But you, this diverseness that blamen most,  
Change you no more, but still after one rate  
Treat you me well, and keep you in that state ;  
And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,  
My word, nor I, shall not be variable,  
But always one ; your own both firm and stable.

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT  
AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE.

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,  
Against the sun their eyes for to defend ;  
And some, because the light doth them offend,  
Never appear but in the dark or night :  
Other rejoyce to see the fire so bright,

And ween to play in it, as they pretend,  
 But find contrary of it, that they intend.  
 Alas! of that sort may I be by right;  
 For to withstand her look I am not able;  
 Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;  
 So followeth me remembrance of that face,  
 That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,  
     My destiny to behold her doth me lead;  
     And yet I know I run into the glead.



AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO  
 UTTER HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee from lies and blame,  
 And to my power always thee honoured,  
 Unkind tongue! to ill hast thou me rend'red,  
 For such desert to do me wreke and shame.  
 In need of succour most when that I am,  
 To ask reward, thou stand'st like one afraid:  
 Alway most cold, and if one word be said,  
 As in a dream, unperfect is the same.  
 And ye salt tears, against my will each night  
 That are with me, when I would be alone;  
 Then are ye gone when I should make my moan:  
 And ye so ready sighs to make me shright.  
     Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart  
     And only doth my look declare my heart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PAS-  
SIONS IN A LOVER.

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done ;  
 I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice ;  
 I fly aloft, yet can I not arise ;  
 And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,  
 That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise :  
 Nor letteth me live, nor die, at my devise,  
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
 Without eye I see ; without tongue I plain :  
 I wish to perish, yet I ask for health ;  
 I love another, and I hate myself ;  
 I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  
     Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
     And my delight is causer of this strife.



THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP  
IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.

My galley charged with forgetfulness,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass  
 'Tween rock and rock ; and eke my foe, alas,  
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty :  
 And every houre, a thought in readiness,

As though that death were light in such a case.  
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness ;  
 A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
 Have done the wearied cords great hinderance :  
 Wreathed with error, and with ignorance ;  
 The stars be hid that lead me to this pain ;  
     Drown'd is reason that should be my comfort,  
 And I remain, despairing of the port.



#### OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING the bright beams of those fair eyes,  
 Where he abides that mine oft moistens and washeth ;  
 The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,  
 To rest within his worldly paradise,  
 And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.  
 What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth :  
 Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,  
 That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.  
 In such extremity thus is he brought :  
 Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame :  
 Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,  
 With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,  
     In sore repentance of his hardiness,  
 Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

## THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE

MY love to scorn, my service to retain,  
 Therein, methought, you used cruelty ;  
 Since with good will I lost my liberty,  
 To follow her which causeth all my pain.\*  
 Might never woe yet cause me to refrain ;  
 But only this, which is extremity,  
 To give me nought, alas, nor to agree  
 That, as I was, your man I might remain :  
 But since that thus ye list to order me,  
 That would have been your servant true and fast ;  
 Displease you not, my doting time is past ;  
 And with my loss to leave I must agree :  
     For as there is a certain time to rage,  
     So is there time such madness to assuage.

TO HIS LADY, CRUEL OVER HER YIELDING  
LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,  
 That snakes have time to cast away their stings :  
 Against chain'd prisoners what need defence be  
     sought ?  
 The fierce lion will hurt no yelden things :

\* This line is supplied in Nott's edition from the Devonshire MS.



Why should such spite be nursed then by thought?  
 Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings;  
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,  
 What mischief malice many ways it brings:  
 Consider eke, that spite availeth nought.  
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings:  
 Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought,  
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs:  
     For furies that in hell be execrable,  
     For that they hate, are made most miserable.



HOW UNPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET IN  
 LOVE.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,  
 Desire increasing, ay my hope uncertain  
 With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;  
 For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.  
 Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding,  
 The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,  
 The Thames shall back return into his fountain,  
 And where he rose the sun shall take lodging,  
 Ere I in this find peace or quietness;  
 Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,  
 Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.  
 And if I have after such bitterness,  
     One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste,  
     That all my trust and travail is but waste.

## OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S MIND.

Love, Fortune, and my mind which do remember  
Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,  
Torment my heart so sore, that very often  
I hate and envy them beyond all measure.  
Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver  
Of all my comfort; the foolish mind then  
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome  
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure  
My pleasant days they fleet and pass;  
And daily doth mine ill change to the worse:  
While more than half is run now of my course.  
Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,  
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,  
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED HEART  
TO BE RECEIVED.

How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,  
With my great pain to get some peace or truce,  
Given you my heart; but you do not use  
In so high things, to cast your mind so low.

If any other look for it, as you trow,  
 Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse :  
 And that thus I disdain, that you refuse ;  
 It was once mine, it can no more be so.  
 If you it chafe, that it in you can find,  
 In this exile, no manner of comfort,  
 Nor live alone, nor where he is called resort ;  
 He may wander from his natural kind.  
     So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,  
     And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.



#### THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains  
 So is my painful life, the burden of ire ;  
 For high be they, and high is my desire ;  
 And I of tears, and they be full of fountains :  
 Under craggy rocks they have barren plains ;  
 Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire :  
 Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,  
 With small effect great trust in me remains :  
 The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast ;  
 Hot sighs in me continually be shed :  
 Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed ;  
 Unmovable am I, and they steadfast.  
     Of singing birds they have the tune and note ;  
     And I always plaints passing through my throat.

**CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS AND  
LOVING OTHER.**

If amorous faith, or if a heart unfeigned,  
A sweet langour, a great lovely desire,  
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,  
If long error in a blind maze chained,  
If in my visage each thought distained,  
Or if my sparkling voice, lower, or higher,  
Which fear and shame so wofully doth tire ;  
If pale colour, which love, alas, hath stained,  
If to have another than myself more dear,  
If wailing or sighing continually,  
With sorrowful anger feeding busily,  
If burning far off, and if freezing near,  
Are cause that I by love myself destroy,  
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

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**THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.**

My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,  
But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.  
I served thee, not that I should be forsaken ;  
But, that I should receive reward again,  
I was content thy servant to remain ;  
And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
Now, since in thee there is none other reason,

Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.  
 Unsatiated of my woe, and thy desire ;  
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault :  
 But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,  
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.  
     For he that doth believe, bearing in hand,  
     Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.



THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS  
 STATE.

THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast,  
 Sometime break forth, and they can well declare  
 The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,  
 The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.  
 The water'd eyen from whence the tears do fall,  
 Do feel some force, or else they would be dry ;  
 The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,  
 And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall :  
 And he that lust to see, and to discern  
 How care can force within a wearied mind,  
 Come he to me, I am that place assign'd :  
 But for all this, no force, it doth no harm ;  
     The wound, alas, hap in some other place,  
     From whence no tool away the scar can raze.  
 But you, that of such like have had your part,  
 Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so dear,  
 I thought it good my state should now appear  
 To you, and that there is no great desert.

And whereas you, in weighty matters great,  
 Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
 For trifling things I now am stricken so,  
 That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat,  
 I sit alone, save on the second day  
 My fever comes, with whom I spend my time  
 In burning heat, while that she list assign.  
 And who hath health and liberty alway,  
     Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,  
     To have the like of this my painful stroke.



**THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS  
 LOVE.**

THE pillar perish'd is whereto I leant,  
 The strongest stay of mine unquiet mind ;  
 The like of it no man again can find,  
 From east to west still seeking though he went,  
 To mine unhap. For hap away hath rent  
 Of all my joy the very bark and rind :  
 And I, alas, by chance am thus assign'd  
 Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.  
 But since that thus it is by destiny,  
 What can I more but have a woful heart ;  
 My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,  
 My mind in woe, my body full of smart ;  
     And I myself, myself always to hate,  
     Till dreadful death do ease by doleful state.

## A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever ;  
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more :  
 Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,  
 To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour ;  
 In blind error when I did persever,  
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,  
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store ;  
 But scaped forth thence, since, liberty is lever :  
 Therefore, farewell, go trouble younger hearts,  
 And in me claim no more authority :  
 With idle youth go use thy property,  
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts :  
     For, hitherto though I have lost my time,  
     Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.



## THE LOVER DESPAIRING TO ATTAIN UNTO

HIS LADY'S GRACE RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.

WHOSO list to hunt? I know where is an hind!  
 But as for me, alas! I may no more,  
 The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;  
 I am of them that furthest come behind.  
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind

Draw from the deer ; but as she fleeth afore  
 Fainting I follow ; I leave off therefore,  
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.  
 Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt  
 As well as I, may spend his time in vain !  
 And graven with diamonds, in letters plain,  
 There is written her fair neck round about ;  
 'Noli me tangere ; for Cæsar's I am,  
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'



### THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH HIMSELF

WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE BY  
 NATURE FICKLE.

Divers doth use, as I have heard and know,  
 When that to change their Ladies do begin  
 To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn ;  
 Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.  
 And some there be that when it chanceth so  
 That women change, and hate where love hath been,  
 They call them false, and think with words to win  
 The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.  
 But as for me, though that by chance indeed  
 Change hath outworn the favour that I had,  
 I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,  
 Nor call her false that falsely did me feed ;  
 But let it pass, and think it is of kind  
 That often change doth please a woman's mind.



THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE LOVER'S  
HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH.

I ABIDE, and abide ; and better abide,  
After the old proverb the happy day.  
And ever my Lady to me doth say,  
' Let me alone, and I will provide.'  
I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,  
And with abiding speed well ye may.  
Thus do I abide I wot alway,  
N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.  
Aye me ! this long abiding  
Séemeth to me, as who sayeth  
A prolonging of a dying death,  
Or a refusing of a desired thing.  
Much were it better for to be plain,  
Than to say, ' Abide,' and yet not obtain.



HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE ;

FOR NO ONE CAN RESTRAIN A WILLING MIND.

THOUGH I myself be bridled of my mind,  
Returning me backward by force express ;  
If thou seek honour, to keep thy promess  
Who may thee hold, but thou thyself unbind ?  
Sigh then no more, since no way man may find

Thy virtue to let, though that frowardness  
 Of Fortune me holdeth ; and yet as I may guess  
 Though other be present thou art not all behind.  
 Suffice it then that thou be ready there  
 At all hours ; still under the defence  
 Of Time, Truth, and Love to save thee from offence.  
 Crying I burn in a lovely desire,  
     With my dear Mistress that may not follow ;  
     Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.



### THE DESERTED LOVER

WISHETH THAT HIS RIVAL MIGHT EXPERIENCE THE SAME  
 FORTUNE HE HIMSELF HAD TASTED.

To rail or jest, ye know I use it not ;  
 Though that such cause sometime in folks I find.  
 And though to change ye list to set your mind.  
 Love it who list, in faith I like it not.  
 And if ye were to me, as ye are not,  
 I would be loth to see you so unkind :  
 But since your fault must needs be so by kind ;  
 Though I hate it I pray you love it not.  
 Things of great weight I never thought to crave,  
 This is but small ; of right deny it not :  
 Your feigning ways, as yet forget them not.  
 But like reward let other Lovers have ;  
     That is to say, for service true and fast,  
     Too long delays, and changing at the last.

## RONDEAUX.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF  
HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love, thy power how she despiseth;  
 My grievous pain how little she regardeth:  
 The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,  
 Broken she hath, and yet, she bideth sure,  
 Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth:  
 Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth:  
 To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;  
 To me spiteful, without just cause or measure:  
 Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.

I am in hold, but if thee pity moveth,  
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,  
 And with some stroke revenge the displeasure  
 Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,  
 And, as his lord, thee lowly here entreateth.



## COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE UNREQUITED

WHAT vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?  
 To strive by steadfastness for to attain  
 How to be just, and flee from doubleness?  
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,

Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign :  
 True meaning heart is had in high disdain.  
 Against deceit and cloaked doubleness,  
 What vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness?

Deceived is he by false and crafty train,  
 That means no guile, and faithful doth remain  
 Within the trap, without help or redress :  
 But for to love, lo, such a stern mistress,  
 Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.



THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOVE  
 HIS SUIT.

Go, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart,  
 To break the ice, which pity's painful dart  
 Might never pierce : and if that mortal prayer  
 In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire  
 That death or mercy end my woful smart.  
 Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,  
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,  
 And leave me then in rest, I you require.  
 Go, burning sighs, fulfill that I desire,  
 I must go work, I see, by craft and art,  
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart :  
 Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her,  
 With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,  
 That, from my breast deceivably doth start.

## THE LOVER SEEKING FOR HIS LOST HEART

PRAYETH THAT IT MAY BE KINDLY ENTREATED  
BY WHOMSOEVER FOUND.

HELP me to seek ! for I lost it there ;  
And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,  
And seek to convey it secretly,  
Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly,  
Or else it will plain, and then appair.  
But pray restore it mannerly,  
Since that I do ask it thus honestly,  
For to lese it, it sitteth me near ;  
Help me to seek !

Alas ! and is there no remedy :  
But have I thus lost it wilfully.  
I wis it was a thing all too dear  
To be bestowed, and wist not where.  
It was mine heart ! I pray you heartily  
Help me to seek.



## HE DETERMINETH TO CEASE TO LOVE.

FOR to love her for her looks lovely,  
My heart was set in thought right firmly,  
Trusting by truth to have had redress ;  
But she hath made another promess,

And hath given me leave full honestly.

Yet do I not rejoice it greatly ;

For on my faith I loved too surely,

But reason will that I do cesse,

For to love her.

Since (that in love the pains been deadly),

Methink it best that readily

I do return to my first address ;

For at this time too great is the press,

And perils appear too abundantly,

For to love her.



OF THE FOLLY OF LOVING WHEN THE  
SEASON OF LOVE IS PAST.

YE old mule ! that think yourself so fair,

Leave off with craft your beauty to repair,

For it is time without any fable ;

No man setteth now by riding in your saddle !

Too much travail so do your train appair

Ye old mule !

With false favour though you deceive the ayes,

Who so taste you shall well perceive your layes

Savoureth somewhat of a keeper's stable ;

Ye old mule !

Ye must now serve to market, and to fair,

All for the burthen, for panniers a pair ;

For since grey hairs ben powder'd in your sable,  
 The thing ye seek for, you must yourself enable  
 To purchase it by payment and by prayer ;  
 Ye old mule !



**THE ABUSED LOVER RESOLVETH TO FORGET  
 HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.**

WHAT no, perdie ! ye may be sure !  
 Think not to make me to your lure,  
 With words and chere so contrarying,  
 Sweet and sower countre-weighing,  
 Too much it were still to endure.  
 Truth is tried, where craft is in ure,  
 But though ye have had my heartes cure,  
 Trow ye ! I dote without ending ?

What no, perdie !

Though that with pain I do procure  
 For to forget that once was pure ;  
 Within my heart shall still that thing  
 Unstable, unsure, and wavering,  
 Be in my mind without recure ?

What no, perdie !

## THE ABSENT LOVER PERSUADETH HIMSELF

THAT HIS MISTRESS WILL NOT HAVE THE POWER  
TO FORSAKE HIM.

IF it be so that I forsake thee,  
As banished from thy company ;  
Yet my heart, my mind, and my affection,  
Shall still remain in thy perfection,  
And right as thou list so order me.  
But some would say in their opinion,  
Revolted is thy good intention.

Then may I well blame thy cruelty,

    If it be so.

But myself I say on this fashion ;

‘I have her heart in my possession,  
And of itself cannot, perdie !

By no means love, an heartless body !’

And on my faith good is the reason,

    If it be so.



## THE RECURED LOVER

RENOUNCETH HIS FICKLE MISTRESS FOR HER NEW-  
FANGLINESS.

THOU hast no faith of him that hath none,  
But thou must love him needs by reason ;  
For as saith a proverb notable,  
Each thing seeketh his semblable,  
And thou hast thine of thy condition.  
Yet is it not the thing I pass on,  
Nor hot nor cold is mine affection !  
For since thine heart is so mutable,  
Thou hast no faith.

I thought thee true without exception,  
But I perceive I lacked discretion ;  
To fashion faith to words mutable,  
Thy thought is too light and variable  
To change so oft without occasion.  
Thou hast no faith !

## O D E S .

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS  
OF HIS LOVE.

MY lute, awake, perform the last  
Labour, that thou and I shall waste ;  
And end that I have now begun :  
And when this song is sung and past,  
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none ;  
As lead to grave in marble stone ;  
My song may pierce her heart as soon.  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?  
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly  
Repulse the waves continually,  
As she my suit and affection :  
So that I am past remedy ;  
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got  
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,  
By whom unkind thou hast them won :  
Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,  
That makest but game on earnest pain ;  
Think not alone under the sun

Unquit to cause thy lovers plain ;  
 Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old  
 In winter nights, that are so cold,  
 Plaining in vain unto the moon ;  
 Thy wishes then dare not be told :  
 Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent  
 The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
 To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :  
 Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
 And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last  
 Labour, that thou and I shall waste ;  
 And ended is that we begun :  
 Now is this song both sung and past ;  
 My lute, be still, for I have done.



THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING OF  
 HIS LOVE.

ONCE, as methought, fortune me kiss'd,  
 And bade me ask what I thought best,  
 And I should have it as me list,  
 Therewith to set my heart in rest.

I asked but my lady's heart,  
 To have for evermore mine own ;  
 Then at an end were all my smart ;  
 Then should I need no more to moan.

Yet for all that a stormy blast  
Had overturn'd this goodly nay ;  
And fortune seemed at the last  
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of despair,  
To sudden hope revived I,  
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,  
That I content me wondrously.

My most desire my hand may reach,  
My will is alway at my hand ;  
Me need not long for to beseech  
Her, that hath power me to command.

What earthly thing more can I crave ?  
What would I wish more at my will ?  
Nothing on earth more would I have,  
Save that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her promess,  
In granting me my most desire :  
Of my sovereign I have redress,  
And I content me with my hire.



THE LOVER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN  
OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foot stalking within my chamber :  
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
That now are wild, and do not once remember,

That sometime they have put themselves in danger  
 To take bread at my hand ; and now they range  
 Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise  
 Twenty times better ; but once especial,  
 In thin array, after a pleasant guise,  
 When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,  
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,  
 And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,  
 And softly said, ' Dear heart, how like you this ? '

It was no dream ; for I lay broad awaking :  
 But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,  
 Into a bitter fashion of forsaking ;  
 And I have leave to go of her goodness ;  
 And she also to use new fangleness.  
 But since that I unkindly so am served :  
 How like you this, what hath she now deserved ?



THE LOVER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING  
 OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THE restful place, renewer of my smart,  
 The labours' salve, increasing my sorrow,  
 The body's ease, and troubler of my heart,  
 Quieter of mind, mine unquiet foe,  
 Forgetter of pain, rememberer of my woe,  
 The place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,  
 Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

The frosty snows may not redress my heat,  
 Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold,  
 I know nothing to ease my pains so great ;  
 Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,  
 Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,  
 Such overthwart effects in me they make :  
 Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought, I find no better ease  
 In bed or out: this most causeth my pain,  
 Where I do seek how best that I may please ;  
 My lost labour, alas, is all in vain :  
 My heart once set, I cannot it refrain ;  
 No place from me my grief away can take ;  
 Wherefore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.



THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOVE  
 DOTH NOT PITY HIM.

RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me  
 Both hills and vales causing reflexion ;    [plain :  
 And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,  
 Which have oft forced ye by compassion,  
 As judges, lo, to hear my exclamation :  
 Among whom ruth, I find, yet doth remain ;  
 Where I it seek, alas, there is disdain.

Oft, ye rivers, to hear my woful sound  
 Have stopt your course: and plainly to express  
 Many a tear by moisture of the ground,

The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness :  
 Which causeless I endure without redress.  
 The hughy oaks have roared in the wind :  
 Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.  
 Why then, alas, doth not she on me rue ?  
 Or is her heart so hard that no pity  
 May in it sink, my joy for to renew ?  
 O stony heart, who hath thus framed thee  
 So cruel ; that art cloaked with beauty ;  
 That from thee may no grace to me proceed,  
 But as reward, death for to be my meed ?



THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF  
 FORSAKEN.

WHERE shall I have at mine own will,  
 Tears to complain ? where shall I fet  
 Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,  
 And then again my plaints repeat ?  
 For, though my plaint shall have none end,  
 My tears cannot suffice my woe :  
 To moan my harm have I no friend ;  
 For fortune's friend is mishap's foe.  
 Comfort, God wot, else have I none,  
 But in the wind to waste my wordes ;  
 Nought moveth you my deadly moan,  
 But still you turn it into bordes.  
 I speak not now, to move your heart,  
 That you should rue upon my pain ;

The sentence given may not revert :  
I know such labour were but vain.  
But since that I for you, my dear,  
Have lost that thing, that was my best ;  
A right small loss it must appear  
To lose these words, and all the rest.  
But though they sparkle in the wind, .  
Yet shall they shew your falsed faith ;  
Which is returned to his kind ;  
For like to like, the proverb saith.  
Fortune and you did me avance ;  
Methought I swam, and could not drown :  
Happiest of all ; but my mischance  
Did lift me up, to throw me down.  
And you with her, of cruelness  
Did set your foot upon my neck,  
Me, and my welfare, to oppress ;  
Without offence your heart to wreck.  
Where are your pleasant words, alas ?  
Where is your faith ? your steadfastness ?  
There is no more but all doth pass,  
And I am left all comfortless.  
But since so much it doth you grieve,  
And also me my wretched life,  
Have here my truth : nought shall relieve,  
But death alone, my wretched strife.  
Therefore farewell, my life, my death ;  
My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore ;  
Farewell also, with you my breath ;  
For I am gone for evermore.



## A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE

FAREWELL the heart of cruelty ;  
 Though that with pain my liberty  
 Dear have I bought, and wofully  
 Finish'd my fearful tragedy.  
 Of force I must forsake such pleasure ;  
 A good cause just, since I endure  
 Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,  
 Shall therewith go me to recure.

I fare as one escap'd that fleeth,  
 Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth  
 Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth  
 That he for nought his pain leseth.  
 In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,  
 Thus to sustain of each a part.  
 Let not this song from thee astart,  
 Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH  
ALLUREMENTS.

It may be good, like it who list ;  
 But I do doubt : who can me blame ?  
 For oft assured, yet have I mist ;  
 And now again I fear the same.

The words, that from your mouth last came,  
Of sudden change, make me aghast ;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas, I tread an endless maze,  
That seek t' accord two contraries ;  
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,  
Imprisoned in liberties :  
As one unheard, and still that cries ;  
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste ;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Assured, I doubt I be not sure ;  
Should I then trust unto such surety ;  
That oft hath put the proof in ure,  
And never yet have found it trusty ?  
Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly :  
And yet my life thus do I waste ;  
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.



### THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE

THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUIT HAD HAPPILY  
MADE HIM FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

In faith I wot not what to say,  
Thy chances been so wonderous,  
Thou Fortune, with thy divers play  
That makest the joyful dolorous,  
And eke the same right joyous.  
Yet though thy chain hath me enwrapt,  
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou has set me for a wonder,  
 And seekest by change to do me pain :  
 Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order ;  
 For honesty, if it remain,  
 Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.  
 In vain thou seekest to have me trapped ;  
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou further ;  
 And made a gap, where was a stile :  
 Cruel wills been oft put under ;  
 Weening to lour, then didst thou smile :  
 Lord, how thyself thou didst beguile,  
 That in thy cares wouldst me have wrapt ?  
 But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.



### THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE

MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SUCH HIS  
 LOVE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

MARVEL no more although  
 The songs, I sing, do moan ;  
 For other life than woe,  
 I never proved none.  
 And in my heart also  
 Is graven with letters deep,  
 A thousand sighs and mo,  
 A flood of tears to weep.

How may a man in smart  
Find matter to rejoice?

How may a mourning heart  
Set forth a pleasant voice?

Play, who so can, that part,  
Needs must in me appear  
How fortune overthwart  
Doth cause my mourning cheer.

Perdie there is no man,  
If he saw never sight,  
That perfectly tell can  
The nature of the light.

Alas, how should I than,  
That never taste but sour,  
But do as I began,  
Continually to lour.

But yet perchance some chance  
May chance to change my tune,  
And when such chance doth chance,  
Then shall I thank fortune.

And if I have such chance,  
Perchance ere it be long,  
For such a pleasant chance,  
To sing some pleasant song.

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS AND  
TEARS TO SUE FOR GRACE.

PASS forth, my wonted cries,  
Those cruel ears to pierce,  
Which in most hateful wise  
Do still my plaints reverse.  
Do you, my tears, also  
So wet her barren heart,  
That pity there may grow,  
And cruelty depart.

For though hard rocks among  
She seems to have been bred,  
And of the tiger long  
Been nourished and fed ;  
Yet shall not nature change,  
If pity once win place ;  
Whom as unknown and strange  
She now away doth chase.

And as the water soft,  
Without forcing or strength,  
Where that it falleth oft  
Hard stones doth pierce at length :  
So in her stony heart  
My plaints at last shall grave,  
And, rigour set apart,  
Win grant of that I crave.

Wherefore, my plaints, present  
Still so to her my suit,  
As ye, through her assent,  
May bring to me some fruit.  
And as she shall me prove,  
So bid her me regard ;  
And render love for love ;  
Which is a just reward.



THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN  
HOWEVER HE DISSEMBLE.

YOUR looks so often cast,  
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,  
Your sight fixed so fast,  
Always one to behold ;  
Though hide it fain ye would,  
It plainly doth declare,  
Who hath your heart in hold,  
And where good will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak  
Your brenning fire to hide,  
Yet both the flame and smoke  
Breaks out on every side.  
Ye cannot love so guide,  
That it no issue win :  
Abroad needs must it glide,  
That brens so hot within.

For cause yourself do wink,  
Ye judge all other blind ;  
And secret it you think,  
Which every man doth find.  
In waste oft spend ye wind,  
Yourself in love to quit ;  
For agues of that kind  
Will shew who hath the fit.

Your sighs you fetch from far,  
And all to wry your woe ;  
Yet are ye ne'er the narre :  
Men are not blinded so.  
Deeply oft swear ye no ;  
But all those oaths are vain :  
So well your eye doth shew,  
Who puts your heart to pain.

Think not therefore to hide,  
That still itself betrays :  
Nor seek means to provide  
To dark the sunny days.  
Forget those wonted ways ;  
Leave off such frowning cheer ;  
There will be found no stays,  
To stop a thing so clear.

## THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED,

REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

DISDAIN me not without desert ;  
Nor leave me not so suddenly ;  
Since well ye wot, that in my heart  
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why ;  
For think me not to be unjust ;  
Since that by lot of fantasy,  
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,  
That fain would spot my steadfastness :  
Believe them not, since that ye see,  
The proof is not, as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve ;  
Nor hate me not, till I offend ;  
Destroy me not, till that I swerve :  
But since ye know what I intend,

Disdain me not, that am your own ;  
Refuse me not, that am so true ;  
Mistrust me not, till all be known ;  
Forsake me not now for no new.



THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE WITH  
SUIT FOR GRACE.

FOR want of will in woe I plain,  
Under colour of soberness ;  
Renewing with my suit my pain,  
My wanhope with your steadfastness.  
Awake therefore of gentleness ;  
Regard, at length, I you require,  
My swelting pains of my desire.

Betimes who giveth willingly,  
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve ;  
And I that sue unfeignedly,  
In fruitless hope, alas ! do sterve.  
How great my cause is for to swerve,  
And yet how steadfast is my suit,  
Lo, here ye see : where is the fruit ?

As hound that hath his keeper lost,  
Seek I your presence to obtain ;  
In which my heart delighteth most,  
And shall delight though I be slain.  
You may release my band of pain ;  
Loose then the care that makes me cry  
For want of help, or else I die.

I die though not incontinent ;  
By process, yet consumingly,  
As waste of fire which doth relent :

If you as wilful will deny.  
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,  
And take me wholly in your grace ;  
Which lacketh will to change his place.

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## THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS

If every man might him avaunt  
Of fortune's friendly cheer ;  
It was myself, I must it grant,  
For I have bought it dear :  
And dearly have I held also  
The glory of her name,  
In yielding her such tribute, lo,  
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stood so in her grace,  
That as I would require,  
Each joy I thought did me embrace,  
That furthered my desire :  
And all those pleasures, lo, had I,  
That fancy might support ;  
And nothing she did me deny  
That was unto my comfort.

I had, what would you more, perdie ?  
Each grace that I did crave ;  
Thus Fortune's will was unto me  
All thing that I would have :

But all too rathe, alas the while,  
She built on such a ground :  
In little space, too great a guile  
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her wheel,  
That I, unhappy man,  
May wail the time that I did feel  
Wherewith she fed me than :  
For broken now are her behests,  
And pleasant looks she gave,  
And therefore now all my requests  
From peril cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appear  
To her my chief regard ;  
Though my deserts have been too dear  
To merit such reward :  
Since Fortune's will is now so bent  
To plague me thus, poor man,  
I must myself therewith content,  
And bear it as I can.



TO HIS LOVE THAT HATH GIVEN HIM  
ANSWER OF REFUSAL.

THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,  
When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,  
Hath so appall'd my countenance and my cheer,  
That in this case I am all comfortless ;  
Since I of blame no cause can well express.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right,  
Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had,  
Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite ;  
Namely, since that another may be glad  
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,  
That knoweth not of any grant at all ;  
And by desert, I dare well make avaunt  
Of faithful will ; there is nowhere that shall  
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call again that bitter word,  
That touch'd your friend so near with pangs of pain ;  
And say, my dear, that it was said in bord :  
Late, or too soon, let it not rule the gain,  
Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.



THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN  
WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

UNWARILY so was never no man caught,  
With steadfast look upon a goodly face,  
As I of late : for suddenly, methought,  
My heart was torn out of his place.

Though mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,  
And down directly to my heart it ran ;  
In help whereof the blood did glide,  
And left my face both pale and wan.

Then was I like a man for woe amazed,  
 Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire ;  
 For while that I upon her beauty gazed,  
 The more I burn'd in my desire.

Anon the blood start in my face again,  
 Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my heart,  
 And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,  
 A quaking heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame  
 Is driven therein by force and rage of wind ;  
 I cannot tell, alas, what I shall blame,  
 Nor what to seek, nor what to find.

But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore  
 In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread.  
 That, but her help to health doth me restore,  
 This restless life I may not lead.



### THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS,

WHEREWITH HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED..

PERDIE! I said it not ;  
 Nor never thought to do :  
 As well as I, ye wot,  
 I have no power thereto.  
 And if I did, the lot,  
 That first did me enchain,  
 May never slake the knot,  
 But straight it to my pain !

And if I did each thing,  
That may do harm or woe,  
Continually may wring  
My heart, where so I go!  
Report may always ring  
Of shame on me for aye,  
If in my heart did spring  
The words that you do say.

And if I did, each star,  
That is in heaven above,  
May frown on me to mar  
The hope I have in love!  
And if I did, such war  
As they brought unto Troy,  
Bring all my life as far  
From all his lust and joy!

And if I did so say,  
The beauty that me bound,  
Increase from day to day  
More cruel to my wound!  
With all the moan that may,  
To plaint may turn my song;  
My life may soon decay,  
Without redress, by wrong!

If I be clear from thought,  
Why do you then complain?  
Then is this thing but sought  
To turn my heart to pain.  
Then this that you have wrought,  
You must it now redress;

Of right therefore you ought  
Such rigour to repress.

And as I have deserved,  
So grant me now my hire ;  
You know I never swerved,  
You never found me liar.  
For Rachel have I served,  
For Leah cared I never ;  
And her I have reserved  
Within my heart for ever



HE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN  
FIRST HE FELL IN LOVE.

WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark  
Thy fair beauty to behold ;  
And when my ears listened to hark  
The pleasant words, that thou me told ;  
I would as then I had been free  
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.  
And when my lips gan first to move,  
Whereby my heart to thee was known,  
And when my tongue did talk of love  
To thee that hast true love down thrown ;  
I would my lips and tongue also  
Had then been dumb, no deal to go.  
And when my hands have handled ought  
That thee hath kept in memory,

And when my feet have gone and sought  
To find and get thee company,

    I would, each hand a foot had been,

    And I each foot a hand had seen.

And when in mind I did consent,

To follow this my fancy's will,

And when my heart did first relent

To taste such bait, my life to spill,

    I would my heart had been as thine,

    Or else thy heart had been as mine.



THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE  
FAITHFULLY.

    SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,  
Of very force I must agree :  
And since no chance may it remove,  
In wealth and in adversity,  
I shall alway myself apply  
To serve and suffer patiently.

    Though for good will I find but hate,  
And cruelly my life to waste,  
And though that still a wretched state  
Should pine my days unto the last,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve and suffer patiently.

    For since my heart is bound to serve,  
And I not ruler of mine own,



Whatso befall, till that I sterve  
 By proof full well it shall be known,  
 That I shall still myself apply  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea though my grief find no redress,  
 But still increase before mine eyes,  
 Though my reward be cruelness,  
 With all the harm hap can devise,  
 Yet I profess it willingly  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea though Fortune her pleasant face  
 Should shew, to set me up aloft,  
 And straight my wealth for to deface,  
 Should writhe away, as she doth oft,  
 Yet would I still myself apply  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,  
 That yet I feel, or after shall,  
 That from this mind may make me go;  
 And whatsoever me befall,  
 I do profess it willingly  
 To serve and suffer patiently.



TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?  
 What power? what plague doth weary thus my  
 Within my bones to rankle is assigned, [mind?  
 What poison pleasant sweet?

Lo, see, mine eyes flow with continual tears,  
 The body still away sleepless it wears,  
 My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,  
 Nor doth my limbs sustain.

In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn  
 To cureless scar that never shall return :  
 Go to, triumph, rejoice thy goodly turn,  
 Thy friend thou dost oppress.

Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,  
 Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,  
 Fierce tiger fell, hard rock without recure,  
 Cruel rebel to love.

Once may thou love, never beloved again,  
 So love thou still, and not thy love obtain,  
 So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,  
 May threat thy cruel heart.



#### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE

I SEE, that chance hath chosen me  
 Thus secretly to live in pain,  
 And to another given the fee,  
 Of all my loss to have the gain :  
 By chance assign'd thus do I serve,  
 And other have that I deserve.

Unto myself sometime alone  
 I do lament my woful case ;  
 But what availeth me to moan  
 Since truth and pity hath no place

In them, to whom I sue and serve?  
 And other have that I deserve.

To seek by mean to change this mind,  
 Alas, I prove, it will not be;  
 For in my heart I cannot find  
 Once to refrain, but still agree,  
 As bound by force, alway to serve,  
 And other have that I deserve.

Such is the fortune that I have,  
 To love them most that love me lest;  
 And to my pain to seek, and crave  
 The thing that other have possest:  
 So thus in vain alway I serve,  
 And other have that I deserve.

And till I may appease the heat,  
 If that my hap will hap so well,  
 To wail my woe my heart shall frete,  
 Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell;  
 Yet thus unhappy must I serve,  
 And other have that I deserve.



WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE,

OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO  
 BE PREFERRED.

LIKE as the bird within the cage inclosed,  
 The door unsparred, her foe the hawk without,  
 'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
 Whether for to choose standeth in doubt;

Lo, so do I, which seek to bring about,  
Which should be best by determination,  
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed,  
Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure,  
By short death better to be delivered,  
Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour :  
Small is the pleasure, where much pain we suffer,  
Rather therefore to choose me thinketh wisdom,  
By loss of life liberty, than life by prison.

And yet methinks, although I live and suffer,  
I do but wait a time and fortune's chance ;  
Oft many things do happen in one hour ;  
That which oppress'd me now may me advance.  
In time is trust, which by death's grievance  
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason  
By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.

But death were deliverance, where life lengths  
pain,

Of these two ills let see now choose the best,  
This bird to deliver that here doth plain :  
What say, ye lovers? which shall be the best?  
In cage thraldom, or by the hawk opprest :  
And which to choose make plain conclusion,  
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison ?

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN OVER  
REALMS, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage  
Of cruel will ; and see thou keep thee free  
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage :  
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,  
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulé,  
If thy desire have over thee the power,  
Subject then art thou and no governor.

If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,  
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning ;  
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,  
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,  
Alike hath made the noble in his working ;  
So that wretched no way may thou be,  
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of gold  
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice ;  
And though with Indian stones a thousand fold,  
More precious than can thyself devise,  
Ycharged were thy back ; thy covetise,  
And busy biting yet should never let  
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

## THE FAITHFUL LOVER

GIVETH TO HIS MISTRESS HIS HEART AS HIS BEST AND  
ONLY TREASURE.

To seek each where where man doth live,  
The sea, the land, the rock, the clive,  
France, Spain, and Inde, and every where ;  
Is none a greater gift to give,  
Less set by oft, and is so lief and dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.

I cannot give broaches nor rings,  
These goldsmith work, and goodly things,  
Pierrie, nor pearl, orient and clear ;  
But for all that can no man bring  
Liever jewel unto his lady dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.

Nor I seek not to fetch it far ;  
Worse is it not tho' it be narr,  
And as it is, it doth appear  
Uncounterfeit mistrust to bar.  
It is both whole, and pure, withouten peer,  
Dare I will say, the gift I give to year.

To thee therefore the same retain ;  
The like of thee to have again  
France would I give, if mine it were.  
Is none alive in whom doth reign  
Lesser disdain ; freely therefore lo ! here  
Dare I well give, I say, my heart to year.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SORROW OF TRUE  
LOVERS' PARTING.

THERE was never nothing more me pain'd,  
Nor more my pity mov'd,  
As when my sweetheart her complain'd,  
That ever she me lov'd.

Alas! the while!

With piteous look she said, and sight,  
'Alas! what aileth me?  
To love, and set my wealth so light,  
On him that loveth not me;

Alas! the while!

'Was I not well void of all pain,  
When that nothing me griev'd?  
And now with sorrows I must complain,  
And cannot be reliev'd,

Alas! the while!

'My restful nights, and joyful days,  
Since I began to love  
Be take from me; all thing decays,  
Yet can I not remove,

Alas! the while!'

She wept and wrung her hands withal,  
The tears fell in my neck:  
She turned her face, and let it fall;  
And scarce therewith could speak:

Alas! the while!

Her pains tormented me so sore  
 That comfort had I none,  
 But cursed my fortune more and more  
 To see her sob and groan,  
     Alas! the while!



### THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS STONY HEARTED MISTRESS TO HEAR HIM  
 COMPLAIN ERE THAT HE DIE.

HEAVEN, and earth, and all that hear me plain  
 Do well perceive what care doth make me cry;  
 Save you alone, to whom I cry in vain;  
 Mercy, Madam, alas! I die, I die!

If that you sleep, I humbly you require  
 Forbear awhile, and let your rigour slake,  
 Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;  
 To hear my plaint, dear heart, awake! awake!

Since that so oft ye have made me to wake  
 In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;  
 Displease you not if force do now me make  
 To break your sleep, crying alas! alas!

It is the last trouble that ye shall have  
 Of me, Madam, to hear my last complaint;  
 Pity at least your poor unhappy slave,  
 For in despair, alas! I faint, I faint.

It is not now, but long and long ago  
 I have you served, as to my power and might



As faithfully as any man might do ;  
Claiming of you nothing of right, of right.

Save of your grace only to stay my life  
That fleeth as fast as cloud before the wind ;  
For since that first I entered in this strife,  
An inward death hath fret my mind, my mind.

If I had suffered this to you unware  
Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame ;  
But since you know my woe and all my care,  
Why do I die, alas ! for shame ! for shame !

I know right well my face, my look, my tears,  
Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary chere  
Have cried my death full oft unto your ears ;  
Hard of belief it doth appear, appear.

A better proof I see that ye would have ;  
How I am dead, therefore, when ye hear tell  
Believe it not, although ye see my grave ;  
Cruel ! unkind ! I say farewell ! farewell !



HE REJOICETH THE OBTAINING THE FAVOUR  
OF THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

AFTER great storms the calm returns,  
And pleasanter it is thereby ;  
Fortune likewise that often turns,  
Hath made me now the most happy.

The Heaven that pitied my distress,  
My just desire, and my cry ;

Hath made my languor to cease,  
And me also the most happy.

Where to dispaired ye, my friends?  
My trust alway in her did lie  
That knoweth what my thought intends;  
Whereby I live the most happy.

Lo! what can take hope from that heart,  
That is assured steadfastly;  
Hope therefore ye that live in smart,  
Whereby I am the most happy.

And I that have felt of your pain  
Shall pray to God continually,  
To make your hope, your health retain,  
And me also the most happy.



THE LOVER PRAYETH VENUS TO CONDUCT  
HIM TO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

THOUGH this the port, and I thy servant true,  
And thou thyself doth cast thy beams from high  
From thy chief house, promising to renew  
Both joy and eke delight, behold yet how that I,  
Banished from my bliss, carefully do cry.  
Help now Cytheræa! my lady dear.  
My fearful trust, 'En vogant la Galere.'

Alas! the doubt that dreadful absence giveth!  
Without thine aid assurance is there none;  
The firm faith that in the water fleteth,

Succour thou therefore, in thee it is alone.  
 Stay that with faith, that faithfully doth moan,  
 Thou also givest me both hope and fear,  
 Remember me then, 'En vogant Galere.'

By seas, and hills elonged from thy sight,  
 Thy wonted grace reducing to my mind,  
 Instead of sleep thus I occupy the night;  
 A thousand thoughts, and many doubts I find,  
 And still I trust thou canst not be unkind,  
 Or else despair my comfort and my chere  
 Would she forthwith, 'En vogant la Galere.'

Yet, on my faith! full little doth remain  
 Of any hope whereby I may myself uphold;  
 For since that only words do me retain,  
 I may well think the affection is but cold.  
 But since my will is nothing as I would,  
 And in thy hands it resteth whole and clear,  
 Forget me not, 'En vogant la Galere.'



THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF HIS  
 LADY'S HAND.

O GOODLY hand,  
 Wherein doth stand  
 My heart distract in pain:  
 Dear hand, alas!  
 In little space  
 My life thou dost restrain.

O fingers slight,  
Departed right,  
So long, so small, so round!  
Goodly begone,  
And yet a bone  
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white  
And roses bright  
Doth strain thy colour fair:  
Nature did lend  
Each finger's end  
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,  
Since that thou hast  
My heart in thy demain,  
For service true  
On me to rue,  
And reach me love again.

And if not so  
There with more woe  
Enforce thyself to strain  
This simple heart,  
That suffered smart,  
And rid it out of pain.

THAT THE EYE BEWRAYETH ALWAYS THE  
SECRET AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

AND if an eye may save or slay,  
And strike more deep than weapon long;  
And if an eye by subtle play,  
May move one more than any tongue;  
How can ye say that I do wrong,  
Thus to suspect without desert?  
For the eye is traitor to the heart.

To frame all well, I am content  
That it were done unweetingly;  
But yet I say, (who will assent,)  
To do but well, do nothing why  
That men should deem the contrary;  
For it is said by men expert;  
That the eye is traitor of the heart.

But yet, alas! that look, all soul,  
That I do claim of right to have,  
Should not, methink — go seek the school,  
To please all folk, for who can crave  
Friendlier thing than heart witsave  
By look to give in friendly part;  
For the eye is traitor of the heart.

And my suspect is without blame;  
For as ye say, not only I  
But other mo have deem'd the same;

Then is it not jealousy,  
 But subtle look of reckless eye  
 Did range too far, to make me smart ;  
 For the eye is traitor of the heart.

But I your Friend shall take it thus,  
 Since you will so, as stroke of chance ;  
 And leave further for to discuss,  
 Whether the stroke did stick or glance ?  
 But 'scuse who can let him advance  
 Dissembled looks, but for my part,  
 My eye must still betray my heart.

And of this grief ye shall be quit,  
 In helping Truth steadfast to go.  
 The time is long that Truth doth sit  
 Feeble and weak, and suff'reth woe ;  
 Cherish him well, continue so ;  
 Let him not fro' your heart astart ;  
 Then fears not the eye to shew the heart.



### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT FAITH MAY NOT AVAIL WITHOUT THE FAVOUR OF  
 FANTASY.

If Fancy would favour,  
 As my deserving shall ;  
 My Love, my Paramour,  
 Should love me best of all.

But if I cannot attain  
 The grace that I desire,

Then may I well complain  
My service, and my hire.

Fancy doth know how  
To further my true heart;  
If Fancy might avow  
With Faith to take part.

But Fancy is so frail  
And fitting still so fast,  
That Faith may not prevail  
To help me, first nor last.

For Fancy at his lust,  
Doth rule all but by guess;  
Whereto should I then trust  
In truth or steadfastness.

Yet gladly would I please  
The fancy of her heart,  
That may me only ease  
And cure my careful smart.

Therefore, my Lady dear,  
Set once your Fantasy  
To make some hope appear,  
Of steadfast remedy.

For if he be my friend,  
And undertake my woe,  
My grief is at an end  
If he continue so.

Else Fancy doth not right  
As I deserve and shall,  
To have you day and night,  
To love me best of all.

THAT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE SOMETIMES  
DISAPPOINTETH HOPE.

My hope, alas ! hath me abused,  
And vain rejoicing hath me fed :  
Lust and joy have me refused,  
And careful plaint is in their stead ;  
Too much advancing slack'd my speed,  
Mirth hath caused my heaviness,  
And I remain all comfortless.

Whereto did I assure my thought  
Without displeasure steadfastly ;  
In Fortune's forge my joy was wrought,  
And is revolted readily.  
I am mistaken wonderly ;  
For I thought nought but faithfulness ;  
Yet I remain all comfortless.

In gladsome cheer I did delight,  
Till that delight did cause my smart,  
And all was wrong when I thought right ;  
For right it was, that my true heart  
Should not from Truth be set apart,  
Since Truth did cause my hardiness ;  
Yet I remain all comfortless.

Sometime delight did tune my song,  
And led my heart full pleasantly ;  
And to myself I said among —



'My hap is coming hastily.'  
 But it hath happed contrary.  
 Assurance causeth my distress,  
 And I remain all comfortless.

Then if my note now do vary,  
 And leave his wonted pleasantness;  
 The heavy burthen that I carry  
 Hath alter'd all my joyfulness.  
 No pleasure hath still steadfastness,  
 But haste hath hurt my happiness;  
 And I remain all comfortless.



### THE LOVER BEMOANETH HIS UNHAPPINESS

THAT HE CANNOT OBTAIN GRACE, YET CANNOT  
 CEASE LOVING.

ALL heavy minds  
 Do seek to ease their charge;  
 And that that most them binds  
 To let at large.

Then why should I  
 Hold pain within my heart,  
 And may my tune apply,  
 To ease my smart.

My faithful Lute  
 Alone shall hear me plain,  
 For else all other suit  
 Is clean in vain.

For where I sue  
Redress of all my grief;  
Lo! they do most eschew  
My heart's relief.

Alas! my dear!  
Have I deserved so?  
That no help may appear  
Of all my woe!

Whom speak I to?  
Unkind, and deaf of ear!  
Alas! lo! I go,  
And wot not where.

Where is my thought?  
Where wanders my desire?  
Where may the thing be sought  
That I require?

Light in the wind  
Doth flee all my delight;  
Where truth and faithful mind  
Are put to flight.

Who shall me give  
Feather'd wings for to flee?  
The thing that doth me grieve  
That I may see!

Who would go seek  
The cause whereby to pain?  
Who could his foe beseek  
For ease of pain!

My chance doth so  
My woful case procure,

To offer to my foe  
 My heart to cure.  
 What hope I then  
 To have any redress!  
 Of whom, or where, or when?  
 Who can express!  
 No! since despair  
 Hath set me in this case,  
 In vain is't in the air  
 To say, Alas!  
 I seek nothing  
 But thus for to discharge  
 My heart of sore sighing,  
 To plain at large.  
 And with my lute  
 Sometime to ease my pain;  
 For else all other suit  
 Is clean in vain.



THE MOURNFUL LOVER TO HIS HEART WITH  
 COMPLAINT THAT IT WILL NOT BREAK

COMFORT thyself, my woful heart,  
 Or shortly on thyself thee wreak;  
 For length redoubleth deadly smart;  
 Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?  
 To waste in sighs were piteous death;  
 Alas! I find thee faint and weak.

Enforce thyself to lose thy breath ;  
 Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?  
 Thou knowest right well that no redress  
 Is thus to pine ; and for to speak,  
 Perdie ! it is remediless ;  
 Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?  
 It is too late for to refuse  
 The yoke, when it is on thy neck !  
 To shake it off, vaileth not to muse ;  
 Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?  
 To sob, and sigh it were but vain,  
 Since there is none that doth it reck ;  
 Alas ! thou dost prolong thy pain ;  
 Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break ?  
 Then in her sight to move her heart  
 Seek on thyself, thyself to wreak,  
 That she may know thou suffered'st smart ;  
 Sigh there thy last, and therewith break.



**THE LOVER RENOUNCES HIS CRUEL LOVE  
 FOR EVER.**

ALAS ! the grief, and deadly woful smart,  
 The careful chance, shapen afore my shert,  
 The sorrowful tears, the sighs hot as fire,  
 That cruel love hath long soked from my heart !  
 And for reward of over great desire  
 Disdainful doubleness have I, for my hire.

O! lost service! O pain ill rewarded!  
O! pitiful heart! with pain enlarged!  
O! faithful mind! too suddenly assented!  
Return, alas! sithens thou art not regarded.  
Too great a proof of true faith presented,  
Causeth by right such faith to be repented.

O cruel causer of undeserved change,  
By great desire unconstantly to range,  
Is this your way for proof of steadfastness?  
Perdie! you know, the thing was not so strange,  
By former proof too much my faithfulness;  
What needeth then such coloured doubleness?

I have wailed thus, weeping in nightly pain,  
In sobs, and sighs, alas! and all in vain,  
In inward plaint, and hearts woful torment.  
And yet, alas! lo! cruelty and disdain  
Have set at nought a faithful true intent,  
And price hath privilege truth to prevent.

But though I starve, and to my death still mourn,  
And piecemeal in pieces though I be torn;  
And though I die, yielding my wearied ghost,  
Shall never thing again make me return.  
I wite thou . . . . of that that I have lost  
To whom so ever lust for to prove most.

## A COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY'S CRUELTY

SINCE ye delight to know,  
That my torment and woe  
Should still increase  
Without release,  
I shall enforce me so,  
That life and all shall go  
For to content your cruelty.

And so this grievous train,  
That I too long sustain,  
Shall sometime cesse,  
And have redress,  
And you also remain,  
Full pleased with my pain,  
For to content your cruelty.

Unless that be too light,  
And that ye would ye might,  
See the distress,  
And heaviness,  
Of one slain out right,  
Therewith to please your sight,  
And to content your cruelty.

Then in your cruel mood  
Would God! forthwith ye would  
With force express,  
My heart oppress,

To do your heart such good,  
 To see me bathe in blood,  
 For to content your cruelty.

Then could ye ask no more ;  
 Then should ye ease my sore,  
 And the excess  
 Of my distress ;  
 And you should evermore  
 Defamed be therefore,  
 For to repent your cruelty.



OF THE CONTRARY AFFECTIONS OF THE  
 LOVER.

SUCH hap as I am happed in,  
 Had never man of truth I ween ;  
 At me Fortune list to begin,  
 To shew that never hath been seen,  
 A new kind of unhappiness ;  
 Nor I cannot the thing I mean  
 Myself express.

Myself express my deadly pain,  
 That can I well, if that might serve ;  
 But when I have not help again,  
 That know I not, unless I sterve,  
 For hunger still amidde my food  
 [Lacking the thing] that I deserve  
 To do me good.

To do me good what may prevail,  
 For I deserve, and not desire,  
 And still of cold I me bewail,  
 And raked am in burning fire ;  
 For though I have, such is my lot,  
 In hand to help that I require,  
     It helpeth not.

It helpeth not but to increase  
 That, that by proof can be no more ;  
 That is, the heat that cannot cease ;  
 And that I have, to crave so sore.  
 What wonder is this greedy lust !  
 To ask and have, and yet therefore  
     Refrain I must.

Refrain I must ; what is the cause ?  
 Sure as they say, ' So hawks be taught.'  
 But in my case layeth no such clause ;  
 For with such craft I am not caught ;  
 Wherefore I say, and good cause why,  
 With hapless hand no man hath raught  
     Such hap as I.



THAT RIGHT CANNOT GOVERN FANCY.

I HAVE sought long with steadfastness  
 To have had some ease of my great smart :  
 But nought availeth faithfulness  
 To grave within your stony heart.  
     But hap, and hit, or else hit not,



As uncertain as is the wind ;  
 Right so it fareth by the shot  
 Of Love, alas ! that is so blind.

Therefore I play'd the fool in vain,  
 With pity when I first began  
 Your cruel heart for to constrain,  
 Since love regardeth no doubtful man.

But of your goodness, all your mind  
 Is that I should complain in vain ;  
 This is the favour that I find ;  
 Ye list to hear how I can plain !

But tho' I plain to please your heart,  
 Trust me I trust to temper it so,  
 Not for to care which do revert ;  
 All shall be one, or wealth, or woe.

For fancy ruleth, though Right say nay,  
 Even as the good man kist his cow ·  
 None other reason can ye lay,  
 But as who sayeth ; ' I reck not how.'



THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN  
 FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

To wish, and want, and not obtain ;  
 To seek and sue ease of my pain,  
 Since all that ever I do is vain,  
   What may it avail me !  
 Although I strive both day and hour  
 Against the stream, with all my power,

If Fortune list yet for to lower,  
                    What may it avail me!  
If willingly I suffer woe;  
If from the fire me list not go;  
If then I burn to plain me so,  
                    What may it avail me!  
And if the harm that I suffer,  
Be run too far out of measure,  
To seek for help any further,  
                    What may it avail me!  
What tho' each heart that heareth me plain,  
Pitieth and plaineth for my pain;  
If I no less in grief remain,  
                    What may it avail me!  
Yea! though the want of my relief  
Displease the causer of my grief;  
Since I remain still in mischief,  
                    What may it avail me!  
Such cruel chance doth so me threat  
Continually inward to freat,  
Then of release for to treat;  
                    What may it avail me!  
Fortune is deaf unto my call;  
My torment moveth her not at all;  
And though she turn as doth a ball,  
                    What may it avail me!  
For in despair there is no rede;  
To want of ear, speech is no speed;  
To linger still alive as dead,  
                    What may it avail me!

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR  
LIBERTY.

If chance assign'd,  
Were to my mind,  
By very kind  
Of destiny ;  
Yet would I crave  
Nought else to have,  
But life and liberty.  
Then were I sure,  
I might endure  
The displeasure  
Of cruelty ;  
Where now I plain,  
Alas ! in vain,  
Lacking my life, for liberty.  
For without th' one,  
Th' other is gone,  
And there can none  
It remedy ;  
If th' one be past,  
Th' other doth waste,  
And all for lack of liberty.  
And so I drive,  
As yet alive,  
Although I strive  
With misery ;

Drawing my breath,  
Looking for death,  
    And loss of life for liberty.  
But thou that still,  
Mayst at thy will,  
Turn all this ill  
    Adversity ;  
For the repair,  
Of my welfare,  
    Grant me but life and liberty.  
And if not so,  
Then let all go  
To wretched woe,  
    And let me die ;  
For th' one or th' other,  
There is none other ;  
    My death, or life with liberty.



THE LOVER CALLETH ON HIS LUTE TO HELP  
HIM BEMOAN HIS HAPLESS FATE.

At most mischief  
I suffer grief ;  
For of relief  
    Since I have none,  
My Lute and I  
Continually  
Shall us apply  
    To sigh and moan.

Nought may prevail  
To weep or wail ;  
Pity doeth fail

In you, alas !  
Mourning or moan,  
Complaint or none,  
It is all one,

As in this case.

For cruelty,  
That most can be,  
Hath sovereignty  
Within your heart ;

Which maketh bare,  
All my welfare :  
Nought do ye care  
How sore I smart.

No tiger's heart  
Is so pervert,  
Without desert  
To wreak his ire ;

And you me kill  
For my good will :  
Lo ! how I spill  
For my desire !

There is no love  
That can ye move,  
And I can prove  
None other way ;

Therefore I must  
Restrain my lust,

Banish my trust,  
     And wealth away.  
 Thus in mischief  
 I suffer grief,  
 For of relief  
     Since I have none ;  
 My lute and I  
 Continually  
 Shall us apply  
     To sigh and moan.



**THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS SUCH HE  
 WORKETH IMPOSSIBILITIES.**

To cause accord, or to agree  
 Two contraries in one degree,  
 And in one point, as seemeth me  
 To all man's wit it cannot be ;  
     It is impossible !  
 Of heat and cold when I complain,  
 And say that heat doth cause my pain,  
 When cold doth shake me every vein,  
 And both at once ! I say again,  
     It is impossible !  
 That man that hath his heart away,  
 If life liveth there, as men do say,  
 That he heartless should last one day  
 Alive, and not to turn to clay,  
     It is impossible !

'Twixt life and death, say what who saith,  
 There liveth no life that draweth breath;  
 They join so near, and eke I' faith,  
 To seek for life by wish of death,

It is impossible !

Yet Love, that all thing doth subdue,  
 Whose power there may no life eschew,  
 Hath wrought in me that I may rue  
 These miracles to be so true,  
 That are impossible.



THAT THE LIFE OF THE UNREGARDED LOVER  
 IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

WHAT death is worse than this !  
 When my delight,  
 My weal, my joy, my bliss,  
 Is from my sight  
 Both day and night,  
 My life, alas ! I miss.

For though I seem alive,  
 My heart is hence ;  
 Thus bootless for to strive  
 Out of presence  
 Of my defence  
 Toward my death I drive.

Heartless, alas ! what man  
 May long endure !

Alas! how live I then;  
Since no recourse  
May me assure  
My life I may well ban.

Thus doth my torment grow  
In deadly dread  
Alas! who might live so;  
Alive, as dead:  
Alive, to lead  
A deadly life in woe.



THE LOVER WHO CANNOT PREVAIL MUST  
NEEDS HAVE PATIENCE.

PATIENCE for my device;  
Impatience for your part!  
Of contraries the guise  
Must needs be overthwart.  
Patience! for I am true;  
The contrary for you.

Patience! a good cause why!  
You have no cause at all;  
Trust me, that stands awry  
Perchance may sometime fall.  
Patience then say, and sup  
A taste of Patience cup.

Patience! no force for that  
Yet brush your gown again.



Patience! spurn not there at;  
Lest folk perceive your pain.  
Patience at my pleasure,  
When yours hath no measure.

The other was for me,  
This Patience is for you,  
Change when ye list let see,  
For I have ta'en a new.  
Patience with a good will  
Is easy to fulfil.



WHEN FORTUNE SMILES NOT, ONLY  
PATIENCE COMFORTETH.

PATIENCE! though I have not  
The thing that I require;  
I must, of force, God wot,  
Forbear my most desire,  
For no ways can I find  
To sail against the wind.

Patience! do what they will  
To work me woe or spite;  
I shall content me still  
To think both day and night;  
To think, and hold my peace,  
Since there is no redress.

Patience! withouten blame,  
For I offended nought;

I know they know the same,  
Though they have changed their thought.  
Was ever thought so moved,  
To hate that it hath loved?  
    Patience of all my harm,  
For Fortune is my foe ;  
Patience must be the charm  
To heal me of my woe.  
Patience without offence  
Is a painful Patience.



THAT PATIENCE ALONE CAN HEAL THE  
WOUND INFLICTED BY ADVERSITY.

PATIENCE of all my smart !  
For Fortune is turned awry :  
Patience must ease my heart,  
That mourns continually.  
Patience to suffer wrong  
Is a Patience too long.  
    Patience to have a nay,  
Of that I most desire ;  
Patience to have alway,  
And ever burn like fire.  
Patience without desart  
Is grunder of my smart.  
    Who can with merry heart

Set forth some pleasant song,  
 That always feels but smart,  
 And never hath but wrong?  
 Yet patience evermore  
 Must heal the wound and sore.

Patience! to be content,  
 With froward Fortune's train!  
 Patience, to the intent  
 Somewhat to slake my pain:  
 I see no remedy,  
 But suffer patiently.

To plain where is none ear  
 My chance is chanced so;  
 For it doth well appear  
 My Friend is turn'd my foe:  
 But since there is no defence,  
 I must take Patience.



### THE LOVER,

HOPELESS OF GREATER HAPPINESS, CONTENTETH  
 HIMSELF WITH ONLY PITY.

THO' I cannot your cruelty constrain,  
 For my good will to favour me again;  
 Though my true and faithful love  
 Have no power your heart to move,  
 Yet rue upon my pain!

Tho' I your thrall must evermore remain,  
 And for your sake my liberty restrain ;  
 The greatest grace that I do crave  
 Is that ye would vouchsave

● To rue upon my pain !  
 Though I have not deserved to obtain  
 So high reward, but thus to serve in vain,  
 Though I shall have no redress,  
 Yet of right ye can no less,  
     But rue upon my pain !  
 But I see well, that your high disdain  
 Will no wise grant that I shall more attain ;  
 Yet ye must grant at the last  
 This my poor, and small request ;  
     Rejoice not at my pain !



THAT TIME, HUMBLENESS, AND PRAYER,

CAN SOFTEN EVERY THING SAVE HIS  
 LADY'S HEART.

PROCESS of time worketh such wonder,  
 That water which is of kind so soft,  
 Doth pierce the marble stone asunder,  
 By little drops falling from aloft.  
 And yet a heart that seems so tender,  
 Receiveth no drop of the stilling tears  
 That alway still cause me to render,  
 The vain plaint that sounds not in her ears.

So cruel, alas! is nought alive,  
 So fierce, so froward, so out of frame,  
 But some way, some time may so contrive  
 By means the wild to temper and tame.

And I that always have sought, and seek  
 Each place, each time for some lucky day,  
 This fierce tiger, less I find her meek,  
 And more denied the longer I pray.

The lion in his raging furour  
 Forbears that sueth, meekness for his [boot];  
 And thou, alas! in extreme dolour,  
 The heart so low thou treads under thy foot.

Each fierce thing, lo! how thou dost exceed,  
 And hides it under so humble a face!  
 And yet the humble to help at need  
 Nought helpeth time, humbleness, nor place.



THAT UNKINDNESS HATH SLAIN HIS POOR  
 TRUE HEART.

If in the world there be more woe  
 Than I have in my heart;  
 Whereso it is, it doth come fro',  
 And in my breast there doth it grow,  
 For to increase my smart.  
 Alas! I am receipt of every care;  
 And of my life each sorrow claims his part.  
 Who list to live in quietness

By me let him beware.  
 For I by high disdain  
 Am made without redress;  
 And unkindness, alas! hath slain  
 My poor true heart, all comfortless.



THE DYING LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT HIS MISTRESS REGARDETH NOT HIS SUFFERINGS.

LIKE as the swan towards her death  
 Doth strain her voice with doleful note;  
 Right so sing I with waste of breath,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

I shall enforce my fainting breath,  
 That all that hears this deadly note,  
 Shall know that you dost cause my death,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

Your unkindness hath sworn my death,  
 And changed hath my pleasant note  
 To painful sighs that stop my breath.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

Consumeth my life, faileth my breath,  
 Your fault is forger of this note;  
 Melting in tears a cruel death.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

My faith with me after my death  
 Buried shall be, and to this note  
 I do bequeath my weary breath  
 To cry, I die! and you regard it not.

THE CAREFUL · LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND  
THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

AH! Robin!  
 Joly Robin!  
 Tell me how thy Leman doth?  
 And thou shalt know of mine.  
 'My Lady is unkind, perdie!'  
 Alack, why is she so!  
 'She loveth an other better than me,  
 And yet she will say, no.'

RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness;  
 I find women true.  
 My lady loveth me doubtless,  
 And will change for no new.

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,  
 But I say as I find;  
 That woman's love is but a blast,  
 And turneth like the wind.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,  
 Learn this lesson of me;  
 At others fires thyself to warm,  
 And let them warm with thee.

## LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,  
 That can abide their turn ;  
 But I, alas, can no way prove  
 In love, but lack, and mourn.



## THE LOVER HAVING BROKEN HIS BONDAGE,

VOWETH NEVER MORE TO BE ENTHRALLED.

In æternum I was once determed,  
 For to have loved and my mind affirmed,  
 That with my heart it should be confirmed,  
     In æternum.

Forthwith I found the thing that I might like,  
 And sought with love to warm her heart alike,  
 For as me thought I should not see the like,  
     In æternum.

To trace this dance I put myself in press,  
 Vain Hope did lead, and bade I should not cesse,  
 To serve to suffer, and still to hold my peace  
     In æternum.

With this first rule I furtherd me a pace,  
 That as me thought my truth had taken place,  
 With full assurance to stand in her grace,  
     In æternum.

It was not long ere I by proof had found  
 That feeble building is on feeble ground,  
 For in her heart this word did never sound  
     In æternum.



In æternum then from my heart I cest  
 That, I had first determined for the best,  
 Now in the place another thought doth rest,  
 In æternum.



THE ABUSED LOVER ADMONISHES THE  
 UNWARY TO BEWARE OF LOVE.

Lo! what it is to love!  
 Learn ye that list to prove  
 At me, I say;  
 No ways that may  
 The grounded grief remove,  
 My life always  
 That doth decay;  
 Lo! what it is to love.

Flee always from the snare:  
 Learn by me to beware  
 Of such a train  
 Which doubles pain,  
 And endless woe, and care  
 That doth retain;  
 Which to refrain  
 Flee always from the snare.

To love, and to be wise,  
 To rage with good advice;  
 Now thus, now than,  
 Now off, now an,

Uncertain as the dice ;  
There is no man  
At once that can  
To love and to be wise.

Such are the divers throes,  
Such that no man knows  
That hath not prov'd  
And once have lov'd ;  
Such are the raging woes  
Sooner reprov'd  
Than well remov'd,  
Such are the divers throes.

Love is a fervent fire  
Kindled by hot desire ;  
For a short pleasure  
Long displeasure,  
Repentance is the hire ;  
A poor treasure,  
Without measure ;  
Love is a fervent fire.  
Lo ! what it is to love !



A REPROOF TO SUCH AS SLANDER LOVE.

LEAVE thus to slander love !  
Though evil with such it prove,  
Which often use  
Love to misuse,

And loving to reprove ;  
 Such cannot choose  
 For their refuse  
 But thus to slander Love.

Flee not so much the snare !  
 Love seldom causeth care.  
 But by deserts  
 And crafty parts  
 Some lose their own welfare.  
 Be true of heart ;  
 And for no smart,  
 Flee not so much the snare.

To love, and not to be wise,  
 Is but a mad device ;  
 Such love doth last  
 As sure and fast,  
 As chance on the dice,  
 A bitter taste  
 Comes at the last,  
 To love, and not to be wise.

Such be the pleasant days,  
 Such be the honest ways,  
 There is no man  
 That fully can  
 Know it, but he that says  
 Loving to ban  
 Were folly then ;  
 Such be the pleasant days.

Love is a pleasant fire  
 Kindled by true desire ;

And though the pain  
Cause men to plain,  
Speed well is oft the hire.  
Then though some feign  
And lose the gain,  
Love is a pleasant fire.

Who most doeth slander love,  
The deed must alway prove.  
Truth shall excuse  
That you accuse  
For slander, and reprove.  
Not by refuse,  
But by abuse,  
You most do slander love!

Ye grant it is a snare,  
And would us not beware.  
Lest that your train  
Should be too plain  
Ye colour all the care ;  
Lo! how you feign  
Pleasure for pain,  
And grant it is a snare

To love, and to be wise.  
It were a strange device :  
But from that taste  
Ye vow the fast,  
On cinques though run your die  
Ambsace may haste  
Your pain to waste.  
To love and to be wise.

Of all such pleasant days,  
 Of all such pleasant plays,  
 Without desart,  
 You have your part,  
 And all the world so says ;  
 Save that poor heart  
 That for more smart,  
 Feeleth not such pleasant days.  
 Such fire, and such heat,  
 Did never make ye sweat ;  
 For without pain  
 You best obtain  
 Too good speed, and too great.  
 Whoso doeth plain  
 You best do feign,  
 Such fire, and such heat.  
 Who now doth slander Love?



### DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED

LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT  
 REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

Most wretched heart! most miserable,  
 Since thy comfort is from thee fled ;  
 Since all thy truth is turned to fable  
 Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?  
 'No! no! I live, and must do still ;  
 Whereof I thank God, and no mo ;

For I myself have at my will,  
And he is wretched that weens him so.'

But yet thou hast both had and lost  
The hope, so long that hath thee fed,  
And all thy travail, and thy cost ;  
Most wretched heart ! why art thou not dead ?

'Some other hope must feed me new :  
If I have lost, I say what tho !  
Despair shall not therewith ensue ;  
For he is wretched, that weens him so.'

The sun, the moon doth frown on thee  
Thou hast darkness in daylight stead :  
As good in grave, as so to be ;  
Most wretched heart ! why art thou not dead ?

'Some pleasant star may shew me light ;  
But though the heaven would work me woe,  
Who hath himself shall stand upright ;  
And he is wretched that weens him so.'

Hath he himself that is not sure ?  
His trust is like as he hath sped.  
Against the stream thou mayst not dure ;  
Most wretched heart ! why art thou not dead ?

'The last is worst : who fears not that  
He hath himself whereso he go :  
And he that knoweth what is what,  
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.'

Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,  
Which to touch thee sometime did dread ?  
They find comfort, for thy mischief,  
Most wretched heart ! why art thou not dead ?

' What though that curs do fall by kind  
 On him that hath the overthrow ;  
 All that cannot oppress my mind ;  
 For he is wretched that weens him so.'  
 Yet can it not be then denied,  
 It is as certain as thy creed,  
 Thy great unhap thou canst not hide ;  
 Unhappy then ! why art thou not dead ?  
 ' Unhappy ; but no wretch therefore !  
 For hap doth come again, and go,  
 For which I keep myself in store ;  
 Since unhap cannot kill me so.'



### THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED

THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

BLAME not my Lute ! for he must sound  
 Of this or that as liketh me ;  
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound  
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me ;  
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
 And speak such words as touch thy change,  
                     Blame not my Lute !  
 My Lute ! alas ! doth not offend,  
 Though that perforce he must agree  
 To sound such tunes as I intend,  
 To sing to them that heareth me ;  
 Then though my songs be somewhat plain,

And toucheth some that use to feign,

Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,

But as I strike they must obey ;

Break not them then so wrongfully,

But wreak thyself some other way ;

And though the songs which I indite

Do quit thy change with rightful spite,

Blame not my Lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,

And falsed faith must needs be known ;

The faults so great, the cause so strange ;

Of right it must abroad be blown :

Then since that by thine own desert

My songs do tell how true thou art,

Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,

And well deserved to have blame ;

Change thou thy way, so evil begone,

And then my Lute shall sound that same ;

But if 'till then my fingers play,

By thy desert their wonted way,

Blame not my Lute !

Farewell ! unknown ; for though thou break

My strings in spite with great disdain,

Yet have I found out for thy sake,

Strings for to string my Lute again :

And if, perchance, this sely rhyme

Do make thee blush, at any time,

Blame not my Lute !



## THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS PEN TO RECORD THE UNGENTLE  
BEHAVIOUR OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

My pen! take pain a little space  
To follow that which doth me chase,  
And hath in hold my heart so sore;  
But when thou hast this brought to pass,  
My pen! I prithee write no more.

Remember oft thou hast me eased,  
And all my pains full well appeased,  
But now I know, unknown before,  
For where I trust, I am deceived;  
And yet, my pen! thou can'st no more.

A time thou haddest as other have  
To write which way my hope to crave;  
That time is past, withdraw, therefore:  
Since we do lose that others have,  
As good leave off and write no more.

In worth to use another way;  
Not as we would, but as we may,  
For once my loss is past restore,  
And my desire is my decay;  
My pen! yet write a little more.

To love in vain, who ever shall  
Of worldly pain it passeth all,  
As in like case I find; wherefore  
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!  
Alas! my pen, now write no more.

Since thou hast taken pain this space  
To follow that which doth me chace,  
And hath in hold my heart so sore,  
Now hast thou brought my mind to pass,  
My pen ! I prithee write no more.



## THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED IN LOVE.

TAKE heed by time, lest ye be spied :  
Your loving eyes can it not hide,  
At last the truth will sure be tried ;  
                  Therefore, take heed !  
For some there be of crafty kind,  
Though you show no part of your mind,  
Surely their eyes can ye not blind ;  
                  Therefore, take heed !  
For in like case themselves hath been,  
And thought right sure none had them seen,  
But it was not as they did ween,  
                  Therefore, take heed !  
Although they be of divers schools,  
And well can use all crafty tools,  
At length they prove themselves but fools.  
                  Therefore, take heed !  
If they might take you in that trap,  
They would soon leave it in your lap ;  
To love unspied is but a hap ;  
                  Therefore, take heed !

## AN EARNEST REQUEST

TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS EITHER TO PITY HIM, OR  
LET HIM DIE.

At last withdraw your cruelty,  
Or let me die at once ;  
It is too much extremity,  
Devised for the nonce,  
To hold me thus alive,  
In pain still for to drive :  
What may I more sustain,  
Alas ! that die would fain,  
And cannot die for pain ?

For to the flame wherewith ye burn,  
My thought and my desire,  
When into ashes it should turn  
My heart, by fervent fire,  
Ye send a stormy rain  
That doth it quench again,  
And make mine eyes express,  
The tears that do redress  
My life, in wretchedness.

Then when these should have drown'd,  
And overwhelm'd my heart,  
The heart doth them confound,  
Renewing all my smart ;  
Then doth flame increase,  
My torment cannot cease ;

My woe doth then revive,  
And I remain alive,  
With death still for to strive.

But if that ye would have my death,  
And that ye would none other,  
Shortly then for to spend my breath,  
Withdraw the one, or t'other ;  
For thus your cruelty  
Doth let itself doubtless ;  
And it is reason why !  
No man alive, nor I,  
Of double death can die.



THE ABUSED LOVER REPROACHETH HIS  
FALSE MISTRESS OF DISSIMULATION.

To wet your eye withouten tear,  
And in good health to feign disease,  
That you thereby mine eyes might blear,  
Therewith your other friends to please ;  
And though ye think ye need not fear,  
Yet so ye can not me appease ;  
But as ye list fawn, flatter, or glose,  
Ye shall not win, if I do lose.

Prate, and paint, and spare not,  
Ye know I can me wreak ;  
And if so be ye can so not,  
Be sure I do not reck ;

And though ye swear it were not,  
 I can both swear and speak  
 By God, and by this cross,  
 If I have the mock, ye shall have the loss.



### HE BEWAILS HIS HARD FATE THAT THOUGH

BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS HE STILL LIVES IN PAIN.

I LOVE, loved ; and so doth she,  
 And yet in love we suffer still ;  
 The cause is strange as seemeth me,  
 To love so well, and want our will.

O! deadly yea! O! grievous smart!  
 Worse than refuse, unhappy gain!  
 In love who ever play'd this part,  
 To love so well, and live in pain.

Were ever hearts so well agreed,  
 Since love was love as I do trow ;  
 That in their love so evil did speed,  
 To love so well, and live in woe.

Thus mourn we both, and hath done long,  
 With woful plaint and careful voice ;  
 Alas! it is a grievous wrong,  
 To love so well, and not rejoice.

Send here an end of all our moan,  
 With sighing oft my breath is scant ;  
 Since of mishap ours is alone,  
 To love so well, and yet to want.

But they that causers be of this,  
 Of all our cares God send them part;  
 That they may know what grief it is,  
 To love so well, and live in smart.



A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSENESS OF LOVE.

It is a grievous smart,  
 To suffer pain and sorrow;  
 But most grieveth my heart,  
 He laid his faith to borrow;  
 And falsehood hath his faith and troth,  
 And he foresworn by many an oath.

All ye lovers, perdie!  
 Hath cause to blame his deed,  
 Which shall example be,  
 To let you of your speed;  
 Let never woman again  
 Trust to such words as man can feign.

For I unto my cost  
 Am warning to you all;  
 That they whom you trust most  
 Soonest deceive you shall;  
 But complaint cannot redress,  
 Of my great grief the great excess.

Farewell! all my welfare!  
 My shoe is trod awry.  
 Now may I cark and care,

To sing lullaby! lullaby!  
 Alas! what shall I do thereto?  
 There is no shift to help me now.

Who made it such offence,  
 To love for love again;  
 God wot! that my pretence  
 Was but to ease his pain;  
 For I had ruth to see his woe:  
 Alas! more fool! why did I so!

For he from me is gone,  
 And makes thereat a game;  
 And hath left me alone,  
 To suffer sorrow and shame;  
 Alas! he is unkind doubtless,  
 To leave me thus all comfortless.



THE LOVER SUETH THAT HIS SERVICE MAY  
 BE ACCEPTED.

THE heart and service to you proffer'd  
 With right good will full honestly,  
 Refuse it not since it is offer'd,  
 But take it to you gently.

And though it be a small present,  
 Yet good, consider graciously,  
 The thought, the mind, and the intent  
 Of him that loves you faithfully.

It were a thing of small effect  
 To work my woe thus cruelly;

For my good will to be object,  
Therefore accept it lovingly.

Pain, or travail; to run, or ride,  
I undertake it pleasantly;  
Bid ye me go and straight I glide,  
At your commandment humbly.

Pain or pleasure now may you plant,  
Even which it please you steadfastly;  
Do which you list, I shall not want  
To be your servant secretly.

And since so much I do desire,  
To be your own assuredly;  
For all my service, and my hire  
Reward your servant liberally.



OF THE PAINS AND SORROWS CAUSED  
BY LOVE.

WHAT meaneth this! when I lie alone  
I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan;  
My bed me seems as hard as stone:

What means this?

I sigh, I plain continually;  
The clothes that on my bed do lie,  
Always me think they lie awry;

What means this?

In slumbers oft for fear I quake;  
For heat and cold I burn and shake;  
For lack of sleep my head doth ake;

What means this?



A mornings then when I do rise,  
 I turn unto my wonted guise,  
 All day after muse and devise ;

What means this ?

And if perchance by me there pass,  
 She, unto whom I sue for grace,  
 The cold blood forsaketh my face ;

What means this ?

But if I sit near her by,  
 With loud voice my heart doth cry,  
 And yet my mouth is dumb and dry ;

What means this ?

To ask for help no heart I have ;  
 My tongue doth fail what I should crave ;  
 Yet inwardly I rage and rave ;

What means this ?

Thus have I passed many a year,  
 And many a day, though nought appear,  
 But most of that that most I fear ;

What means this ?



THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE  
 FANCY OF HIS FICKLE MISTRESS.

Is it possible ?  
 That so high debate,  
 So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,  
 Should end so soon, and was begun so late.  
 Is it possible ?

Is it possible?  
So cruel intent,  
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,  
From love to hate, and thence for to relent,  
Is it possible?

Is it possible?  
That any may find,  
Within one heart so diverse mind,  
To change or turn as weather and wind,  
Is it possible?

Is it possible?  
To spy it in an eye,  
That turns as oft as chance or die,  
The truth whereof can any try;  
Is it possible?

It is possible,  
For to turn so oft;  
To bring that low'st that was most aloft;  
And to fall highest, yet to light soft;  
It is possible!

All is possible!  
Whoso list believe,  
Trust therefore first and after preve;  
As men wed ladies by license and leave;  
All is possible!

## THE ABUSED LOVER.

BEWAILS THE TIME THAT EVER HIS EYE BEHELD HER TO  
WHOM HE HAD GIVEN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

ALAS! poor man, what hap have I,  
That must forbear that I love best!  
I trow, it be my destiny,  
Never to live in quiet rest.

No wonder is though I complain;  
Not without cause ye may be sure;  
I seek for that I cannot attain,  
Which is my mortal displeasure.

Alas! poor heart, as in this case  
With pensive plaint thou art opprest;  
Unwise thou were to desire place  
Whereas another is possest.

Do what I can to ease thy smart,  
Thou wilt not let to love her still;  
Hers, and not mine I see thou art;  
Let her do by thee as she will.

A careful carcass full of pain  
Now hast thou left to mourn for thee,  
The heart once gone, the body is stain,  
That ever I saw her woe is me;

Mine eye, alas! was cause of this,  
Which her to see had never his fill;  
To me that sight full bitter is,  
In recompense of my good will.

She that I serve all other above  
Hath paid my hire, as ye may see ;  
I was unhappy, and that I prove,  
To love above my poor degree.



AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS  
NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay! for shame!  
To save thee from the blame  
Of all my grief and grame.  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?  
That hath lov'd thee so long?  
In wealth and woe among:  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?  
That hath given thee my heart  
Never for to depart;  
Neither for pain nor smart:  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
And have no more pity,

Of him that loveth thee?  
 Alas! thy cruelty!  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!



### HE REMEMBERETH THE PROMISE HIS LADY

ONCE GAVE HIM OF AFFECTION, AND COMFORTETH  
 HIMSELF WITH HOPE.

THAT time that mirth did steer my ship,  
 Which now is fraught with heaviness  
 And Fortune beat not then the lip,  
 But was defence of my distress,  
 Then in my book wrote my mistress;  
 'I am yours, you may well be sure;  
 And shall be while my life doth dure.'

But she herself which then wrote that  
 Is now mine extreme enemy;  
 Above all men she doth me hate,  
 Rejoicing of my misery.  
 But though that for her sake I die,  
 I shall be hers, she may be sure,  
 As long as my life doth endure.

It is not time that can wear out  
 With me that once is firmly set;  
 While Nature keeps her course about  
 My love from her no man can let.  
 Though never so sore they me threat,

Yet am I hers, she may be sure ;  
And shall be while that life doth dure.

And once I trust to see that day,  
Renewer of my joy and wealth,  
That she to me these words shall say ;  
'In faith! welcome to me myself!  
Welcome my joy! welcome my health,  
For I am thine, thou mayst be sure,  
And shall be while that life doth dure.'

Aye me! alas! what words were these!  
Incontinent I might find them so!  
I reck not what smart or disease  
I suffered, so that I might know  
[After my passed pain and woe]  
That she were mine; and might be sure  
She should be while that life doth dure.



THAT ALL HIS JOY DEPENDETH ON HIS  
LADY'S FAVOUR.

As power and wit will me assist,  
My will shall will even as ye list.  
For as ye list my will is bent  
In every thing to be content,  
To serve in love 'till life be spent ;  
So you reward my love thus meant,  
Even as ye list.

To feign, or fable is not my mind,  
Nor to refuse such as I find ;  
But as a lamb of humble kind,  
Or bird in cage to be assign'd,  
Even as ye list.

When all the flock is come and gone  
Mine eye and heart agree'th in one,  
Hath chosen you, only, alone,  
To be my joy, or else my moan,  
Even as ye list.

Joy, if pity appear in place ;  
Moan, if disdain do shew his face,  
Yet crave I not as in this case,  
But as ye lead to follow the trace,  
Even as ye list.

Some in words much love can feign ;  
And some for words give words again :  
Thus words for words in words remain,  
And yet at last words do obtain  
Even as ye list.

To crave in words I will eschew,  
And love in deed I will ensue ;  
It is my mind both whole and true,  
And for my truth I pray you rue  
Even as ye list.

Dear heart ! I bid your heart farewell,  
With better heart than tongue can tell ;  
Yet take this tale, as true as gospel,  
Ye may my life save or expel  
Even as ye list.

HE PROMISETH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL  
WHATEVER FORTUNE BETIDE.

SOMETIME I sigh, sometime I sing;  
Sometime I laugh, sometime mourning  
As one in doubt, this is my saying;  
Have I displeas'd you in any thing?  
Alack! what aileth you to be griev'd?  
Right sorry am I that ye be moved.  
I am your own, if truth be prov'd;  
And by your displeasure as one mischiev'd.

When ye be merry then am I glad;  
When ye be sorry then am I sad;  
Such grace or fortune I would I had  
You for to please howe'er I were bestad.

When ye be merry why should I care?  
Ye are my joy, and my welfare,  
I will you love, I will not spare  
Into your presence, as far as I dare.

All my poor heart, and my love true,  
While life doth last I give it you;  
And you to serve with service due,  
And never to change you for no new.



## THE FAITHFUL LOVER WISHETH ALL EVIL

MAY BEFALL HIM IF HE FORSAKE HIS LADY.

THE knot which first my heart did strain,  
 When that your servant I became,  
 Doth bind me still for to remain,  
 Always your own as now I am ;  
 And if you find that I do feign,  
 With just judgment myself I damn,  
 To have disdain.

If other thought in me do grow  
 But still to love you steadfastly ;  
 If that the proof do not well shew  
 That I am yours assuredly ;  
 Let ev'ry wealth turn me to woe,  
 And you to be continually  
 My chiefest foe.

If other love, or new request,  
 Do seize my heart, but only this ;  
 Or if within my wearied breast  
 Be hid one thought that means amiss,  
 I do desire that mine unrest  
 May still increase, and I to miss  
 That I love best.

If in my love there be one spot  
 Of false deceit or doubleness ;  
 Or if I mind to slip this knot

By want of faith or steadfastness ;  
Let all my service be forgot,  
And when I would have chief redress,

Esteem me not.

But if that I consume in pain  
Of burning sighs and fervent love ;  
And daily seek none other gain,  
But with my deed these words to prove ;  
Me think of right I should obtain  
That ye would mind for to remove

Your great disdain.

And for the end of this my song,  
Unto your hands I do submit  
My deadly grief, and pains so strong  
Which in my heart be firmly shut,  
And when ye list, redress my wrong :  
Since well ye know this painful fit  
Hath last too long.



#### OF FORTUNE, LOVE, AND FANTASY.

It was my choice ; it was no chance  
That brought my heart in other's hold ;  
Whereby it hath had sufferance  
Longer, perdie, than reason would.  
Since I it bound where it was free  
Methinks, y-wis, of right it should  
Accepted be.

Accepted be without refuse ;  
Unless that Fortune have the power  
All right of love for to abuse.  
For as they say one happy hour  
May more prevail than right or might ;  
If Fortune then list for to lower,

What 'vailleth right ?

What 'vailleth right if this be true !  
Then trust to chance, and go by guess ;  
Then who so loveth may well go sue  
Uncertain hope for his redress.  
Yet some would say assuredly  
Thou mayst appeal for thy release

To Fantasy.

To Fantasy pertains to choose.  
All this I know : for Fantasy  
First unto love did me induce ;  
But yet I know as steadfastly,  
That if love have no faster knot,  
So nice a choice slips suddenly ;

It lasteth not.

It lasteth not, that stands by change ;  
Fancy doth change ; Fortune is frail ;  
Both these to please the way is strange.  
Therefore methinks best to prevail,  
There is no way that is so just  
As truth to lead ; the other fail,  
And thereto trust.

DESERTED BY HIS MISTRESS, HE  
RENOUNCETH ALL JOY FOR EVER.

HEART oppress'd with desperate thought,  
Is forced ever to lament;  
Which now in me so far hath wrought,  
That needs to it I must consent:  
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.

If cruel will had not been guide,  
Despair in me had [found] no place;  
For my true meaning she well espied;  
Yet for all that would give no grace;  
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.

She might well see, and yet would not;  
And may daily, if that she will;  
How painful is my hapless lot;  
Joined with despair me for to spill;  
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
And cruel will thereof accuse.



THAT NO WORDS MAY EXPRESS THE CRAFTY  
TRAINS OF LOVE.

FULL well it may be seen  
To such as understand,  
How some there be that ween  
They have their wealth at hand:  
Through love's abused band

But little do they see  
The abuse wherein they be.

Of love there is a kind  
Which kindleth by abuse ;  
As in a feeble mind  
Whom fancy may induce  
By love's deceitful use,  
To follow the fond lust  
And proof of a vain trust.

As I myself may say,  
By trial of the same ;  
No wight can well bewray  
That falsehood love can frame ;  
I say, 'twixt grief and game,  
There is no living man  
That knows the craft love can.

For love so well can feign  
To favour for the while ;  
That such as seeks the gain  
Are served with the guile ;  
And some can this concile  
To give the simple leave  
Themselves for to deceive.

What thing may more declare  
Of love the crafty kind,  
Than see the wise so ware,  
In love to be so blind ;  
If so it be assign'd ;  
Let them enjoy the gain,  
That thinks it worth the pain.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE EXCUSETH  
THE FOLLY OF LOVING.

SINCE love is such as that ye wot  
Cannot always be wisely used ;  
I say therefore then blame me not,  
Though I therein have been abused.  
For as with cause I am accused,  
Guilty I grant such was my lot ;  
And though it cannot be excused,  
Yet let such folly be forgot.

For in my years of reckless youth  
Methought the power of love so great ;  
That to his laws I bound my truth,  
And to my will there was no let.  
Me list no more so far to fet ;  
Such fruit ! lo ! as of love ensu'th ;  
The gain was small that was to get,  
And of the loss the less the ruth.

And few there is but first or last,  
A time in love once shall they have ;  
And glad I am my time is past,  
Henceforth my freedom to withsave.  
Now in my heart there shall I grave  
The granted grace that now I taste ;  
Thanked be fortune that me gave  
So fair a gift, so sure and fast.

Now such as have me seen ere this,  
 When youth in me set forth his kind;  
 And folly framed my thought amiss,  
 The fault whereof now well I find;  
 Lo! since that so it is assign'd,  
 That unto each a time there is,  
 Then blame the lot that led my mind,  
 Some time to live in love's bliss.

But from henceforth I do protest,  
 By proof of that that I have past,  
 Shall never cease within my breast  
 The power of Love so late outcast:  
 The knot thereof is knit full fast,  
 And I thereto so sure profess'd  
 For evermore with me to last  
 The power wherein I am possess'd.



### THE DOUBTFUL LOVER

RESOLVETH TO BE ASSURED WHETHER HE IS TO LIVE  
 IN JOY OR WŌE.

Lo! how I seek and sue to have  
 That no man hath, and may be had;  
 There is [no] more but sink or save,  
 And bring this doubt to good or bad.  
 To live in sorrows always sad,  
 I like not so to linger forth;

Hap evil or good I shall be glad  
To take that comes, as well in worth.

Should I sustain this great distress,  
Still wandering forth thus to and fro,  
In dreadful hope to hold my peace,  
And feed myself with secret woe?  
Nay! nay! certain, I will not so!  
But sure I shall myself apply  
To put in proof this doubt to know,  
And rid this danger readily.

I shall assay by secret suit  
To shew the mind of mine intent;  
And my deserts shall give such fruit  
As with my heart my words be meant;  
So by the proof of this consent  
Soon out of doubt I shall be sure,  
For to rejoice, or to repent,  
In joy, or pain for to endure.



OF THE EXTREME TORMENT ENDURED BY  
THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

MY love is like unto th' eternal fire,  
And I, as those which therein do remain;  
Whose grievous pains is but their great desire  
To see the sight which they may not attain:  
So in hell's heat myself I feel to be,



That am restrain'd by great extremity,  
 The sight of her which is so dear to me.  
 O! puissant Love! and power of great avail!  
 By whom hell may be felt ere death assail!



HE BIDDETH FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND  
 MISTRESS.

SINCE so ye please to hear me plain,  
 And that ye do rejoice my smart;  
 Me list no longer to remain  
 To such as be so overthwart:

But cursed be that cruel heart  
 Which hath procur'd a careless mind,  
 For me and mine unfeigned smart;  
 And forceth me such faults to find.

More than too much I am assured  
 Of thine intent, whereto to trust;  
 A speedless proof I have endured;  
 And now I leave it to them that lust.



HE REPENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER LOVED.

Now must I learn to live at rest,  
 And wean me of my will;  
 For I repent where I was prest  
 My fancy to fulfil.

I may no longer more endure  
My wonted life to lead ;  
But I must learn to put in ure  
The change of womanhed.

I may not see my service long  
Rewarded in such wise ;  
Nor I may not sustain such wrong  
That ye my love despise.

I may not sigh in sorrow deep,  
Nor wail the want of love ;  
Nor I may neither crouch nor creep  
Where it doth not behove.

But I of force must needs forsake  
My faith so fondly set ;  
And from henceforth must undertake  
Such folly to forget.

Now must I seek some other ways  
Myself for to withsave ;  
And as I trust by mine essays  
Some remedy to have.

I ask none other remedy  
To recompense my wrong ;  
But once to have the liberty  
That I have lack'd so long.

## THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT

TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT.

FORGET not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant;  
My great travail so gladly spent,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life ye know, since whan  
The suit, the service none tell can;  
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,  
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
The painful patience in delays,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this,  
How long ago hath been, and is  
The mind that never meant amiss,  
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approv'd,  
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,  
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:  
Forget not this!

HE BEWAILS THE PAIN HE ENDURES WHEN  
BANISHED FROM THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

O! MISERABLE sorrow, withouten cure!  
If it please thee, lo! to have me thus suffer,  
At least yet let her know what I endure,  
And this my last voice carry thou thither,  
Where lived my hope, now dead for ever:  
For as ill grievous is my banishment,  
As was my pleasure when she was present.



HE COMPARES HIS SUFFERINGS TO THOSE  
OF TANTALUS.

THE fruit of all the service that I serve  
Despair doth reap; such hapless hap have I.  
But though he have no power to make me swerve,  
Yet by the fire for cold I feel I die.  
In paradise for hunger still I sterve,  
And in the flood for thirst to death I dry;  
So Tantalus am I, and in worse pain,  
Amidst my help that helpless doth remain.

THAT NOTHING MAY ASSUAGE HIS PAIN  
SAVE ONLY HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

If with complaint the pain might be express'd  
That inwardly doth cause me sigh and groan;  
Your hard heart, and your cruel breast  
Should sigh and plain for my unrest;  
And though it were of stone,  
Yet should remorse cause it relent and moan.

But since it is so far out of measure,  
That with my words I can it not contain,  
My only trust! my heart's treasure!  
Alas! why do I still endure  
This restless smart and pain?  
Since if ye list ye may my woe restrain.



THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LONG SUFFERINGS MAY AT LENGTH FIND  
RECOMPENSE.

YE know my heart, my Lady dear!  
That since the time I was your thrall  
I have been yours both whole and clear,  
Though my reward hath been but small;  
So am I yet, and more than all.

And ye know well how I have serv'd,  
As if ye prove it shall appear,  
How well, how long,  
How faithfully!  
And suffered wrong,  
How patiently!  
Then since that I have never swerv'd,  
Let not my pains be undeserv'd.

Ye know also, though ye say nay,  
That you alone are my desire;  
And you alone it is that may  
Assuage my fervent flaming fire.  
Succour me then I you require!  
Ye know it were a just request,  
Since ye do cause my heat, I say,  
If that I burn,  
It will ye warm,  
And not to turn,  
All to my harm,  
Lending such flame from frozen breast  
Against nature for my unrest.

And I know well how scornfully  
Ye have mista'en my true intent;  
And hitherto how wrongfully,  
I have found cause for to repent.  
But if your heart doth not relent,  
Since I do know that this ye know,  
Ye shall slay me all wilfully.  
For me, and mine,  
And all I have,

Ye may assign,  
 To spill or save.  
 Why are ye then so cruel foe  
 Unto your own, that loves you so?



HE DESCRIBETH THE CEASELESS TORMENTS  
 OF LOVE.

SINCE you will needs that I shall sing,  
 Take it in worth such as I have ;  
 Plenty of plaint, moan, and mourning,  
 In deep despair and deadly pain.  
 Bootless for boot, crying to crave ;  
     To crave in vain.  
 Such hammers work within my head  
 That sound nought else unto my ears,  
 But fast at board, and wake a-bed :  
 Such tune the temper to my song  
 To wail my wrong, that I want tears  
     To wail my wrong.  
 Death and despair afore my face,  
 My days decay, my grief doth grow ;  
 The cause thereof is in this place,  
 Whom cruelty doth still constrain  
 For to rejoyce, though I be woe,  
     To hear me plain.  
 A broken lute, untuned strings,  
 With such a song may well bear part,  
 That neither pleaseth him that sings,

Nor them that hear, but her alone  
 That with her heart would strain my heart  
     To hear it groan.  
 If it grieve you to hear this same,  
 That you do feel but in my voice,  
 Consider then what pleasant game  
 I do sustain in every part,  
 To cause me sing or to rejoice  
     Within my heart.



THAT THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT IS SHORT,  
 AND SHOULD NOT PASS BY NEGLECTED.

ME list no more to sing  
 Of love, nor of such thing,  
 How sore that it me wring;  
 For what I sung or spake,  
 Men did my songs mistake.  
     My songs were too diffuse;  
 They made folk to muse;  
 Therefore me to excuse,  
 They shall be sung more plain,  
 Neither of joy nor pain.  
     What vailleth then to skip  
 At fruit over the lip  
 . . . . .  
 For fruit withouten taste  
 Doth nought but rot and waste.



What vaileth under kay  
To keep treasure alway,  
That never shall see day.  
If it be not used,  
It is but abused.

What vaileth the flower  
To stand still and wither ;  
If no man it savour  
It serves only for sight,  
And fadeth towards night.

Therefore fear not to assay  
To gather, ye that may,  
The flower that this day  
Is fresher than the next.  
Mark well I say this text :

Let not the fruit be lost  
That is desired most ;  
Delight shall quite the cost.  
If it be ta'en in time  
Small labour is to climb.

And as for such treasure  
That maketh thee the richer,  
And no deal the poorer  
When it is given or lent,  
Methinks it were well spent.

If this be under mist,  
And not well plainly wist,  
Understand me who list,  
For I reek not a bean ;  
I wot what I do mean.

THAT THE PAIN HE ENDURED SHOULD NOT  
MAKE HIM CEASE FROM LOVING.

THE joy so short, alas! the pain so near,  
The way so long, the departure so smart;  
The first sight, alas! I bought too dear,  
That so suddenly now from hence must part.  
The body gone yet remain shall the heart  
With her, the which for me salt tears doth rain;  
And shall not change till that we meet again.

The time doth pass, yet shall not my love;  
Though I be far, always my heart is near.  
Though other change yet will not I remove;  
Though other care not, yet love I will and fear;  
Though other hate, yet will I love my dear;  
Though other will of lightness say 'Adieu,'  
Yet will I be found steadfast and true.

When other laugh, alas! then do I weep;  
When other sing, then do I wail and cry;  
When other run, perforced I am to creep;  
When other dance, in sorrow I do lie;  
When other joy, for pain well near I die;  
Thus brought from wealth, alas! to endless pain,  
That undeserved, causeless to remain.

## THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

How should I  
Be so pleasant,  
In my semblant,  
As my fellows be?  
Not long ago,  
It chanced so,  
As I did walk alone;  
I heard a man,  
That now and than  
Himself did thus bemoan:

‘Alas!’ he said,  
‘I am betray’d,  
And utterly undone;  
Whom I did trust,  
And think so just,  
Another man hath won.

‘My service due,  
And heart so true,  
On her I did bestow;  
I never meant  
For to repent,  
In wealth, nor yet in woe.

‘Each western wind  
Hath turned her mind,  
And blown it clean away;  
Thereby my wealth,

My mirth and health,  
Are driven to great decay.

‘Fortune did smile  
A right short while,  
And never said me nay;  
With pleasant plays,  
And joyful days,  
My time to pass away.

‘Alas! alas!  
The time so was,  
So never shall it be,  
Since she is gone,  
And I alone  
Am left as you may see.

‘Where is the oath?  
Where is the troth?  
That she to me did give?  
Such feigned words,  
With sely bourds,  
Let no wise man believe.

‘For even as I,  
Thus wofully,  
Unto myself complain:  
If ye then trust,  
Needs learn ye must,  
To sing my song in vain.

‘How should I  
Be so pleasant,  
In my semblant,  
As my fellows be?’

THAT FAITH IS DEAD, AND TRUE LOVE  
DISREGARDED.

WHAT should I say?  
Since Faith is dead,  
And Truth away  
From you is fled?  
Should I be led  
With doubleness?  
Nay! nay! Mistress.  
I promis'd you,  
And you promis'd me,  
To be as true,  
As I would be.  
But since I see  
Your double heart,  
Farewell my part!  
Thought for to take,  
It is not my mind;  
But to forsake  
[One so unkind;]  
And as I find,  
So will I trust;  
Farewell, unjust!  
Can ye say nay,  
But that you said  
That I alway

Should be obey'd?  
And thus betray'd,  
Or that I wist!  
Farewell, unkist!



THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS  
FAITHFUL HEART AND TRUE MEANING HAD NEVER MET  
WITH JUST REWARD.

GIVE place! all ye that doth rejoice,  
And love's pangs hath clean forgot.  
Let them draw near and hear my voice  
Whom Love doth force in pains to fret;  
For all of plaint my song is set,  
Which long hath served and nought can get.

A faithful heart so truly meant,  
Rewarded is full slenderly;  
A steadfast faith with good intent  
Is recompensed craftily;  
Such hap doth hap unhappily  
To them that mean but honestly.

With humble suit I have essayed  
To turn her cruel hearted mind;  
But for reward I am delayed,  
And to my wealth her eyes be blind.  
Lo! thus by chance I am assign'd  
With steadfast love to serve the unkind.

What vailleth truth, or steadfastness,  
 Or still to serve without reproof!  
 What vailleth faith or gentleness,  
 Where cruelty doth reign as chief!  
 Alas! there is no greater grief  
 Than for to love, and lack relief.

Care doth constrain me to complain  
 Of Love, and her uncertainty,  
 Which granteth nought but great disdain,  
 For loss of all my liberty.

Alas! this is extremity,  
 For love to find such cruelty.

For love to find such cruelty  
 Alas! it is a careful lot;  
 And for to void such mockery  
 There is no way but slip the knot!  
 The gain so cold, the pain so hot!  
 Praise it who list, I like it not.



### THE FORSAKEN LOVER

CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE OF PAST  
 HAPPINESS.

SPITE hath no power to make me sad,  
 Nor scornfulness to make me plain.  
 It doth suffice that once I had,  
 And so to leave it is no pain.

Let them frown on that least doth gain,  
 Who did rejoice must needs be glad;

And though with words thou wee'nst to reign,  
It doth suffice that once I had.

Since that in checks thus overthwart,  
And coyly looks thou dost delight ;  
It doth suffice that mine thou wert,  
Though change hath put thy faith to flight.

Alas ! it is a peevish spite,  
To yield thyself and then to part ;  
But since thou force thy faith so light,  
It doth suffice that mine thou wert.

And since thy love doth thus decline,  
And in thy heart such hate doth grow ;  
It doth suffice that thou wert mine,  
And with good will I quite it so.

Sometime my friend, farewell my foe,  
Since thou change I am not thine ;  
But for relief of all my woe,  
It doth suffice that thou wert mine.

Praying you all that hear this song,  
To judge no wight, nor none to blame ;  
It doth suffice she doth me wrong,  
And that herself doth know the same.

And though she change it is no shame,  
Their kind it is, and hath been long ;  
Yet I protest she hath no name ;  
It doth suffice she doth me wrong.



## HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART

THAT HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM HE HAD  
AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE.

AH! my heart, what aileth thee?  
To set so light my liberty!  
Making me bond when I was free:  
    Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?  
When thou were rid from all distress,  
Void of all pain and pensiveness,  
To choose again a new mistress;  
    Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?  
When thou were well thou could not hold:  
To turn again, that were too bold;  
Thus to renew my sorrows old,  
    Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?  
Thou know'st full well that but of late,  
I was turned out of Love's gate:  
And now to guide me to this mate!  
    Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?  
I hop'd full well all had been done;  
But now my hope is ta'en and won;  
To my torment to yield so soon,  
    Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

## HE PROFESSETH INDIFFERENCE.

HATE whom ye list, for I care not ;  
Love whom ye list, and spare not ;  
Do what ye list, and dread not ;  
Think what ye list, I fear not ;  
For as for me I am not ;  
But even as one that recks not,  
Whether ye hate or hate not,  
For in your love I dote not ;  
Wherefore I pray you forget not ;  
But love whom ye list, for I care not.

HE REJOICETH THAT HE HAD BROKEN  
THE SNARES OF LOVE.

TANGLED I was in Love's snare,  
Oppressed with pain, torment with'care ;  
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,  
Clean in despair by cruelty ;  
But ha ! ha ! ha ! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

The woful days so full of pain,  
The weary night all spent in vain,  
The labour lost for so small gain,

To write them all it will not be ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

Every thing that fair doth shew,  
When proof is made it proveth not so ;  
But turneth mirth to bitter woe,  
Which in this case full well I see ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

Too great desire was my guide,  
And wanton will went by my side,  
Hope ruled still and made me bide,  
Of Love's craft the extremity.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

With feigned words, which were but wind,  
To long delays I was assign'd ;  
Her wily looks my wits did blind ;  
Thus as she would I did agree.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime  
That brake away in better time,  
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,  
And had no hurt but scaped free.  
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

## THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LADY'S HEART MIGHT BE ENFLAMED WITH  
EQUAL AFFECTION.

Love doth again  
Put me to pain,  
And yet all is but lost.  
I serve in vain,  
And am certain,  
Of all misliked most.  
Both heat and cold  
Doth so me hold,  
And comber so my mind ;  
That whom I should  
Speak and behold,  
It driveth me still behind.

My wits be past,  
My life doth waste,  
My comfort is exiled ;  
And I in haste,  
Am like to taste  
How love hath me beguiled.

Unless that right  
May in her sight  
Obtain pity and grace ;  
Why should a wight .  
Have beauty bright,  
If mercy have no place.

Yet I, alas !  
Am in such case ;  
That back I cannot go ;  
But still forth trace  
A patient pace,  
And suffer secret woe.

For with the wind  
My fired mind  
Doth still inflame ;  
And she unkind  
That did me bind,  
Doth turn it all to game.

Yet can no pain  
Make me refrain,  
Nor here and there to range ;  
I shall retain  
Hope to obtain  
Her heart that is so strange.

But I require  
The painful fire,  
That oft doth make me sweat ;  
For all my ire,  
With like desire,  
To give her heart a heat.

Then she shall prove  
How I her love,  
And what I have offer'd ;  
Which should her move,  
For to remove  
The pains that I have suffer'd.

And better fee  
 Than she gave me,  
 She shall of me attain;  
 For whereas she  
 Shewed cruelty,  
 She shall my heart obtain.



THE DISDAINFUL LADY REFUSING TO HEAR

HER LOVER'S SUIT, HE RESOLVETH TO FORSAKE HER.

Now all of change  
 Must be my song,  
 And from my bond now must I break;  
 Since she so strange,  
 Unto my wrong,  
 Doth stop her ears, to hear me speak.  
 Yet none doth know  
 So well as she,  
 My grief, which can have no restraint;  
 That fain would follow,  
 Now needs must flee,  
 For fault of ear unto my plaint.

I am not he  
 By false assays,  
 Nor feigned faith can bear in hand;  
 Though most I see  
 That such always  
 Are best for to be understand.

But I that truth  
Hath always meant,  
Doth still proceed to serve in vain :  
Desire pursueth  
My time mispent,  
And doth not pass upon my pain.

Of Fortune's might  
That each compels,  
And me the most, it doth suffice ;  
Now for my right  
To ask nought else  
But to withdraw this enterprise.

And for the gain  
Of that good hour,  
Which of my woe shall be relief ;  
I shall refrain  
By painful power,  
The thing that most hath been my grief.

I shall not miss  
To exercise  
The help thereof which doth me teach,  
That after this  
In any wise  
To keep right within my reach.

And she unjust  
Which feareth not  
In this her fame to be defiled,  
Yet once I trust  
Shall be my lot  
To quite the craft that me beguiled.

THE ABSENT LOVER FINDETH ALL HIS  
PAINS REDOUBLED.

ABSENCE, absenting causeth me to complain,  
My sorrowful complaints abiding in distress ;  
And departing most privy increaseth my pain,  
Thus live I uncomforted wrapped all in heaviness.

In heaviness I am wrapped, devoid of all solace,  
Neither pastime nor pleasure can revive my dull wit,  
My spirits be all taken, and death doth me menace,  
With his fatal knife the thread for to kit.

For to cut the thread of this wretched life,  
And shortly bring me out of this case ;  
I see it availeth not, yet must I be pensive,  
Since fortune from me hath turned her face.

Her face she hath turned with countenance con-  
trarious,  
And clean from her presence she hath exiled me,  
In sorrow remaining as a man most dolorous,  
Exempt from all pleasure and worldly felicity.

All worldly felicity now am I private,  
And left in desert most solitarily,  
Wandering all about as one without mate ;  
My death approacheth ; what remedy !

What remedy, alas ! to rejoice my woful heart,  
With sighs suspiring most ruefully ;  
Now welcome ! I am ready to depart ;  
Farewell all pleasure ! welcome pain and smart !



## HE SEEKETH COMFORT IN PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! for I have wrong  
 And dare not shew wherein;  
 Patience shall be my song;  
 Since Truth can nothing win.  
 Patience then for this fit;  
 Hereafter comes not yet.

OF THE POWER OF LOVE OVER THE  
YIELDEN LOVER.

WILL ye see what wonders Love hath  
 Then come and look at me. [wrought?  
 There need no where else to be sought,  
 In me ye may them see.

For unto that, that men may see  
 Most monstrous thing of kind,  
 Myself may best compared be;  
 Love hath me so assign'd.

There is a rock in the salt flood,  
 A rock of such nature,  
 That draweth the iron from the wood,  
 And leaveth the ship unsure.

She is the rock, the ship am I;  
 That rock my deadly foe,  
 That draweth me there where I must die,  
 And robbeth my heart me fro.

A bird there fleeth, and that but one,  
Of her this thing ensueth ;  
That when her days be spent and gone,  
With fire she reneweth.

And I with her may well compare  
My love, that is alone ;  
The flame whereof doth aye repair  
My life when it is gone.



HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE  
TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

DEEM as ye list upon good cause,  
I may or think of this, or that ;  
But what, or why myself best knows  
Whereby I think and fear not.  
But thereunto I may well think  
The doubtful sentence of this clause ;  
'I would it were not as I think ;  
I would I thought it were not.'

For if I thought it were not so,  
Though it were so, it grieved me not ;  
Unto my thought it were as tho'  
I hearkened though I hear not.  
At that I see I cannot wink,  
Nor from my thought so let it go ;  
'I would it were not as I think ;  
I would I thought it were not.'

Lo ! how my thought might make me free,

Of that perchance it needs not.  
 Perchance none doubt the dread I see ;  
 I shrink at that I bear not.  
 But in my heart this word shall sink,  
 Until the proof may better be ;  
 ' I would it were not as I think ;  
 I would I thought it were not.'  
     If it be not, shew no cause why  
 I should so think, then care I not ;  
 For I shall so myself apply  
 To be that I appear not.  
 That is, as one that shall not shrink  
 To be your own until I die ;  
 ' And if that be not as I think,  
 Likewise to think it is not.'

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#### THE RECURED LOVER

**EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO REMAIN  
 FREE UNTIL DEATH.**

I AM as I am, and so will I be ;  
 But how that I am, none knoweth truly.  
 Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,  
 I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently ;  
 I mean nothing but honesty ;  
 And though folks judge full diversely,  
 I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,  
 Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,

And use the means since folks will feign ;  
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,  
Some of pleasure and some of woe,  
Yet for all that nothing they know ;  
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,  
Let every man his judgment say ;  
I will it take in sport and play,  
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God him send ;  
Who judgeth evil, God them amend ;  
To judge the best therefore intend,  
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight  
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite ;  
But whether they judge me wrong or right,  
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,  
To trust it as you do your creed ;  
And not to think I change my weed,  
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you ;  
Judge as ye list, false or true,  
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,  
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,  
But to you all that misjudge me,  
I do protest as ye may see  
That I am as I am, and so will be.

## P O E M S .

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO REASON,  
WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.

MINE old dear enemy, my froward master,  
Afore that Queen I caused to be acited,  
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature ;  
That like as gold in fire, he might be tried :  
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,  
With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth  
A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.

And thus I said : ' Once my left foot, Madame,  
When I was young, I set within his reign ;  
Whereby other than fiery burning flame  
I never felt, but many a grievous pain :  
Torment I suffer'd, anger and disdain ;  
That mine oppressed patience was past,  
And I mine own life hated at the last.

' Thus hitherto have I my time passed  
In pain and smart : what ways profitable,  
How many pleasant days have me escaped,  
In serving this false liar so deceivable ?  
What wit have words so prest and forcible,  
That may contain my great mishappiness,  
And just complaints of his ungentleness ?

'So small honey, much aloes, and gall,  
In bitterness, my blind life have I tasted :  
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,  
With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced ;  
And where I had my thought, and mind araised  
From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,  
Me from my rest he took, and set in error.

'God made he me regardless, than I ought,  
And to myself to take right little heed :  
And for a woman have I set at nought  
All other thoughts, in this only to speed :  
And he was only counsellor of this deed ;  
Whetting always my youthly frail desire  
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.

'But oh, alas, where had I ever wit,  
Or other gift given to me of nature ?  
That sooner shall be changed my wearied sprite  
Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler :  
So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure ;  
This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse :  
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

'He hath me hasted through divers regions ;  
Through desert woods, and sharp high mountains ;  
Through froward people, and through bitter pas-  
sions ;  
Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains ;  
With weary travel, and with laborous pains ;  
Always in trouble and in tediousness,  
In all error, and dangerous distress.

'But neither he nor she, my other foe,

For all my flight did ever me forsake :  
 That though my timely death hath been too slow,  
 That me, as yet, it hath not overtake :  
 The heavenly gods of pity do it slake !  
 And note they this his cruel tyranny,  
 That feeds him with my care, and misery !

‘ Since I was his, hour rested I never,  
 Nor look to do ; and eke the wakey nights  
 The banished sleep may in no wise recover  
 By guile and force, over my thrall’d sprites.  
 He is ruler, since which bell never strikes  
 That I hear not as sounding to renew my plaints.  
 Himself he knoweth that I say true.

‘ For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,  
 As he my heart, where he is resident,  
 And doth the same with death daily threaten ;  
 Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter tor-  
 ment,

The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,  
 That annoy both me, and peradventure other :  
 Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other.

Mine adversary with such grievous reproof,  
 Thus he began ; ‘ Hear, Lady, the other part ;  
 That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,  
 This unkind man may shew, ere that I part :  
 In his young age, I took him from that art,  
 That selleth words, and make a clattering knight,  
 And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

‘ Now shames he not on me for to complain,  
 That held him evermore in pleasant game,

From his desire, that might have been his pain :  
Yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame ;  
Which now as wretchedness, he doth so blame ;  
And toward honour quickened I his wit,  
Where as a dastard else he might have sit.

‘He knoweth how great Atrides, that made Troy  
fret ;

And Hannibal to Rome so troublous ;  
Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great ;  
And African Scipion, the famous ;  
And many other, by much honour glorious ;  
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above ;  
I did let fall in base dishonest love.

‘And unto him, though he unworthy were,  
I chose the best of many a million ;  
That under sun yet never was her peer  
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion ;  
And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,  
And eke such way I taught her for to teach,  
That never base thought his heart so high might  
reach.

‘Evermore thus to content his mistress,  
That was his only frame of honesty,  
I stirred him still toward gentleness ;  
And caused him to regard fidelity ;  
Patience I taught him in adversity :  
Such virtues learned he in my great school ;  
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool.

‘These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,  
That I have used, the torment and the anger,



Sweeter than ever did to other fall ;  
Of right good seed ill fruit, lo, thus I gather ;  
And so shall he that the unkind doth further :  
A serpent nourish I under my wing,  
And now of nature 'ginneth he to sting.

'And for to tell, at last, my great service ;  
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawn,  
That by my means, him in no manner wise  
Never vile pleasure once hath overthrown ;  
Where in his deed, shame hath him always gnawen ;  
Doubting report that should come to her ear :  
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear.

'Whatever he hath of any honest custom,  
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit :  
But lo, yet never was there nightly phantom  
So far in error, as he is from his wit  
To plain on us : he striveth with the bit,  
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain,  
And in one hour make all his grief his gain.

'But one thing yet there is, above all other :  
I gave him wings, wherewith he might upfly  
To honour and fame ; and if he would to higher  
Than mortal things, above the starry sky :  
Considering the pleasure that an eye  
Might give in earth, by reason of the love ;  
What should that be that lasteth still above ?

'And he the same himself hath said ere this :  
But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
That gave him her, his only wealth and bliss.'  
And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,

'Thou gave her once,' quod I, 'but by and by  
 Thou took her ayen from me, that woe-worth thee!'  
 'Not I, but price; more worth than thou,' quod he.

At last, each other for himself concluded,  
 I trembling still, but he, with small reverence;  
 'Lo, thus, as we each other have accused,  
 Dear lady, now we wait thine only sentence.'  
 She smiling, at the whisted audience,  
 'It liketh me,' quod she, 'to have heard your  
 question,  
 But longer time doth ask a resolution.'



#### COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

So feeble is the thread, that doth the burden stay  
 Of my poor life; in heavy plight, that falleth in de-  
 cay;  
 That, but it have elsewhere some aid or some  
 succours,  
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his  
 course.  
 For since the unhappy hour, that did me to depart,  
 From my sweet weal, one only hope hath stayed  
 my life apart:  
 Which doth persuade such words unto my sored  
 mind,  
 'Maintain thyself, O woful wight, some better luck  
 to find:

For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,  
Who can thee tell, if thy return be for thy more  
delight?

Or, who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once re-  
cover,

Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap, and thee  
defend and cover.'

Thus in distrust as yet it hath my life sustained ;  
But now, alas, I see it faint, and I by trust am  
trained.

The time doth fleet, and I see how the hours do bend  
So fast, that I have scant the space to mark my  
coming end.

Westward the sun from out the east scant shews his  
light,

When in the west he hides him straight, within the  
dark of night ;

And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,  
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his  
journey lie.

The life so short, so frail, that mortal men live here ;  
So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies that  
we bear ;

That when I think upon the distance and the space,  
That doth so far divide me from my dear desired face,  
I know not how t' attain the wings that I require,  
To lift me up, that I might fly, to follow my desire.  
Thus of that hope, that doth my life something  
sustain,

Alas, I fear, and partly feel, full little doth remain.

Each place doth bring me grief, where I do not  
behold

Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts were wont  
the keys to hold.

Those thoughts were pleasant sweet, whilst I en-  
joy'd that grace ;

My pleasure past, my present pain when I might  
well embrace.

And for because my want should more my woe in-  
crease ;

In watch, in sleep, both day and night, my will doth  
never cease.

That thing to wish, whereof since I did lose the  
sight,

Was never thing that might in ought my woful heart  
delight.

Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete  
The floods, the seas, the lands, the hills, that doth  
them intermete

'Tween me, and those shene lights that wanted for  
to clear

My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as  
Phœbus' sphere.

It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,  
The more to feel, by such record, how that my  
wealth doth bate.

If such record, alas, provoke the inflamed mind,  
Which sprang that day that I did leave the best of  
me behind :

If love forget himself by length of absence let,



For, there is nothing else so toucheth me within ;  
 Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the  
     case, or skin :

Wherefore I shall return to them, as well, or spring  
 From whom descends my mortal woe, above all  
     other thing.

So shall mine eyes in pain accompany my heart,  
 That were the guides, that did it lead of love to feel  
     the smart.

The crisped gold that doth surmount Apollo's pride ;  
 The lively streams of pleasant stars that under it  
     doth glide ;

Wherein the beams of love do still increase their  
     heat,

Which yet so far touch me so near, in cold to make  
     me sweat :

The wise and pleasant talk, so rare, or else alone,  
 That gave to me the courteous gift, that erst had  
     never none ;

Be far from me, alas, and every other thing  
 I might forbear with better will, than this that did  
     me bring

With pleasant word and cheer, redress of linger'd  
 And wonted oft in kindled will to virtue me to train.

Thus am I forced to hear, and hearken after news :  
 My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust  
     renews.

And yet with more delight to moan my woful case,  
 I must complain those hands, these arms that firmly  
     do embrace

Me from myself, and rule the stern of my poor life ;  
The sweet disdains the pleasant wraths and eke the  
lovely strife,

That wonted well to tune in temper just, and meet,  
The rage, that oft did make me err, by furor un-  
discreet.

All this is hid fro me, with sharp and ragged hills,  
At others' will my long abode my deep despair  
fulfils ;

And if my hope sometime rise up by some redress,  
It stumbleth straight, for feeble faint, my fear hath  
such excess.

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desire,  
And yet I trust ere that I die to see that I require :  
The resting-place of love, where virtue dwells and  
grows,

There I desire my weary life sometime may take  
repose.

My Song, thou shalt attain to find that pleasant  
place,

Where she doth live, by whom I live : may chance  
to have this grace,

When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I  
serve,

Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall  
she thee reserve :

Then tell her that I come, she shall me shortly see,  
And if for weight the body fail, the soul shall to her  
flee.

## THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wand'ring Trojan knight,  
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Libic  
sands to light ;  
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,  
With crisped locks on golden harp Iopas sang in  
song :  
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call  
and name,  
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very  
frame.  
Or thus, of heavenly powers by more power kept in  
one ;  
Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath  
place alone ;  
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place, and  
nurse ;  
Without the which in equal weight, this heaven doth  
hold his course :  
And it is call'd by name the first and moving heaven.  
The firmament is placed next, containing other  
seven.  
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and  
thick,  
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein  
cleave and stick :



With great swift sway, the first, and with his restless  
source,  
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual  
course.

And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that never move, but firmly  
keep their place :

The one we see alway, the other stands object  
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line  
direct ;

Which by imagination he drawn from one to  
t'other

Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is  
none other :

And these be call'd the poles, described by stars not  
bright :

Arctic the one northward we see : Antarctic the  
other hight.

The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,  
As axle is ; upon the which the heavens about do go ;  
Which of water nor earth, of air nor fire, have kind ;  
Therefore the substance of those same were hard  
for man to find :

But they been uncorrupt, simple, and pure unmixt ;  
And so we say been all those stars, that in those  
same be fixt :

And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray ;  
So call'd, because against that first they have repug  
nant way ;

And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man ;

Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them  
he that can.

The widest save the first, of all these nine above,  
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree  
to move.

Of which degrees we make in the first moving  
heaven,

Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided  
even.

And yet there is another between those heavens two,  
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for  
now.

The seventh heaven or the shell, next to the starry  
sky;

All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged pace  
so sly:

And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath  
been,

In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost  
sixteen;

Doth carry in his bowt the star of Saturn old,  
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and  
with his cold.

The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with  
younger pace,

And in twelve year doth somewhat more than  
t'other's voyage was:

And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,  
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defend-  
ing sign.

The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred  
days

And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd  
all those ways.

A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,  
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein  
he sticks.

The third that govern'd is by that that governs me,  
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft  
we see, [other.

In like space doth perform that course, that did the  
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in  
order :

But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury ;  
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as cal-  
cars try.

That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath  
gone,

In seven-and-twenty common days, and eke the  
third of one ;

And beareth with his sway the divers Moon about ;  
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and  
now her light is out :

Thus have they of their own two movings all these  
Seven ;

One, wherein they be carried still, each in his seve-  
ral heaven :

Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid  
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have  
said ;

Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the  
straight:

The starry sky hath but one course, that we have  
call'd the eight.

And all these movings eight are meant from west  
to east;

Although they seem to climb aloft, I say from east  
to west.

But that is but by force of their first moving sky,  
In twice twelve hours from east to east, that car-  
rieth them by and by:

But mark we well also, these movings of these seven  
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.  
For they have their two poles directly the one to  
the other, &c.

## SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE  
WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,  
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold ;  
Of lively look, all grief for to repel ;  
With right good grace, so would I that it should  
Speak without word, such words as none can tell :  
Her tress also should be of crisped gold ;  
    With wit, and these perchance I might be tried,  
    And knit again with knot, that should not slide.



## WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

OF purpose Love chose first for to be blind,  
For, he with sight of that, that I behold,  
Vanquish'd had been, against all godly kind :  
His bow your hand, and truss should have unfold ;  
And he with me to serve had been assign'd :  
But, for he blind, and reckless would him hold,  
    And still by chance his deadly strokes bestow ;  
    With such as see, I serve, and suffer woe.

## THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE, alas, my master and my foe,  
So sore alter'd thyself, how mayst thou see?  
Sometime thou seekest, and drives me to and fro;  
Sometime thou lead'st, that leadeth thee and me.  
What reason is to rule thy subject so,  
By forced law, and mutability?  
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,  
Even now by hate again I doubt the same.

---

## AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

FOR shamefast harm of great and hateful need,  
In deep despair, as did a wretch go,  
With ready cord out of his life to speed,  
His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo,  
Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,  
And in exchange he left the cord tho.  
He that had hid the gold, and found it not,  
Of that he found he shap'd his neck a knot.

---

## DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me, Minerva me taught,  
Nature my mother, craft nourish'd me year by year;  
Three bodies are my food, my strength is in nought,  
Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children  
    dear;

Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,  
 Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere :

Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,  
 And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

---

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD AT  
 THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

IN doubtful breast whilst motherly pity  
 With furious famine standeth at debate ;  
 The mother saith, 'O child unhappy,  
 Return thy blood where thou hadst milk of late ;  
 Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,  
 And enter there where thou were generate ;  
 For of one body against all nature,  
 To another must I make sepulture.'

---

TO HIS LOVE WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST  
 HER WILL.

ALAS, Madam, for stealing of a kiss,  
 Have I so much your mind therein offended ?  
 Or have I done so grievously amiss,  
 That by no means it may not be amended ?  
 Revenge you then : the readiest way is this ;  
 Another kiss, my life it shall have ended ;  
 For to my mouth the first my heart did suck ;  
 The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

## OF THE JEALOUS MAN

THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER  
SITTING WITH HER.

THE wand'ring gadling in the summer tide,  
That finds the adder with his reckless foot,  
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,  
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot,  
When that he saw me sitting by her side,  
That of my health is very crop and root.

It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,  
To sting the heart, that would have had my place.



TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER  
GLOVES.

WHAT needs these threatening words and wasted  
wind?

All this cannot make me restore my prey.  
To rob your goods, I wis is not my mind,  
Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.  
Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,  
That may both hear what you and I can say.

She reft my heart, and I a glove from her:  
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.



THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT DEADLY  
SICKNESS CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,  
That with his cold withers away the green,  
This other night me in my bed did find,  
And offer'd me to rid my fever clean ;  
And I did grant, so did despair me blind :  
He drew his bow with arrow sharp and keen.  
And strake the place where Love had hit be-  
fore ;  
And drave the first dart deeper more and more.



OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago ;  
'Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth :'  
For none is worse than is a friendly foe.  
Though thee seem good all thing that thee delight-  
eth,  
Yet know it well, that in thy bosom creepeth :  
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,  
That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM  
FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

FROM these high hills as when a spring doth fall,  
It trilleth down with still and subtle course,  
Of this and that it gathers aye and shall,  
Till it have just down flow'd to stream, and force,  
Then at the foot it rageth over all:  
So fareth love, when he hath ta'en a source,  
Rage is his reign, resistance 'vaileth none,  
The first eschew is remedy alone.



OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER  
WITH A NEEDLE.

SHE sat, and sewed, that hath done me the wrong;  
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day:  
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song  
She wish'd my heart the sampler, that it lay.  
The blind master, whom I have served so long,  
Grudging to hear that he did hear her say,  
Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,  
To feel if pricking were so good indeed.



OF THE SAME.

WHAT man heard such cruelty before?  
That, when my plaint remember'd her my woe  
That caused it, she cruel more and more,  
Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,

Had prick'd my heart, for to increase my sore :  
 And, as I think, she thought it had been so :  
     For as she thought, this is his heart indeed,  
 She pricked hard, and made herself to bleed.



THE LOVER THAT FLED LOVE NOW FOLLOWS  
 IT WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,  
 By sea, by land, by water, and by wind ;  
 And now the coals I follow that be quent,  
 From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.  
 Lo, how desire is both forth sprung, and spent ;  
 And he may see, that whilom was so blind,  
     And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,  
 Meshed in the briers, that erst was only torn.



THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO  
 THE OVERCHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun in his most raging ire,  
 When that the bowl is rammed in too sore,  
 And that the flame cannot part from the fire ;  
 Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar  
 The shivered pieces. So doth my desire ;  
 Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more ;  
     Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak ;  
 So inward force my heart doth all to break.

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE  
AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat a grace  
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,  
Hath taught the spider out of the same place  
To fetch poison by strange alteration ;  
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case  
With one kiss by secret operation  
Both these at once in those your lips to find ;  
In change whereof I leave my heart behind.



TO HIS LOVER TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend,  
Thou hidest thyself, and I must die therefore ;  
But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,  
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou madest sore ?  
Why do I die since thou mayst me defend ?  
And if I die, thy life may last no more ;  
For each by other doth live and have relief,  
I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.



OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior  
Could overcome, but could not use his chance ;  
And I likewise of all my long endeavour

The sharp conquest though fortune did advance,  
 Ne could I use. The hold that is given over  
 I unpossess, so hangeth now in balance  
 Of war my peace, reward of all my pain,  
 At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spain.



OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell, that westward with thy streams  
 Turns up the grains of gold already tried ;  
 For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,  
 Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride ;  
 And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,  
 Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side ;  
 My King, my Country I seek, for whom I live :  
 Of mighty Jove, the winds for this me give.



WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food, my drink are my tears ;  
 Clinking of fetters would such music crave ;  
 Stink, and close air away my life it wears ;  
 Poor innocence is all the hope I have :  
 Rain, wind, or weather judge I by my ears :  
 Malice assaults, that righteousness should have.  
 Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,  
 But yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

## OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LOOK, my fair falcon, and thy fellows all ;  
 How well pleasant it were your liberty !  
 Ye not forsake me, that fair might you fall.  
 But they that sometime liked my company,  
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl :  
 Lo, what a proof in light adversity !  
     But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,  
     Ye be my friends, and very few else.



## THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,  
 The sun returns, that hid was under cloud,  
 And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,  
 I trust, good luck to me shall be allowed :  
 For I have seen a ship in haven fall,  
 After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud :  
     The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,  
     Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.



## THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

VENEMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen,  
 Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue :  
 Poison is also put in medicine,  
 And unto man his health doth oft renew :

The fire that all things eke consumeth clean  
 May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,  
 I trust sometime my harm may be my health,  
 Since every woe is joined with some wealth.



#### THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve decked with fresh array,  
 Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast,  
 The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play  
 Amid the press of worldly looks to waste,  
 Hath with it join'd oftentimes such bitter taste,  
 That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,  
 In prison joys fetter'd with chains of gold.



#### OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

STAND, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel  
 Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,  
 And use my life in quietness each dele,  
 Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys:  
 In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,  
 And when my years be past withouten noise,  
 Let me die old after the common trace;  
 For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,  
 That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas,  
 He dieth unknown, dased with dreadful face.

## THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE PRAYETH

THAT IT BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be without desert ;  
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true :  
For never yet, since that you had my heart,  
Intended I to false, or be untrue.  
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
Than break one word of that I promised you ;  
Accept therefore my service in good part :  
None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew,  
Hold them as false ; and let us not depart  
Our friendship old in hope of any new :  
Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,  
Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

## OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,  
Fair words enough a man shall find ;  
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,  
Their substance is but only wind ;  
But well to say and so to mean,  
That sweet accord is seldom seen.



## OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this deed,  
To danger myself without cause why,  
To trust the untrue not like to speed,  
To speak and promise faithfully :  
But now the proof doth verify,  
That whoso trusteth ere he know,  
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH  
YEA OR NAY.

MADAM, withouten many words,  
Once I am sure you will, or no :  
And if you will, then leave your bourds,  
And use your wit, and shew it so :  
For with a beck you shall me call ;  
And if of one, that burns alway,  
Ye have pity or ruth at all,  
Answer him fair with yea or nay.  
If it be yea, I shall be fain ;  
If it be nay, friends as before ;  
You shall another man obtain,  
And I mine own, and yours no more.

## ANSWER.

OF few words, Sir, you seem to be,  
And where I doubted what I would do  
Your quick request hath caused me  
Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.  
For he that will be called with a beck,  
Makes hasty suit on light desire :  
Is ever ready to the check,  
And burneth in no wasting fire.  
Therefore whether you be lief or loth,  
And whether it grieve you light or sore,  
I am at a point : I have made an oath,  
Content you with 'Nay;' for you get no more.

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF  
CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain  
Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose ;  
Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,  
To be a forger, faults for to disclose :  
Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,  
To set a gloss upon an earnest pain :  
Nor I am not in number one of those  
That list to blow retreat to every train.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE FOR

RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

SUFFICED not, Madam, that you did tear  
 My woful heart, but thus also to rent  
 The weeping paper that to you I sent;  
 Whereof each letter was written with a tear?  
 Could not my present pains, alas, suffice  
 Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel  
 Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel?  
 But new and new must to my lot arise.  
 Use then my death: So shall your cruelty,  
 Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart,  
 And I no more such torments of the heart  
 Feel as I do: This shall you gain thereby.



THE LOVER COMPLAINETH AND HIS LADY  
 COMFORTETH.

LOVER. It burneth yet, alas, my heart's desire.  
 LADY. What is the thing that hath inflamed thy  
 heart?  
 LOVER. A certain point as fervent as the fire.  
 LADY. The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt con-  
 vert.  
 LOVER. I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.  
 LADY. What may I do, if thyself cause thy smart?

LOVER. Hear my request, and rue my weeping  
chere.

LADY. With right good will, say on: lo, I thee hear.

LOVER. That thing would I, that maketh two content.  
[not.

LADY. Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may

LOVER. Would God, thou wouldst, as thou mayst,  
well assent.

LADY. That I may not the grief is mine, God wot.

LOVER. But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.

LADY. Suspect me not: my words be not forgot.

LOVER. Then, say, alas, shall I have help or no?

LADY. I see no time to answer yea, but no.

LOVER. Say yea, dear heart, and stand no more in  
doubt.

LADY. I may not grant a thing that is so dear.

LOVER. Lo, with delays thou drivest me still about.

LADY. Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth  
appear.  
[bleed out.

LOVER. First, may my heart his blood, and life

LADY. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbear.

LOVER. From day to day thus wastes my life away.

LADY. Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.

LOVER. Now good, say yea: do once so good a  
deed.

LADY. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?

LOVER. A heart in pain of succour so should  
speed:  
[renew.

'Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still  
My sweet, say yea; and do away this dread.

LADY. Thou wilt needs so: be it so; but then be  
true. [none.

LOVER. Nought would I else, nor other treasure  
Thus hearts be won by love, request, and  
moan.



THE LOVER SUSPECTED BLAMETH ILL  
TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved  
To have me in suspect,  
The truth it shall be proved,  
Which time shall once detect.

Though falsehood go about  
Of crime me to accuse,  
At length I do not doubt  
But truth shall me excuse.

Such sauce as they have served  
To me without desart,  
Even as they have deserved,  
Thereof God send them part.



OF HIS LOVE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,  
'Though it be turn'd and made in twain?  
It is mine Anna, God it wot,

The only causer of my pain ;  
My love that meedeth with disdain.  
Yet is it loved, what will you more ?  
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

---

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not ;  
And I received her gift which I took not ;  
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not ;  
And I received it, albeit, I could not :  
If she give it me, I force not ;  
And if she take it again, she cares not.  
Construe what this is, and tell not ;  
For I am fast sworn I may not.

---

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS  
ALWAY SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought  
helpeth ;  
Where power doth want, will must be won by  
wealth :  
For need will speed, where will works not his kind ;  
And gain thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find :  
For suit and gold, what do not they obtain ?  
Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

## T. WYATT OF LOVE.

LIKE as the wind with raging blast  
Doth cause each tree to bow and bend ;  
Even so do I spend my time in waste,  
My life consuming unto an end.

For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,  
And running streams consume the rain ;  
Even so do I myself desire  
To augment my grief and deadly pain.

Whereas I find that what is what,  
And cold is cold by course of kind,  
So shall I knit an endless knot ;  
Such fruit in love, alas ! I find.

When I foresaw those crystal streams,  
Whose beauty doth cause my mortal wound,  
I little thought within those beams  
So sweet a venom for to have found.

I feel and see my own decay ;  
As one that beareth flame in his breast,  
Forgetful thought to put away  
The thing that breedeth my unrest.

Like as the fly doth seek the flame,  
And afterward playeth in the fire,  
Who findeth her woe, and seeketh her game,  
Whose grief doth grow of her own desire.

Like as the spider doth draw her line,  
As labour lost so is my suit ;  
The gain is hers, the loss is mine :  
Of evil-sown seed such is the fruit.

## S A T I R E S .

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE, WRITTEN  
TO JOHN POINS.

MY mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,  
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse :  
That for because her livelode was but thin,  
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.  
She thought herself endured to grievous pain,  
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse ;  
That when the furrows swimm'd with the rain,  
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight ;  
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain  
To comfort her, when she her house had dight ;  
Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean ;  
For which she laboured hard both day and night,  
In harvest time, while she might go and glean.  
And when her store was stroyed with the flood,  
Then wellaway, for she undone was clean :  
Then was she fain to take, instead of food ;  
Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.  
' My sister,' quod she, ' hath a living good ;  
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.  
In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry  
In bed of down ; the dirt doth not defile  
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.  
Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost ;



And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry ;  
By sea, by land, of delicates the most,  
Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril :  
She feeds on boil'd meat, baked meat, and roast,  
And hath therefore no wit of charge nor travail.  
And when she list, the liquor of the grape  
Doth glad her heart till that her belly swell'  
And at this journey makes she but a jape,  
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth  
With her Sister her part so for to shape,  
That if she might there keep herself in health,  
To live a lady, while her life do last.  
And to the door now is she come by stealth ;  
And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.  
Th' other for fear durst not well scarce appear ;  
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.  
At last she asked softly who was there ;  
And in her language as well as she could,  
'Peep,' quod the other, 'Sister, I am here.'  
'Peace,' quod the town-mouse, 'why speakest thou  
so loud ?'  
And by the hand she took her fair and well.  
'Welcome,' quod she, 'my Sister, by the rood.'  
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell  
The fare they had, they drank the wine so clear ;  
And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
So cheered her with, 'How, Sister, what cheer ?'  
Amid this joy befell a sorry chance,  
That wellaway, the stranger bought full dear  
The fare she had. For as she look'd askance,

Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes  
In a round head, with sharp ears. In France  
Was never mouse so fear'd, for the unwise  
Had not yseen such a beast before.  
Yet had nature taught her after her guise  
To know her foe, and dread him evermore.  
The town mouse fled, she knew whither to go ;  
The other had no shift, but wonders sore ;  
Fear'd of her life, at home she wished her tho,  
And to the door, alas, as she did skip,  
The heaven it would, lo, and eke her chance was so  
At the threshold her sely foot did trip ;  
And ere she might recover it again,  
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,  
And made her there against her will remain,  
That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,  
For seeking wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

Alas, my Poins, how men do seek the best,  
And find the worst, by error as they stray ;  
And no marvel, when sight is so opprest,  
And blinds the guide, anon out of the way  
Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life.  
O wretched minds, there is no gold that may  
Grant that you seek, no war, no peace, no strife :  
No, no, although thy head were hoop'd with gold,  
Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,  
Cannot repulse the care that follow should.  
Each kind of life hath with him his disease :  
Live in delights even as thy lust would,  
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,

It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.  
A small thing is it that may thy mind appease?  
None of you all there is, that is so mad,  
To seek for grapes on brambles or on briers :  
Nor none I trow, that hath a wit so bad,  
To set his hay for coneyes over rivers ;  
Nor ye set not a drag-net for a hare.  
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,  
You do mis-seek with more travail and care.  
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted  
With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare  
From all affects, whom vice hath never spotted.  
Thyself content with that is thee assigned,  
And use it well that is to thee allotted ;  
Then seek no more out of thyself to find  
The thing that thou hast sought so long before :  
For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind.  
Made, if ye list to continue your sore,  
Let present pass, and gape on time to come,  
And deep thyself in travail more and more.  
Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and sum ;  
These wretched fools shall have nought else of me ;  
But, to the great God, and to his doom,  
None other pain pray I for them to be ;  
But when the rage doth lead them from the right,  
That looking backward Virtue they may see,  
Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright :  
And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,  
Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,  
To fret inward, for losing such a loss.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO  
JOHN POINS.

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know  
The causes why that homeward I me draw,  
And fly the press of Courts, where so they go;  
Rather than to live thrall under the awe  
Of lordly looks; wrapped within my cloak;  
To will and lust learning to set a law:  
It is not that because I scorn or mock  
The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent  
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke:  
But true it is that I have always meant  
Less to esteem them than the common sort,  
Of outward things that judge in their intent  
Without regard what inward doth resort.  
I grant, sometime of glory that the fire  
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report  
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.  
But how may I this honour now attain,  
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?  
My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to feign,  
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert  
Of them that list all vice for to retain.  
I cannot honour them that set their part  
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;  
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.

I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong ;  
To worship them like God on earth alone,  
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.  
I cannot with my words complain and moan,  
And suffer nought ; nor smart without complaint :  
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.  
I cannot speak and look like as a saint ;  
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure  
Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.  
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,  
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,  
And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.  
I am not he, that can allow the state  
Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,  
That with his death did scape out of the gate  
From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie ;  
And would not live where liberty was lost ;  
So did his heart the common wealth apply.  
I am not he, such eloquence to boast,  
To make the crow in singing as the swan ;  
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most ;  
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can :  
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,  
Call him Alexander ; and say that Pan  
Passeth Apollo in music manifold :  
Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,  
And scorn the story that the Knight told :  
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale ;  
Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway,  
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale

On others' lust to hang both night and day.  
None of these points could ever frame in me :  
My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.  
And much the less of things that greater be,  
That asken help of colours to devise :  
To join the mean with each extremity,  
With nearest virtue aye to clothe the vice :  
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,  
To press the virtue that it may not rise :  
As drunkenness good fellowship to call ;  
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,  
Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal ;  
Affirm that Favel hath a goodly grace  
In eloquence : and cruelty to name  
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place :  
And he that suffereth offence without blame,  
Call him pitiful ; and him true and plain,  
That railleth reckless unto each man's shame.  
Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign ;  
The lecher a lover ; and tyranny  
To be the right of a prince's reign :  
I cannot I, no, no, it will not be.  
This is the cause that I could never yet  
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,  
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit :  
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk ;  
And in foul weather at my book to sit ;  
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk ;  
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go :  
In lusty leas at liberty I walk ;

And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe ;  
 Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.  
 No force for that, for it is order'd so,  
 That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.  
 I am not now in France, to judge the wine ;  
 With savoury sauce those delicates to feel :  
 Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,  
 Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.  
 I meddle not with wits that be so fine ;  
 Nor Flander's cheer lets not my sight to deem  
 Of black, and white ; nor takes my wits away  
 With beastliness ; such do those beasts esteem,  
 Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey  
 For money, poison, and treason ; of some  
 A common practice, used night and day.  
 But I am here in Kent and Christendom,  
 Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme ;  
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,  
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.



HOW TO USE THE COURT AND HIMSELF  
 THEREIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRIAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway poureth out,  
 Had need to have a bringer-in as fast ;  
 And on the stone that still doth turn about,  
 There groweth no moss : these proverbs yet do last ;  
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place,  
 That length of years their force can never waste.

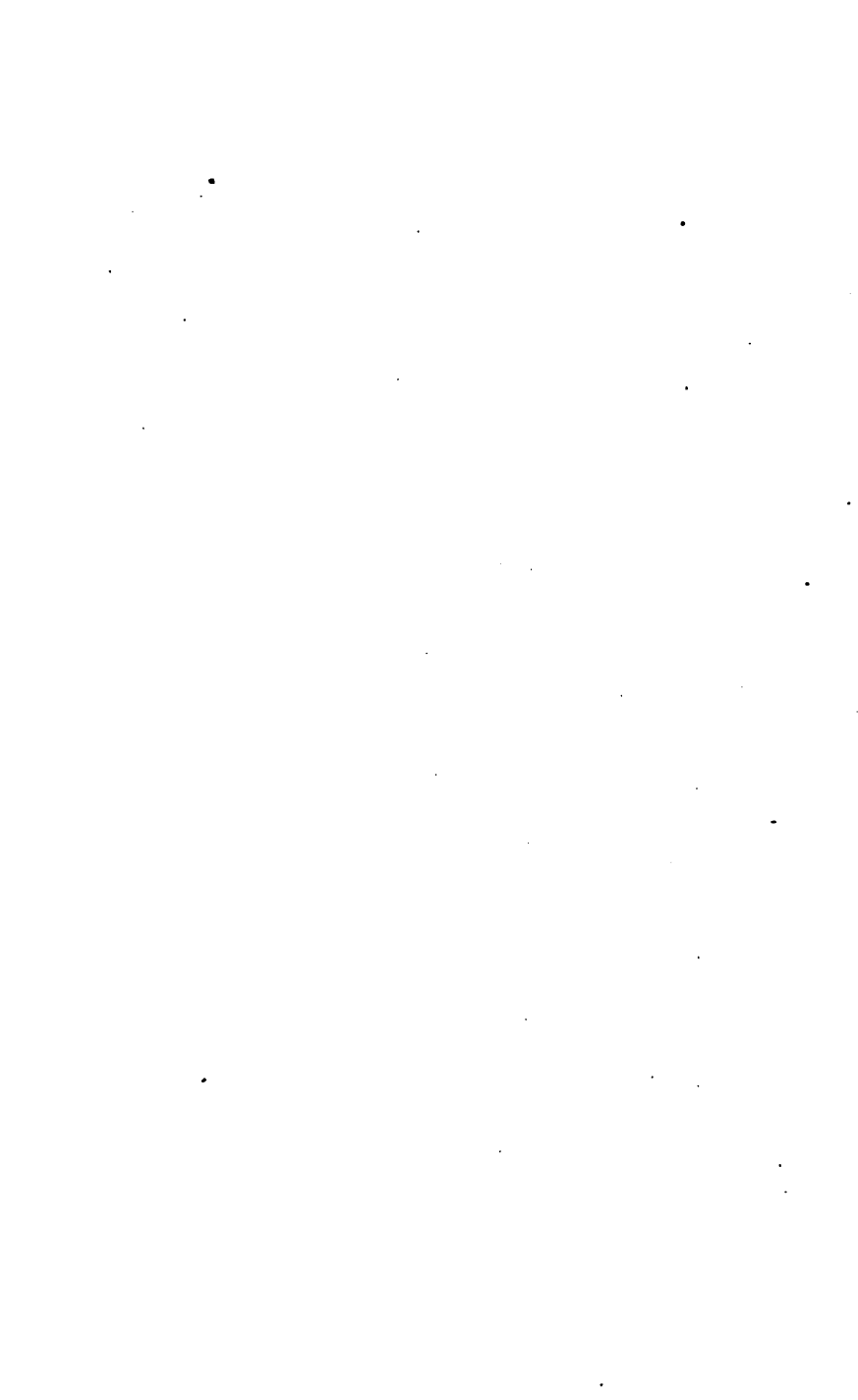
When I remember this, and eke the case  
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write,  
Brian, to thee, who knows how great a grace  
In writing is, to counsel man the right.  
To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,  
And never rests ; but running day and night  
From realm to realm, from city, street, and town ;  
Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones ?  
And mightst at home sleep in thy bed of down :  
And drink good ale so nappy for the nones ;  
Feed thyself fat ; and heap up pound by pound.  
Likest thou not this ? No. Why ? For swine so  
groins

In sty ; and chaw dung moulded on the ground ;  
And drivel on pearls, with head still in the manger :  
So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound :  
So sacks of dirt be fill'd. The neat courtier  
So serves for less than do these fatted swine.  
Though I seem lean and dry, withouten moisture,  
Yet will I serve my prince, my lord and thine ;  
And let them live to feed the paunch that list ;  
So I may live to feed both me and mine.  
By God, well said. But what and if thou wist  
How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend,  
That would I learn. And it shall not be miss'd  
To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend :  
Thou knowest well first, whoso can seek to please,  
Shall purchase friends, where truth shall but offend  
Flee therefore truth, it is both wealth and ease.  
For though that truth of every man hath praise,



Full near that wind goeth truth in great misease.  
Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,  
In word alone, to make thy language sweet:  
And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;  
Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet  
To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant,  
Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet.  
Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want,  
Unless it be as to a calf a cheese:  
But if thou can be sure to win a cant  
Of half at least. It is not good to leese.  
Learn at the lad, that in a long white coat,  
From under the stall, withouten lands or fees,  
Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote  
This rule that I have told thee here before.  
Some time also rich age begins to dote;  
See thou when there thy gain may be the more:  
Stay him by the arm whereso he walk or go;  
Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,  
What he hath spit tread out; and please him so.  
A diligent knave that picks his master's purse  
May please him so, that he, withouten mo',  
Executor is: And what is he the worse?  
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,  
The widow may for all thy pain disburse:  
A riveled skin, a stinking breath; what then?  
A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm;  
The gold is good: and though she curse or ban,  
Yet where thee list thou mayst lie good and warm;  
Let the old mule bite upon the bridle,

Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thy arm.  
In this also see that thou be not idle,  
Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,  
If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,  
If thy better hath her love besought her,  
Avance his cause, and he shall help thy need :  
It is but love, turn thou it to a laughter.  
But ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,  
That in this case thou be not so unwise  
As Pander was in such a like deed ;  
For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,  
That he no gain would have for all his pain :  
Be next thyself, for friendship bears no price.  
Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?  
No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest :  
Wouldst thou, I should, for any loss or gain  
Change that for gold that I have ta'en for best  
Next godly things, to have an honest name?  
Should I leave that? then take me for a beast.  
Nay then, farewell, and if thou care for shame,  
Content thee then with honest poverty ;  
With free tongue what thee mislikes, to blame,  
And for thy truth, sometime adversity.  
And therewithal this gift I shall thee give,  
In this world now little prosperity ;  
And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.



**PENITENTIAL PSALMS.**



## DEDICATION.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD,  
WILLIAM MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON,  
EARL OF ESSEX, BARON OF KENDAL, LORD PARR,  
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER  
YOUR MOST BOUNDEN ORATOR AT COMMANDMENT,  
JOHN HARRINGTON, WISHEETH HEALTH AND  
PROSPERITY WITH INCREASE OF VIRTUE, AND THE  
MERCY OF GOD FOR EVER.

CONSIDERING the manifold duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good Lordship, right honourable and my singular good Lord, I cannot but see infinite causes why I, chiefly of all others, ought with all cheerful and ready endeavour to gratify your good Lordship by all means possible, and to apply myself wholly to the same, as one that would gladly, but can by no means be able to do accordingly as his bounden duty requireth: I cannot, I say, but see and acknowledge myself bounden, and not able to do such service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefits that your noble progenitors, and also your good Lordship hath shewed unto my parents and predecessors, and also to myself, as to one least able

to do any acceptable service, though the will be at all times most ready. In token whereof, your Lordship shall at all times perceive by simple things that my little wit shall be able to invent, that if mine heart could do you any service, no labour or travail should withhold me from doing my duty; and that if busy labour and the heart might be able to pay the duty that love oweth, your Lordship should in no point find me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready will, I have dedicated unto your name this little treatise, which, after I had perused and by the advice of others (better learned than myself) determined to put it in print, that the noble fame of so worthy a Knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyatt, should not perish but remain, as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's work than your Lordship, whom I have always known to be of so godly a zeal to the furtherance of God's holy and sacred Gospel, most humbly beseeching your good Lordship herein to accept my good will, and to esteem me as one that wisheth unto the same all honour, health, and prosperous success. Amen.

Your good Lordship's

most humble at commandment,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

## PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

H. S.

The great Macedon that out of Persia chased  
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang;  
In the rich ark if Homer's rhymes he placed,  
Who feigned gests of heathen princes sang;  
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture  
To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase,  
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,  
The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace  
Of just David by perfect penitence;  
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clear,  
The bitter fruits of false concupiscence,  
How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.  
In-princes hearts God's scourge y-printed deep,  
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

### THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR.

LOVE, to give law unto his subjects' hearts,  
Stood in the eyes of Batsabé the bright;  
And in a look anon himself converts  
Cruelly pleasant before King David's sight,  
First dazed his eyes, and further-forth he starts  
With venom'd breath, as softly as he might  
Touches his sinews, and overruns his bones  
With creeping fire, sparkled for the nones.



And when he saw that kindled was the flame,  
The moist poison in his heart he lanced,  
So that the soul did tremble with the same ;  
And in this brawl as he stood entranced,  
Yielding unto the figure and the frame,  
That those fair eyes had in his presence glanced ;  
The form, that Love had printed in his breast,  
He honoureth as a thing of thinges best.

So that, forgot the wisdom and forecast,  
Which woe to realms, when that the King doth  
lack ;

Forgetting eke God's Majesty as fast,  
Yea and his own ; forthwith he doth to make  
Urie to go into the field in haste,  
Urie, I say, that was his jewel's make,  
Under pretence of certain victory,  
For the enemies' swords a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubt,  
Whom more than God or himself he mindeth :  
And after he had brought this thing about,  
And of that lust possess'd himself, he findeth  
That hath and doth reverse and clean turn out  
Kings from kingdoms, and cities undermineth ;  
He blinded thinks, this train so blind and close,  
To blind all things, that nought may it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this treachery,  
With rueful cheer ; and sets afore his face

The great offence, outrage, and injury,  
That he hath done to God, as in this case,  
By murder for to cloak adultery :  
He sheweth eke from heaven the threats, alas !  
So sternly sore this Prophet, this Nathan,  
That all amazed was this woful man.

Like him that meets with horror and with fear ;  
The heat doth straight forsake the limbes cold,  
The colour eke droopeth down from his cheer ;  
So doth he feel his fire manifold,  
His heat, his lust, his pleasure all in fere  
Consume and waste : and straight his crown of gold,  
His purple pall, his sceptre he lets fall,  
And to the ground he throweth himself withal.

Then pompous pride of state, and dignity  
Forthwith rebates repentant humbleness :  
Thinner vile cloth than clotheth poverty  
Doth scantly hide and clad his nakedness :  
His fair hoar beard of reverent gravity,  
With ruffled hair, knowing his wickedness :  
More like was he the selfsame repentance  
Than stately prince of worldly governance.

His harp he taketh in hand to be his guide,  
Wherewith he offereth plaints, his soul to save,  
That from his heart distills on every side.  
Withdrawing himself into a dark deep cave

Within the ground, wherein he might him hide,  
 Flying the light, as in prison or grave ;  
 In which, as soon as David entered had,  
 The dark horror did make his soul adrad.

But he, without prolonging or delay  
 Of that, which might his Lord his God appease,  
 Falleth on his knees, and with his harp, I say,  
 Afore his breast yfraughted with disease  
 Of stormy sighs, deep draughts of his decay,  
 Dressed upright, seeking to counterpoise  
 His song with sighs, and touching of the strings,  
 With tender heart, lo, thus to God he sings.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE.\*

O LORD ! since in my mouth thy mighty name  
 Suffereth itself, my Lord, to name and call,  
 Here hath my heart hope taken by the same ;  
 That the repentance, which I have and shall,  
 May at thy hand seek mercy, as the thing  
 Of only comfort of wretched sinners all :  
 Whereby I dare with humble bemoaning,  
 By thy goodness, this thing of thee require :  
 Chastise me not for my deserving  
 According to thy just conceived ire.  
 O Lord ! I dread : and that I did not dread  
 I me repent ; and evermore desire

\* Psalm vi.

Thee Thee to dread. I open here, and spread  
My fault to thee : but thou, for thy goodness,  
Measure it not in largeness, nor in breade :  
Punish it not as asketh the greatness  
Of thy furor, provoked by mine offence.  
Temper, O Lord, the harm of my excess,  
With mending will, that I for recompense  
Prepare again : and rather pity me ;  
For I am weak, and clean without defence ;  
More is the need I have of remedy.  
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure ;  
The sheep that strayeth the shepherd seeks to see.  
I, Lord, am stray'd ; and, seke \* without recure,  
Feel all my limbs, that have rebelled, for fear  
Shake in despair, unless thou me assure :  
My flesh is troubled, my heart doth fear the spear.  
That dread of death, of death that ever lasts,  
Threateth of right, and draweth near and near.  
Much more my soul is troubled by the blasts  
Of these assaults, that come as thick as hail,  
Of worldly vanities, that temptation casts  
Against the bulwark of the fleshe frail.  
Wherein the soul in great perplexity  
Feeleth the senses with them that assail  
Conspire, corrupt by pleasure and vanity :  
Whereby the wretch doth to the shade resort  
Of hope in Thee, in this extremity.  
But thou, O Lord, how long after this sort  
Forbearest thou to see my misery ?

\* sick.

Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort  
Fear, and not feel that thou forgettest me.  
Return, O Lord : O Lord, I thee beseech !  
Unto thy old wonted benignity.  
Reduce, revive my soul : be thou the leche ;  
And reconcile the great hatred, and strife,  
That it hath ta'en against the flesh ; the wretch  
That stirred hath thy wrath by filthy life.  
See how my soul doth fret it to the bones :  
Inward remorse, so sharpeth it like a knife,  
That but Thou help the caitiff, that bemoans  
His great offence, it turneth anon to dust.  
Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones ;  
For if thy righteous hand, that is so just,  
Suffer no sin, or strike with dampnation,  
Thy infinite mercy want nedes it must  
Subject matter for his operation :  
For that in death there is no memory  
Among the dampned, nor yet no mention  
Of thy great name, ground of all glory.  
Then if I die, and go whereas I fear  
To think thereon, how shall thy great mercy  
Sound in my mouth unto the worldes ear ?  
For there is none, that can Thee laud, and love,  
For that thou wilt no love among them there.  
Suffer my cries the mercy for, to move,  
That wonted is a hundred years' offence  
In a moment of repentance to remove.  
How oft have I called up with diligence  
This slothful flesh long afore the day

For to confess his fault, and negligence ;  
That to the den, for aught that I could say,  
Hath still returned to shrowd himself from cold ?  
Whereby it suffereth now for such delay,  
By mighty pains, instead of pleasures old.  
I wash my bed with tears continual  
To dull my sight, that it be never bold  
To stir my heart again to such a fall.  
Thus dry I up, among my foes, in woe,  
That with my fall do rise, and grow withal,  
And me beset even now where I am, so  
With secret traps, to trouble my penance.  
Some do present to my weeping eyes, lo,  
The cheer, the manner, beauty, or countenance  
Of her, whose look, alas ! did make me blind :  
Some other offer to my remembrance  
Those pleasant words, now bitter to my mind :  
And some shew me the power of my armour,  
Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assign'd  
Double diadem : some shew the favour  
Of people frail, palace, pomp, and riches.  
To these mermaids, and their baits of error  
I stop my ears, with help of thy goodness.  
And for I feel, it cometh alone of Thee  
That to my heart these foes have none access,  
I dare them bid, Avoid, wretches, and flee ;  
The Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint ;  
Your engines take no more effect in me :  
The Lord hath heard, I say, and seen me faint  
Under your hand, and pitieth my distress.

He shall do make my senses, by constraint,  
 Obey the rule, that reason shall express :  
 Where the deceit of that your glosing bait  
 Made them usurp a power in all excess.  
 Shamed be they all, that so do lie in wait  
 To compass me, by missing of their prey !  
 Shame and rebuke redound to such deceit !  
 Sudden confusion, as stroke without delay,  
 Shall so deface their crafty suggestion,  
 That they to hurt my health no more assay  
 Since I, O Lord, remain in thy protection.



THE AUTHOR.

WHOSO hath seen the sick in his fever,  
 After truce taken with the heat or cold,  
 And that the fit is past of his fervour,  
 Draw fainting sighs ; let him, I say, behold  
 Sorrowful David, after his langour,  
 That with his tears, that from his eyen down roll'd,  
 Paused his plaint, and laid adown his harp,  
 Faithful record of all his sorrows sharp.

It seemed now that of his fault the horror  
 Did make afear'd no more his hope of grace ;  
 The threats whereof in horrible terror  
 Did hold his heart as in despair a space,  
 Till he had will'd to seek for his succour ;

Himself accusing, beknowing his case,  
Thinking so best his Lord to appease,  
And not yet healed he feeleth his disease.

Now seemeth fearful no more the dark cave,  
That erst did make his soul for to tremble ;  
A place devout, of refuge for to save  
The succourless it rather doth resemble :  
For who had seen so kneeling within the grave  
The chief pastor of the Hebrews' assemble,  
Would judge it made by tears of penitence  
A sacred place worthy of reverence.

With vapour'd eyes he looketh here and there,  
And when he hath a while himself bethought,  
Gathering his spirits, that were dismay'd for fear,  
His harp again into his hand he raught,  
Tuning accord by judgment of his ear,  
His heart's bottom for a sigh he sought ;  
And therewithal upon the hollow tree  
With strained voice again thus crieth he.

BEATI, QUORUM REMISSE SUNT INIQUITATES.\*

OH! happy are they that have forgiveness got  
Of their offence, not by their penitence  
As by merit, which recompenseth not ;  
Although that yet pardon hath not offence

\* Psalm xxxii.



Without the same ; but by the goodness  
Of Him that hath perfect intelligence  
Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness  
Of sin within a merciful discharge.  
And happy are they that have the wilfulness  
Of lust restrain'd afore it went at large,  
Provoked by the dread of God's furor ;  
Whereby they have not on their backs the charge  
Of others' faults to suffer the dolor ;  
For that their fault was never execute  
In open sight, example of error.  
And happy is he to whom God doth impute  
No more his fault, by knowledging his sin :  
But cleansed now the Lord doth him repute ;  
As adder fresh new stripped from his skin :  
Nor in his sprite is aught undiscover'd.  
I, for because I hid it still within,  
Thinking by state in fault to be preferr'd,  
Do find by hiding of my fault my harm ;  
As he that findeth his health hindered  
By secret wound concealed from the charm  
Of leech's cure, that else had had redress ;  
And feel my bones consume, and wax unfirm  
By daily rage, roaring in excess.  
Thy heavy hand on me was so increased  
Both day and night, and held my heart in press,  
With pricking thoughts bereaving me my rest ;  
That withered is my lustiness away,  
As summer heats that have the green oppress'd.  
Wherefore I did another way assay,

And sought forthwith to open in thy sight  
My fault, my fear, my filthiness, I say,  
And not to hide from Thee my great unright.  
I shall, quoth I, against myself confess  
Unto thee, Lord, all my sinful plight:  
And thou forthwith didst wash the wickedness  
Of mine offence. Of truth right thus it is,  
Wherefore they, that have tasted thy goodness,  
At me shall take example as of this,  
And pray, and seek in time for time of grace.  
Then shall the storms and floods of harm him miss,  
And him to reach shall never have the space.  
Thou art my refuge, and only safeguard  
From the troubles that compass me the place.  
Such joys as he that scapes his enemies ward  
With loosed bands, hath in his liberty;  
Such is my joy, thou hast to me prepared.  
That, as the seaman in his jeopardy  
By sudden light perceived hath the port;  
So by thy great merciful property  
Within thy book thus read I my comfort:  
'I shall thee teach, and give understanding,  
And point to thee what way thou shalt resort  
For thy address, to keep thee from wandering:  
Mine eyes shall take the charge to be thy guide:  
I ask thereto of thee only this thing,  
Be not like horse, or mule, that men do ride,  
That not alone doth not his master know,  
But for the good thou dost him must be tied,  
And bridled least his guide he bite or throw.'

Oh! diverse are the chastisings of sin  
In meat, in drink, in breath, that man doth blow,  
In sleep, in watch, in fretting still within :  
That never suffer rest unto the mind  
Fill'd with offence ; that new and new begin  
With thousand fears the heart to strain and bind :  
But for all this, he that in God doth trust  
With mercy shall himself defended find.  
Joy and rejoice, I say, you that be just  
In Him, that maketh and holdeth you so still :  
In Him your glory always set you must,  
All you that be of upright heart and will.



#### THE AUTHOR.

THIS song ended, David did stint his voice ;  
And in that while he about with his eye  
Did seek the dark cave ; with which, withouten noise.  
His silence seemed to argue, and reply  
Upon his peace this peace, that did rejoice  
The soul with mercy, that mercy so did call,  
And found mercy at plentiful Mercy's hand,  
Never denied, but where it was withstand.

As the servant that in his master's face  
Finding pardon of his passed offence,  
Considering his great goodness and his grace,  
Glad tears distills, as gladsome recompense :

Right so David seemed in the place  
 A marble image of singular reverence,  
 Carved in the rock, with eyes and hand on high  
 Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

This while a beam that bright sun forth sendeth,  
 That sun, the which was never cloud could hide,  
 Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descendeth :  
 Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,  
 And such lustre upon the harp extendeth,  
 As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,  
 The lome whereof into his eyes did start,  
 Surprised with joy by penance of the heart.

He then inflamed with far more hot affect  
 Of God, than he was erst of Batsabè,  
 His left foot did on the earth erect,  
 And just thereby remaineth the other knee ;  
 To the left side his weight he doth direct :  
 For hope of health his harp again taketh he ;  
 His hand, his tune, his mind eke sought this lay,  
 Which to the Lord with sober voice did say,

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE TUO.\*

O LORD ! as I have thee both pray'd, and pray,  
 (Although in Thee be no alteration.  
 But that we men, like as ourselves, we say,  
 Measuring thy justice by our mutation)

\* Psalm xxxviii.

Chastise me not, O Lord! in thy furor,  
Nor me correct in wrathful castigation:  
For that thy arrows of fear, of terror,  
Of sword, of sickness, of famine, and of fire,  
Stick deep in me: I, lo! from mine error,  
Am plunged up; as horse out of the mire  
With stroke of spur; such is thy hand on me,  
That in my flesh, for terror of thy ire,  
Is not one point of firm stability;  
Nor in my bones there is no steadfastness:  
Such is my dread of mutability;  
For that I know my frailful wickedness.  
For why? my sins above my head are bound,  
Like heavy weight, that doth my force oppress;  
Under the which I stoop and bow to the ground,  
As willow plant haled by violence.  
And of my flesh each not well cured wound,  
That fester'd is by folly and negligence,  
By secret lust hath rankled under skin,  
Not duly cured by my penitence.  
Perceiving thus the tyranny of sin,  
That with his weight hath humbled and depress'd  
My pride; by gnawing of the worm within,  
That never dieth, I live withouten rest.  
So are my entrails infect with fervent sore,  
Feeding the harm that hath my wealth oppress'd,  
That in my flesh is left no health therefore.  
So wondrous great hath been my vexation,  
That it hath forced my heart to cry and roar.  
O Lord! thou knowest the inward contemplation

Of my desire: thou knowest my sighs and plaints  
Thou knowest the tears of my lamentation  
Cannot express my heart's inward restraints.  
My heart panteth, my force I feel it quail;  
My sight, my eyes, my look decays and faints.  
And when mine enemies did me most assail,  
My friends most sure, wherein I set most trust,  
Mine own virtues, soonest then did fail  
And stand apart; reason and wit unjust,  
As kin unkind, were farthest gone at need:  
So had they place their venom out to thrust,  
That sought my death by naughty word and deed.  
Their tongues reproach, their wit did fraud apply,  
And I, like deaf and dumb, forth my way yede,  
Like one that hears not, nor hath to reply  
One word again; knowing that from thine hand  
These things proceed, and thou, Lord, shalt supply  
My trust in that, wherein I stick and stand.  
Yet have I had great cause to dread and fear,  
That thou wouldst give my foes the over hand;  
For in my fall they shewed such pleasant cheer.  
And therewithal I alway in the lash  
Abide the stroke; and with me every where  
I bear my fault, that greatly doth abash  
My doleful cheer; for I my fault confess,  
And my desert doth all my comfort dash.  
In the mean while mine enemies still increase;  
And my provokers hereby do augment,  
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:  
In evil for good against me they be bent,

And hinder shall my good pursuit of grace.  
Lo! now, my God, that seest my whole intent!  
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;  
Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.  
Haste to my help; haste, Lord, and haste apace,  
O Lord, the Lord of all my health alone.



## THE AUTHOR.

LIKE as the pilgrim, that in a long way  
Fainting for heat, provoked by some wind,  
In some fresh shade lieth down at mid of day:  
So doth of David the wearied voice and mind  
Take breath of sighs, when he had sung this lay,  
Under such shade as sorrow hath assign'd:  
And as the one still minds his voyage end,  
So doth the other to mercy still pretend.

On sonour chords his fingers he extends,  
Without hearing or judgment of the sound:  
Down from his eyes a stream of tears descends,  
Without feeling, that trickle on the ground.  
As he that bleeds in bain right so intends  
The alter'd senses to that that they are bound.  
But sigh and weep he can none other thing,  
And look up still unto the heavens' King.

But who had been without the cave's mouth  
And heard the tears and sighs that him did strain,

He would have sworn there had out of the south  
 A lukewarm wind brought forth a smoky rain.  
 But that so close the cave was and uncouth  
 That none but God was record of his pain,  
 Else had the wind blown in all Israel's ears  
 Of their King the woful plaint and tears.

Of which some part when he up supped had,  
 Like as he, whom his own thought affrays,  
 He turns his look ; him seemeth that the shade  
 Of his offence again his force assays  
 By violent despair on him to lade ;  
 Starting like him, whom sudden fear dismays,  
 His voice he strains, and from his heart out brings  
 This song, that I note \* whether he cries or sings.

## MISERERE MEI, DEUS.†

RUE on me, Lord, for thy goodness and grace,  
 That of thy nature art so bountiful ;  
 For that goodness that in the world doth brace  
 Repugnant natures in quiet wonderful ;  
 And for thy mercies number without end  
 In heaven and earth perceived so plentiful,  
 That over all they do themselves extend,  
 For those mercies much more than man can sin,  
 Do away my sins, that so thy grace offend  
 Ofttimes again. Wash, wash me well within,

\* i. e., ne wote, know not.

† Psalm li.



And from my sin, that thus makes me afraid,  
Make thou me clean, as aye thy wont hath been.  
For unto Thee no number can be laid  
For to prescribe remissions of offence  
In hearts returned, as thou thyself hast said;  
And I beknow my fault, my negligence:  
And in my sight my sin is fixed fast,  
Thereof to have more perfect penitence.  
To Thee alone, to Thee have I trespass'd;  
For none can measure my fault but thou alone:  
For in thy sight, I have not been aghast  
For to offend; judging thy sight as none,  
So that my fault were hid from sight of man;  
Thy majesty so from my mind was gone.  
This know I, and repent; pardon Thou then;  
Whereby Thou shalt keep still thy word stable,  
Thy justice pure and clean, because that when  
I pardoned am, that forthwith justly able  
Just I am judged by justice of thy grace.  
For I myself, lo! thing most unstable.  
Formed in offence, conceived in like case,  
Am nought but sin from my nativity.  
Be not these said for mine excuse, alas!  
But of thy help to shew necessity:  
For, lo! Thou lovest truth of the inward heart,  
Which yet doth live in my fidelity,  
Though I have fallen by faulty overthwart:  
For wilful malice led me not the way  
So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart.  
Wherefore, O Lord, as thou hast done alway,

Teach me the hidden wisdom of thy lore ;  
Since that my faith doth not yet decay.  
And, as the Jews do heal the leper sore,  
With hissop cleanse, cleanse me and I am clean.  
Thou shalt me wash, and more than snow therefore  
I shall be white, how foul my fault hath been.  
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tidings bring,  
When from above remission shall be seen  
Descend on earth ; then shall for joy up spring  
The bones, that were before consumed to dust.  
Look not, O Lord ! upon mine offending,  
But do away my deeds that are unjust.  
Make a clean heart in the middle of my breast  
With spirit upright voided from filthy lust.  
From thine eyes cure cast me not in unrest,  
Nor take from me thy Spirit of Holiness.  
Render to me joy of thy help and rest :  
My will confirm with the Spirit of Steadfastness ;  
And by this shall these godly things ensue,  
Sinners I shall into thy ways address :  
They shall return to Thee, and thy grace sue.  
My tongue shall praise thy justification ;  
My mouth shall spread thy glorious praises true.  
But of thyself, O God, this operation  
It must proceed ; by purging me from blood,  
Among the just that I may have relation :  
And of thy lauds for to let out the flood,  
Thou must, O Lord, my lips first unloose.  
For if thou hadst esteemed pleasant good  
The outward deeds, that outward men disclose,

I would have offer'd unto Thee sacrifice :  
 But thou delightest not in no such glose  
 Of outward deed, as men dream and devise.  
 The sacrifice that the Lord liketh most  
 Is spirit contrite : low heart in humble wise  
 Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasant host.  
 Make Sion, Lord, according to thy will  
 Inward Sion, the Sion of the ghost :  
 Of heart's Jerusalem strength the walls still :  
 Then shalt Thou take for good the outward deeds,  
 As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfill.  
 Of Thee alone thus all our good proceeds.



#### THE AUTHOR.

OF deep secrets, that David there did sing,  
 Of Mercy, of Faith, of Frailty, of Grace ;  
 Of God's goodness, and of Justifying  
 The greatness did so astonny himself apace,  
 As who might say, Who hath expressed this thing ?  
 I sinner, I, what have I said ? alas !  
 That God's goodness would in my song entreat,  
 Let me again consider and repeat.

And so he doth, but not expressed by word ;  
 But in his heart he turneth oft and paiseth  
 Each word, that erst his lips might forth afford :  
 He pants, he pauseth, he wonders, he praiseth

The Mercy, that hideth of Justice the sword :  
The Justice that so his promise accomplisheth  
For his word's sake to worthless desert,  
That gratis his grace to men doth depart.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure  
Measureless mercy to measureless fault,  
To prodigal sinners infinite treasure,  
Treasure celestial, that never shall default :  
Yea, when that sin shall fail, and may not dure,  
Mercy shall reign, against whom shall no assault  
Of hell prevail : by whom, lo ! at this day  
Of Heaven gates Remission is the key.

And when David had pondered well and tried,  
And seeth himself not utterly deprived  
From light of Grace, that dark of sin did hide,  
He findeth his hope much therewith revived ;  
He dare importune the Lord on every side,  
For he knoweth well that to Mercy is ascribed  
Respectless labour, importune, cry, and call ;  
And thus beginneth his song therewithal :

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.\*

LORD, hear my prayer, and let my cry pass  
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
Do not from me, turn thy merciful face,  
Unto myself leaving my government.

\* Psalm cii.

In time of trouble and adversity  
Incline unto me thine ear and thine intent.  
And when I call, help my necessity ;  
Readily grant the effect of my desire :  
These bold demands do please thy Majesty :  
And eke my case such haste doth well require.  
For like as smoke my days are past away,  
My bones dried up, as furnace with the fire ;  
My heart, my mind is wither'd up like hay ;  
Because I have forgot to take my bread,  
My bread of life, the word of Truth, I say.  
And for my plaintful sighs and for my dread,  
My bones, my strength, my very force of mind  
Cleaved to the flesh, and from the spirit were fled,  
As desperate thy mercy for to find.  
So made I me the solen pelican,  
And like the owl, that flieth by proper kind  
Light of the day, and hath herself beta'en  
To ruin life out of all company,  
With waker care, that with this woe began,  
Like the sparrow was I solitary,  
That sits alone under the houses' eaves.  
This while my foes conspired continually,  
And did provoke the harm of my disease.  
Wherefore like ashes my bread did me savour ;  
Of thy just word the taste might not me please :  
Wherefore my drink I temper'd with liquor  
Of weeping tears, that from mine eyes did rain,  
Because I know the wrath of thy furor,  
Provoked by right, had of my pride disdain.

For thou didst lift me up to throw me down ;  
To teach me how to know myself again :  
Whereby I knew that helpless I should drown.  
My days like shadow decline, and I do cry :  
And Thee for ever eternity doth crown ;  
World without end doth last thy memory.  
For this frailty, that yoketh all mankind,  
Thou shalt awake, and rue this misery :  
Rue on Sion, Sion that as I find  
Is the people that live under thy law.  
For now is time, the time at hand assign'd,  
The time so long that thy servants draw  
In great desire to see that pleasant day ;  
Day of redeeming Sion from sin's awe.  
For they have ruth to see in such decay  
In dust and stones this wretched Sion lower.  
Then the Gentiles shall dread thy name alway ;  
All earthly kings thy glory shall honour,  
Then, when thy grace thy Sion thus redeemeth,  
When thus Thou hast declared thy mighty power.  
The lord his servants wishes so esteemeth  
That He him turneth unto the poor's request.  
To our descent this to be written seemeth,  
Of all comforts as consolation best :  
And they, that then shall be regenerate,  
Shall praise the Lord therefore, both most and least.  
For He hath look'd from the height of his estate,  
The Lord from heaven in earth hath look'd on us,  
To hear the moan of them that are algate  
In foul bondage ; to loose, and to discuss

The sons of death out from their deadly bond ;  
 To give thereby occasion glorious  
 In this Sion his holy name to stand ;  
 And in Jerusalem his lauds, lasting aye,  
 When in one Church the people of the land  
 And realms been gather'd to serve, to laud, to pray  
 The Lord above, so just and merciful.  
 But to this samble \* running in the way,  
 My strength faileth to reach it at the full.  
 He hath abridged my days, they may not dure  
 To see that term, that term so wonderful :  
 Although I have with hearty will, and cure,  
 Pray'd to the Lord, take me not, Lord, away  
 In midst of my years : though thine ever sure  
 Remain eterne, whom time cannot decay.  
 Thou wrought'st the earth, thy hands the heavens  
     did make :  
 They shall perish, and thou shalt last alway ;  
 And all things age shall wear, and overtake,  
 Like cloth, and Thou shalt change them like apparel.  
 Turn, and translate, and thou in worth it take ;  
 But Thou thyself thyself remainest well  
 That Thou wast erst, and shalt thy years extend.  
 Then, since to this there may no thing rebel,  
 The greatest comfort that I can pretend,  
 Is that the children of thy servants dear,  
 That in thy word are got, shall without end  
 Before thy face be stablish'd all in fear.

\* assembly.

## THE AUTHOR.

WHEN David had perceived in his breast  
The Spirit of God return, that was exiled;  
Because he knew he hath alone express'd  
These same great things, that greater Spirit com-  
piled;

As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd,  
By music's art forged tofore and filed;  
I say when David had perceived this,  
The spirit of comfort in him revived is.

For thereupon he maketh argument  
Of reconciling unto the Lord's grace;  
Although sometime to prophesy have lent  
Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.  
But our David judgeth in his intent  
Himself by penance, clean out of this case,  
Whereby he hath remission of offence,  
And ginneth to allow his pain and penitence.

But when he weigheth the fault, and recompense,  
He damneth this his deed and findeth plain  
Atween them two no whit equivalence;  
Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain  
To bear the name of rightful penitence;  
Which is alone the heart returned again,  
And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;  
And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.



With this he doth defend the sly assault  
 Of vain allowance of his own desert ;  
 And all the glory of his forgiven fault  
 To God alone he doth it whole convert ;  
 His own merit he findeth in default :  
 And whilst he pondereth these things in his heart,  
 His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,  
 When he his song again thus did begin.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.\*

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep despair,  
 From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,  
 From this deep cave, of darkness deep repair,  
 Thee have I called, O Lord, to be my borrow.  
 Thou in my voice, O Lord, perceive and hear  
 My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,  
 My will to rise : and let by grant appear,  
 That to my voice thine ears do well attend ;  
 No place so far, that to Thee is not near ;  
 No depth so deep, that thou ne mayst extend  
 Thine ear thereto ; hear then my woful plaint :  
 For, Lord, if thou observe what men offend,  
 And put thy native mercy in restraint ;  
 If just exaction demand recompense ;  
 Who may endure, O Lord ? who shall not faint  
 At such accompt ? so dread, not reverence  
 Should reign at large. But thou seekest rather love

\* Psalm cxxx.

For in thy hand is Mercy's residence ;  
 By hope whereof Thou dost our hearts eke move.  
 I in the Lord have set my confidence :  
 My soul such trust doth evermore approve :  
 Thy holy word of eterne excellence,  
 Thy mercy's promise, that is always just,  
 Have been my stay, my pillar, and defence.  
 My soul in God hath more desirous trust,  
 Than hath the watchman looking for the day,  
 For his relief, to quench of sleep the thrust.  
 Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway ;  
 For grace and favour are his property :  
 Plenteous ransom shall come with him, I say,  
 And shall redeem all our iniquity.



#### THE AUTHOR.

THIS word Redeem, that in his mouth did sound,  
 Did put David, it seemeth unto me,  
 As in a trance, to stare upon the ground,  
 And with his thought the height of heaven to see :  
 Where he beholds the Word that should confound  
 The word of death, by humility to be  
 In mortal maid, in mortal habit made,  
 Eternity in mortal vail to shade.

He seeth that Word, when full ripe time should  
     come,  
 Do away that vail by fervent affection,

Torn of with death, for Death should have her doom,  
And leapeth lighter from such corruption :  
The glute of light, that in the air doth lome,  
Man redeemeth, death hath her destruction :  
That mortal veil hath immortality ;  
To David assurance of his iniquity.

Whereby he frames this reason in his heart,  
That goodness, which doth not forbear his son  
From death for me, and can thereby convert  
My death to life, my sin to salvation,  
Both can and will a smaller grace depart  
To him, that sueth by humble supplication :  
And since I have his larger grace assay'd,  
To ask this thing why am I then afraid ?

He granteth most to them that most do crave,  
And He delights in suit without respect.  
Alas, my son pursues me to the grave,  
Suffered by God my sin for to correct.  
But of my sin, since I may pardon have,  
My son's pursuit shall shortly be reject ;  
Then will I crave with sured confidence.  
And thus beginneth the suit of his pretence.

## DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.\*

HEAR my prayer, O Lord ; hear my request ;  
Complich my boon ; answer to my desire ;  
Not by desert, but for thine own behest ;  
In whose firm truth Thou promised mine empire  
To stand stable : and after thy justice,  
Perform, O Lord, that thing that I require.  
But not of Law after the form and guise  
To enter judgment with thy thrall bondslave,  
To plead his right ; for in such manner wise  
Before thy sight no man his right shall save.  
For of myself, lo ! this my righteousness  
By scourge, and whip, and pricking spurs, I have  
Scant risen up, such is my beastliness :  
For that mine enemy hath pursued my life,  
And in the dust, hath soiled my lustiness ;  
To foreign realms, to flee his rage so rife,  
He hath me forced ; as dead to hide my head.  
And for because, within myself at strife,  
My heart, and spirit, with all my force, were fled,  
I had recourse to times that have been past,  
And did remember thy deeds in all my dread,  
And did peruse thy works that ever last ;  
Whereby I know above these wonders all  
Thy mercies were : then lift I up in haste

\* Psalm cxliii.

My hands to Thee ; my soul to Thee did call,  
Like barren soil, for moisture of thy grace.  
Haste to my help, O Lord, afore I fall ;  
For sure I feel my spirit doth faint apace.  
Turn not thy face from me that I be laid  
In count of them that headlong down do pass  
Into the pit : Shew me betimes thine aid,  
For on thy grace I wholly do depend :  
And in thy hand since all my health is staid,  
Do me to know what way, thou wilt, I bend ;  
For unto thee I have raised up my mind.  
Rid me, O Lord, from them that do entend  
My foes to be ; for I have me assigned  
Always within thy secret protection.  
Teach me thy will, that I by thee may find  
The way to work the same in affection :  
For thou, my God, thy blessed Spirit upright  
In laud of truth shall be my direction.  
Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my sprite  
Within the right, that I receive by Thee :  
Whereby my life of danger shall be quite.  
Thou hast fordone the great iniquity,  
That vex'd my soul : Thou shalt also confound  
My foes, O Lord, for thy benignity ;  
For thine am I, thy servant aye most bound.

## NOLI EMULARI IN MALIGNA.\*

ALTHO' thou see th' outrageous climb aloft,  
Envy not thou his blind prosperity.  
The wealth of wretches, tho' it seemeth soft,  
Move not thy heart by their felicity.  
They shall be found like grass, turn'd into hay,  
And as the herbs that wither suddenly.  
Stablish thy trust in God: seek right alway,  
And on the earth thou shalt inhabit long.  
Feed, and increase such hope from day to day;  
And if with God thou time thy hearty song,  
He shall thee give what so thy heart can lust.  
Cast upon God thy will, that rights thy wrong;  
Give him the charge, for He upright and just  
Hath cure of thee, and eke, of thy cares all;  
And He shall make thy truth to be discust.  
Bright as the sun, and thy rightwiseness shall  
(The cursed wealth, though now do it deface)  
Shine like the daylight that we the noon call.  
Patiently abide the Lord's assured grace:  
Bear with even mind the trouble that he sends:  
Dismay thee not, though thou see the purchase  
Increase of some; for such like luck God sends  
To wicked folk.  
Restrain thy mind from wrath that aye offends.

\* Psalm xxxvii.

Do way all rage, and see thou do eschew  
 By their like deed such deeds for to commit ;  
 For wicked folk their overthrow shall rue.  
 Who patiently abides, and do not flit  
 They shall possede the world from heir to heir ;  
 The wicked shall of all his wealth be quit  
 So suddenly, and that without repair,  
 That all his pomp, and all his strange array  
 Shall from thine eye depart, as blast of air,  
 The sober then the world shall wield I say,  
 And live in wealth and peace so plentiful.  
 Him to destroy the wicked shall assay,  
 And gnash his teeth eke with groaning ireful ;  
 The Lord shall scorn the threatenings of the wretch,  
 For he doth know the tide is nigh at full  
 When he shall sink, and no hand shall him seech.  
 They have unsheathed eke their bloody bronds,  
 And bent their bow to prove if they might reach  
 To overthrow the . . . . .  
 Bare of relief the harmless to devour.  
 The sword shall pierce the heart of such that fonds :  
 Their bow shall break in their most endeavour.  
 A little living gotten rightfully  
 Passeth the riches, and eke the high power  
 Of that, that wretches have gather'd wickedly.  
 Perish shall the wicked's posterity,  
 And God shall 'stablish the just assuredly.  
 The just man's days the Lord doth know, and see !  
 Their heritage shall last for evermore,  
 And of their hope beguil'd they shall not be,

When dismold days shall wrap the other sore.  
 They shall be full when other faint for food,  
 Therewithst shall fail these wicked men therefore.  
 To God's enemies such end shall be allow'd,  
 As hath lamb's grease wasting in the fire,  
 That is consum'd into a smoky cloud.  
 Borroweth th' unjust without will or desire  
 To yield again ; the just freely doth give,  
 Where he seeth need : as mercy doth require.  
 Who will'th him well for right therefore shall leve ;  
 Who banish him shall be rooted away.  
 His steps shall God direct still and relieve,  
 And please him shall what life him lust essay ;  
 And though he fall under foot, lie shall not he,  
 Catching his hand for God shall straight him stay

. . . . .  
 Nor yet his seed foodless seen for to be.  
 The just to all men merciful hath been ;  
 Busy to do well, therefore his seed, I say,  
 Shall have abundance alway fresh and green.  
 Flee ill ; do good ; that thou may'st last alway,  
 For God doth love for evermore the upright.  
 Never his chosen doth he cast away ;  
 For ever he them mindeth day and night ;  
 And wicked seed alway shall waste to nought,  
 The just shall wield the world as their own right,  
 And long thereon shall dwell, as they have wrought.  
 With wisdom shall the wise man's mouth him able ;  
 His tongue shall speak alway even as it ought,  
 With God's learning he hath his heart stable,



His foot therefore from sliding shall be sure !  
The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,  
And for to slay him doth his busy cure.  
But God will not suffer him for to quail ;  
By tyranny, nor yet by fault unpure,  
To be condemn'd in judgment without fail.  
Await therefore the coming of the Lord !  
Live with his laws in patience to prevail,  
And He shall raise thee of thine own accord  
Above the earth, in surety to behold  
The wicked's death, that thou may it record,  
I have well seen the wicked sheen like gold :  
Lusty and green as laurel lasting aye,  
But even anon and scant his seat was cold  
When I have pass'd again the selfsame way ;  
Where he did reign, he was not to be found :  
Vanish'd he was for all his fresh array.  
Let uprightness be still thy steadfast ground.  
Follow the right ; such one shall always find  
Himself in peace and plenty to abound.  
All wicked folk reversed shall untwind,  
And wretchedness shall be the wicked's end.  
Health to the just from God shall be assign'd,  
He shall them strength whom trouble should offend  
The Lord shall help I say, and them deliver  
From cursed hands, and health unto them send,  
For that in Him they set their trust for ever.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER  
KNIGHT.

UNDER this stone there lieth at rest  
A friendly man, a worthy knight ;  
Whose heart and mind was ever prest  
To favour truth, to further right.

The poor's defence, his neighbour's aid,  
Most kind always unto his kin ;  
That stint all strife, that might be stayed ;  
Whose gentle grace great love did win.

A man, that was full earnest set  
To serve his prince at all assays :  
No sickness could him from it let ;  
Which was the shortening of his days.

His life was good, he died full well ;  
The body here, the soul in bliss  
With length of words why should I tell,  
Or farther shew, that well known is ;  
Since that the tears of more and less,  
Right well declare his worthiness.

*Vivit post funera Virtus.*

## SIR ANTONIE SENTLEGER OF SIR T. WYATT

THUS lieth the dead, that whilome lived here  
Among the dead that quick go on the ground;  
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appear  
By immortal fame that death cannot confound  
His life for aye, his fame in trump shall sound.  
    Though he be dead, yet is he thus alive:  
    No death that life from Wyatt can deprive.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

---

- A FACE** that should content me wondrous well, 168.  
**A Lady** gave me a gift she had not, 185.  
**A spending hand** that alway poureth out, 194.  
**Absence, absenting** causeth me to complain, 147.  
**Accused** though I be without desert, 179.  
**After great storms** the calm returns, 60.  
**Ah! Robin,** 90.  
**Ah! my heart,** what aileth thee, 140.  
**Alas! the grief,** and deadly woful smart, 71.  
**Alas! poor man,** what hap have I, 110.  
**Alas, Madam,** for stealing of a kiss, 170.  
**All in thy look** my life doth whole depend, 175  
**All heavy minds,** 68.  
**Altho' thou see th' outrageous** climb aloft, 238.  
**And if an eye** may save or slay, 64.  
**And wilt thou leave** me thus, 111.  
**As power and wit** will me assist, 118.  
**At last withdraw** your cruelty, 102.  
**At most mischief,** 79.  
**Avising the bright beams** of those fair eyes, 10.  
**Because I still kept** thee from lies and blame, 8.  
**Behold, Love,** thy power how she despiseth, 22.  
**Blame not my lute!** for he must sound, 98.  
**Cæsar,** when that the traitor of Egypt, 6.  
**Comfort thyself,** my woful heart, 70.  
**Deem as ye list** upon good cause, 149.  
**Desire, alas,** my master and my foe, 169.

- Disdain me not without desert, 43.  
 Divers doth use, as I have heard and know, 19.  
 Driven by desire I did this deed, 180.  
 Each man me telleth I change most my devise, 7.  
 Ever my hap is slack and slow in coming, 12.  
 Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever, 18.  
 Farewell the heart of cruelty, 36.  
 Forget not yet the tried intent, 126.  
 For shamefast harm of great and hateful need, 169.  
 For to love her for her looks lovely, 24.  
 For want of will in woe I plain, 44.  
 From depth of sin, and from a deep despair, 228.  
 From these high hills as when a spring doth fall, 178.  
 Full well it may be seen, 119.  
 Give place, all ye that doth rejoice, 137.  
 Go, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart, 23.  
 Hate whom ye list, for I care not, 141.  
 Hear my prayer, O Lord; hear my request, 231.  
 Heart oppress'd with desperate thought, 119.  
 Heaven, and earth, and all that hear me plain, 59.  
 Help me to seek! for I lost it there, 24.  
 He is not dead, that sometime had a fall, 177.  
 How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe, 13.  
 How should I, 134.  
 I abide, and abide; and better abide, 20.  
 I am as I am, and so will I be, 150.  
 I find no peace, and all my war is done, 9.  
 I have sought long with steadfastness, 75.  
 I love, loved; and so doth she, 104.  
 I see, that chance hath chosen me, 53.  
 If amorous faith, or if a heart unfeigned, 15.  
 If chance assign'd, 78.  
 If every man might him avaunt, 45.  
 If fancy would favour, 65.  
 If in the world there be more woe, 88.  
 If it be so that I forsake thee, 27.  
 If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage, 56.

- If waker care; if sudden pale colour, 5.  
 If with complaint the pain might be express'd, 128.  
 In doubtful breast whilst motherly pity, 170.  
 In æternum I was once determed, 91.  
 In Court to serve decked with fresh array, 178.  
 In faith I wot not what to say, 37.  
 Is it possible, 108.  
 It burneth yet, alas, my heart's desire, 182.  
 It is a grievous smart, 105.  
 It was my choice, it was no chance, 117.  
 It may be good, like it who list, 36.  
  
 Leave thus to slander love, 93.  
 Like as the bird within the cage inclosed, 54.  
 Like as the swan towards her death, 89.  
 Like as the wind with raging blast, 186.  
 Like as the pilgrim, that in a long way, 218.  
 Like unto these unmeasurable mountains, 14.  
 Lo! how I seek and sue to have, 122.  
 Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry pass, 223.  
 Lo! what it is to love, 92.  
 Love doth again, 143.  
 Love, Fortune, and my mind which do remember, 13.  
 Love, to give law unto his subjects' hearts, 203.  
 Look, my fair falcon, and thy fellows all, 177.  
  
 Madam, withouten many words, 180.  
 Marvel no more although, 38.  
 Me list no more to sing, 131.  
 Mine old dear enemy, my froward master, 152.  
 Mine own John Poins, since ye delight to know, 191.  
 Mistrustful minds be moved, 184.  
 Most wretched heart! most miserable, 96.  
 My galley charged with forgetfulness, 9.  
 My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain, 15  
 My hope, alas! hath me abused, 67.  
 My love to scorn, my service to retain, 11.  
 My love is like unto th' eternal fire, 123.  
 My lute, awake, perform the last, 29.  
 My mother's maids, when they do sew and spin, 187.

- My pen! take pain a little space, 100.  
 Nature, that gave the bee so feat a grace, 175.  
 Now must I learn to live at rest, 124.  
 Now all of change, 145.  
  
 Of Carthage he that worthy warrior, 175.  
 Of deep secrets, that David there did sing, 222.  
 Of few words, Sir, you seem to be, 181.  
 Of purpose Love chose first for to be blind, 168.  
 O goodly hand, 62.  
 Oh! happy are they that have forgiveness got, 211.  
 O Lord! since in my mouth thy mighty name, 206.  
 O Lord! as I have thee both pray'd and pray, 215.  
 O! miserable sorrow, withouten cure, 127.  
 Once, as methought, fortune me kiss'd, 30.  
  
 Pass forth, my wonted cries, 40.  
 Patience for my device, 83.  
 Patience! though I have not, 84.  
 Patience of all my smart, 85.  
 Patience! for I have wrong, 148.  
 Perdie! I said it not, 48.  
 Process of time worketh such wonder, 87.  
  
 Resound my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain, 33.  
 Right true it is, and said full yore ago, 172.  
 Rue on me, Lord, for thy goodness and grace, 219.  
  
 She sat, and sewed, that hath done me the wrong, 173.  
 Sighs are my food, my drink are my tears, 176.  
 Since love is such as that ye wot, 121.  
 Since love will needs that I shall love, 51.  
 Since so ye please to hear me plain, 124.  
 Since you will needs that I shall sing, 180.  
 Since ye delight to know, 78.  
 So feeble is the thread, that doth the burden stay, 157.  
 Some fowls there be that have so perfect sight, 7.  
 Sometime I sigh, sometime I sing, 115.  
 Sometime I fled the fire, that me so brent, 174.  
 Speak thou and speed where will or power ought helpeth, 185.  
 Spite hath no power to make me sad, 188.

Stand, whose list, upon the slipper wheel, 178.  
Such is the course that nature's kind hath wrought, 11.  
Such hap as I am happed in, 74.  
Such vain thought as wonted to mislead me, 8.  
Sufficed not, Madam, that you did tear, 182.

Tags, farewell, that westward with thy streams, 176.  
Take heed by time, lest ye be spied, 101.  
Tangled I was in Love's snare, 141.  
That time that mirth did steer my ship, 112.  
The answer that ye made to me, my dear, 46.  
The enemy of life, decayer of all kind, 172.  
The furious gun in his most raging ire, 174.  
The flaming sighs that boil within my breast, 16.  
The fruit of all the service that I serve, 127.  
The heart and service to you proffer'd, 106.  
The joy so short, alas! the pain so near, 138.  
The knot which first my heart did strain, 116.  
The lively sparks that issue from those eyes, 8.  
The long love that in my thought I harbour, 1.  
The pillar perish'd is whereto I leant, 17.  
There was never nothing more me pained, 58.  
The restful place, renewer of my smart, 32.  
The wand'ring gadling in the summer tide, 171.  
They flee from me, that sometime did me seek, 81.  
This song ended, David did stint his voice, 214.  
This word, Redeem, that in his mouth did sound, 229.  
Tho' I cannot your cruelty constrain, 86.  
Thou hast no faith of him that hath none, 28.  
Though I myself be bridled of my mind, 20.  
Though this the port, and I thy servant true, 61.  
Throughout the world if it were sought, 179.  
Thus lieth the dead, that whilome lived here, 288.  
To cause accord, or to agree, 81.  
To rail or jest, ye know I use it not, 21.  
To seek each where where man doth live, 57.  
To wish, and want, and not obtain, 76.  
To wet your eye withouten tear, 108.



- Unstable dream, according to the place, 4.  
Under this stone there lieth at rest, 237.  
Unwarily so was never no man caught, 47.
- Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen, 177.  
Vulcan begat me, Minerva me taught, 169.
- Was never file yet half so well yfild, 2.  
What death is worse than this, 82.  
What needs these threatening words and wasted wind, 171.  
What no, perdie! ye may be sure, 26.  
What meaneth this! when I lie alone, 107.  
What rage is this? what furor? of what kind, 52.  
What vailleth truth, or by it to take pain, 22.  
What man heard such cruelty before, 173.  
What should I say, 136.  
What word is that, that changeth not, 184.  
When David had perceived in his breast, 227.  
When Dido feasted the wandering Trojan knight, 168.  
When first mine eyes did view and mark, 50.  
Where shall I have at mine own will, 34.  
Whoso hath seen the sick in his fever, 210.  
Will ye see what wonders Love hath wrought, 148.  
Whoso list to hunt? I know where is an hind, 18.  
Within my breast I never thought it gain, 181.
- Ye know my heart, my Lady dear, 128.  
Ye old mule! that think yourself so fair, 25.  
Ye that in love find luck and sweet abundance, 5.  
Yet was I never of your love aggrieved, 1.  
Your looks so often cast, 41.





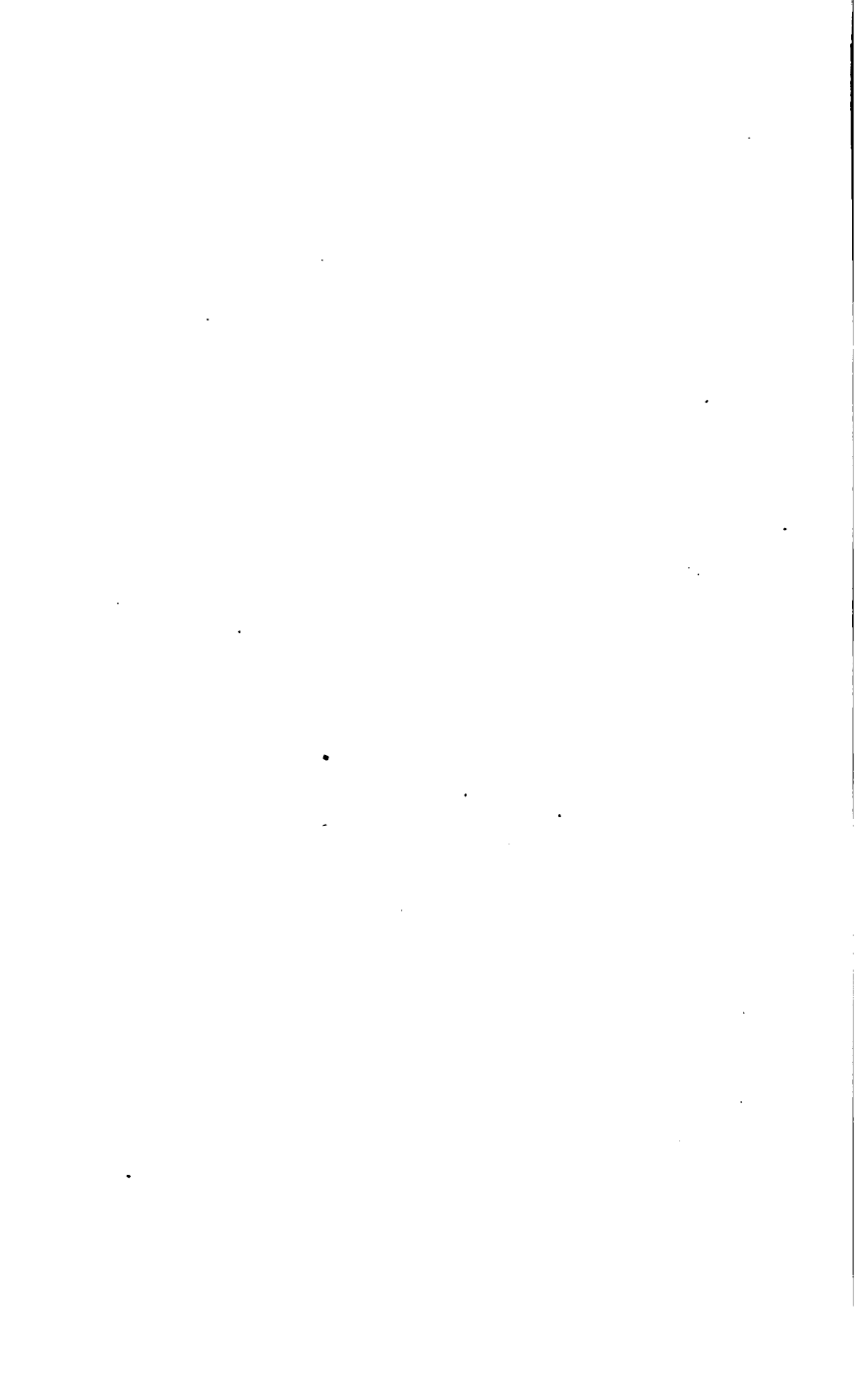
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H. G. S. 2

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
HENRY HOWARD,  
EARL OF SURREY.



MEMOIR OF HENRY HOWARD  
EARL OF SURREY.

---

“I write of him whose fame for aye endures.”

*Tuberville's Epitaph on Surrey.*

DISTINGUISHED alike by his talents and rank, HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY has attracted considerable attention; and as the first writer who attempted to refine our language, and to rescue English poetry from the grossness for which the productions of his predecessors are remarkable, he is worthy of the extraordinary research which his latest biographer has displayed in collecting particulars respecting his history. Dr. Nott affords a very creditable example of industry, and it is no slight praise to say that he appears to have exhausted every available source of information; hence, until a change takes place in the present disgraceful state of the public muniments, it is in vain to hope that any new light can be thrown on the life of this eminent person. The following Memoir has, therefore, been drawn up almost entirely from materials



collected by Dr. Nott, an admission which it would be disingenuous to withhold; but considerable difference will be found with respect to the inferences which that writer has drawn from some of the facts he has brought to light; and it is from this circumstance that these sheets derive their claim to attention. The most interesting of the letters which occur in the appendix to Dr. Nott's edition are here introduced into the Memoir, and though the present narrative is destitute of those pleasing speculations which distinguish that biographer's *Life of Surrey*, the loss may, perhaps, be borne with, when it is remembered that it is as dangerous for a biographer as for an historian to indulge his *imaginative* powers.

Although the Earl of Surrey owes but little of the respect which is felt for his memory to the adventitious splendour of his birth, it is necessary to speak of his genealogy with some minuteness, because it was from circumstances arising out of his pedigree that he became one of the victims of Henry the Eighth.

Doubts have been expressed as to the remote antiquity of the family of Howard, but it is beyond dispute that they descend from Sir William Howard, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reigns of Edward the First and Second, whose son, Sir John, was a Knight Banneret as early as 1307. His great great-grandson, Sir Robert Howard, married Margaret Mowbray, daughter of Thomas, Duke

of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, whose mother was Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Lord Segrave the granddaughter and heiress of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of King Edward the First. Sir John Howard, K. G. the eldest son of Sir Robert by the Lady Margaret Mowbray, was created a Baron in 1470; and on the extinction of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, about the year 1480, he became, in right of his mother, the eldest coheir of that house, which entitled him to quarter whatever arms were borne by them, a fact, as will afterwards appear, of some importance. Sir John Howard was raised to the dukedom of Norfolk by Richard the Third, who at the same time created his eldest son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey. These titles were forfeited after the battle of Bosworth, in which the "Jocky of Norfolk" gallantly fell in the cause of his sovereign and benefactor.

Thomas Howard, his son, was restored to the earldom of Surrey in 1489; and in reward of his services at Flodden Field he was created Duke of Norfolk in February, 1514. Dying in 1524, he was succeeded by his son Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, who was twice married—first to Anne, daughter of King Edward the Fourth, by whom he had no issue that survived their childhood, and secondly to Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he was father of the Poet. His second marriage, which proved an

unhappy one, took place about Easter in 1513; the Duchess was twenty years younger than her husband, and was then the object of an attachment, which was reciprocal, to the Earl of Westmoreland.

The exact date of the birth of the Earl of Surrey has not been ascertained, but it may be assigned to some time between 1516 and 1518; nor has it been determined where it occurred, though many circumstances render it probable that it took place at Framlingham in Suffolk.

It would be idle to follow the most elaborate of Surrey's biographers in his speculations on the Earl's education, for nothing positive is known of him, until his fifteenth year, excepting that he was cupbearer to the King in 1526, and that in July, 1529, he accompanied his father on a visit to the Prior of Butley, in Suffolk. Early in 1532 he married Frances Vere, daughter of John, fifteenth Earl of Oxford, the settlement being dated on the 13th of February, in that year, at which time he could not have been more than sixteen. According to several writers Surrey and the Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Henry the Eighth, visited Paris together in that year, and joined the King in October, on his Majesty's landing at Calais, whilst others, with more reason, consider that they left England as part of the King's retinue. In the account of the ceremonials which occurred at the interview between Henry and the King of France, at Boulogne on this occasion, the Duke of Richmond

and the Earl of Surrey are mentioned as having been present. Richmond went to Paris to complete his studies, and it is supposed that Surrey accompanied him, but his stay could not have been of long duration, for at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, in June, 1533, he bore one of the swords which were carried in the procession. Richmond, who returned to England with the Duke of Norfolk in the autumn of that year, was, in September, affianced to Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's only sister, but as the parties were related within the fourth degrees of consanguinity, a dispensation was necessary. The young Duke was placed at Windsor, whilst his bride continued to live with her father, and it was at this time, and not, as had been previously supposed, in his childhood,\* that Surrey was the companion of Richmond at Windsor. Speaking of this period of his life, Surrey says,

“ — proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,  
 With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,  
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.  
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.  
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,  
 With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,  
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.  
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.  
 The dances short, long tales of great delight;  
 With words and looks, that tigers could but rue;  
 Where each of us did plead the other's right.  
 The palme-play, where, despoiled for the game,  
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love

---

\* Nott's Life of Surrey.

Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.  
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,  
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;  
With chere, as though one should another whelm,  
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.  
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,  
In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,  
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.  
The secret groves which oft we made resound  
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise;  
Recording soft what grace each one had found,  
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays."

These "delays," so far as Surrey was concerned, could not have exceeded two years; for on the 10th of March, 1536, his eldest son was born. On the 18th of October following, he received the honour of Knighthood, and he soon afterwards took a conspicuous part in public affairs. At the trial of his kinswoman, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, he was present as the representative of the Earl Marshal, his father having presided by virtue of his office of Lord Treasurer. Within a few months of her execution the tyrannical disposition of Henry the Eighth was manifested towards Surrey's uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, who was committed to the Tower for having married the Lady Margaret Douglas without the King's permission. After being confined for two years he died of a broken heart, an event which made a deep impression upon the poet, and he adverts to it in one of his poems:—

————— "It is not long ago,  
Sith that for love one of the race did end his life in woe,  
In tower both strong and high, for his assured truth,  
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas! the more the  
ruth.

This gentle breast so died, whom nothing could remove,  
But willingly to lese his life for loss of his true love."

But he experienced a heavier calamity in the same year by the death of his friend and brother-in-law the Duke of Richmond, of whom he speaks with the greatest affection in a poem written some time after his decease.\*

It is here necessary to advert to Surrey's supposititious passion for the fair Geraldine, a circumstance which has imparted a romantic interest to his life, but which, like most romantic stories, is without any solid foundation. Many of his biographers have considered that the lady thus designated was the object of a real attachment, and so strongly was Dr. Nott impressed with this opinion, that he has ventured to place an address to Geraldine as the title of nearly all the Earl's sonnets, not only without any authority, but in contradiction to the first, and, it is believed, every other edition of his works. This gratuitous assumption has led that writer into serious errors: he has deemed many lines in various poems to be illustrative of the history of Surrey's passion for Geraldine, which evidently refer to a different person; and several pages occur on the

\* See page 19.

subject, upon which all that is necessary to be said is, that they indicate a very fertile imagination.\*

One poem, and one poem *only* can, upon any thing like evidence, be supposed to have been addressed to the lady mentioned by the name of Geraldine, and there is every reason to adopt Horace Walpole's opinion, that she was Elizabeth, the daughter of Gerald Fitz-Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare; but, unless it is to be assumed that all verses which celebrate a lady's beauty arise from a real instead of an imaginary passion, it is impossible to believe that Surrey was seriously in love with the fair Geraldine. The person alluded to was a mere child, not more than thirteen years old. Surrey was then married, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, was living happily with his wife, whose birth was equal to his own. His attachment, if it really existed, for Geraldine must, therefore, have been an illicit one; and it betrays little sagacity to suppose that a young married nobleman would have publicly avowed a passion for the daughter of a powerful earl, connected with the highest families in the realm, and who was then living under the especial protection of her cousin the Princess Mary.†

\* See Nott's Life of Surrey, pages cxxi. to cxxvii.

† Dr. Nott's account of Geraldine is as follows:—

“ She was the daughter to Gerald Fitz-Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, whose ancestors were supposed to have descended from the Geraldini of Florence. Her mother was daughter to Thomas Marquis of Dorset. She was born in Ireland, probably at the

So absurd is the opinion which has hitherto prevailed upon this subject, that no further notice will be taken of it, than to point out what appear to be the facts of the case. Surrey seems to have met the Lady Elizabeth Fitz Gerald at Hunsdon, the residence of the Princess Mary, and he again saw her at Hampton Court, when he was so much pleased with her as to be induced to celebrate her virtues and budding charms in a sonnet. Availing himself of the license allowed to poets of all periods, he addressed her as the object of his affections, and from the line in which he says that Windsor then

Castle of Maynooth, her father's principal place of residence, about the year 1528; and was brought into England whilst yet an infant.

"The subsequent misfortunes of her family, in 1533, rendered her an object of pity to Henry, to whom she was nearly related by birth. Whether the protection afforded by Henry to the fair Geraldine was an act of spontaneous kindness on his part, or one granted at the solicitation of her mother, the Countess, is not known. It is certain that, when a child, she was educated in the house of the Lady Mary, not as the companion of that Princess's studies, for the Princess Mary must have been fourteen years old when the fair Geraldine was born, but from motives of pity and benevolence.

"When she had grown up to be of a sufficient age to attend upon the Lady Mary, she became one of her ladies of the chamber. This probably was about the year 1542, when the fair Geraldine must have been about fourteen.

"Some time in the year 1543 she married to Sir Anthony Brown. She could not then have been much more than fifteen years old. Sir Anthony Brown must have been sixty. After his death, which happened in 1449, she became the third wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, whom she survived."



concealed her from his sight, it may be inferred that the poem was written either during his residence at Windsor, or when she was there and he elsewhere.

It is remarkable that whilst so extravagant a deduction has been drawn from one solitary sonnet, no notice has been hitherto taken of a poem which bears striking marks of being dictated by the affection which subsisted between him and his Countess.\*

At the funeral of Queen Jane Seymour, in October, 1537, Surrey attended as one of the principal mourners: he was present at Court on New Year's Day following, and presented the King with three gilt bowls. In the spring of 1539 his second son, Henry, who was afterwards created Earl of Northampton, was born.

Surrey particularly distinguished himself at the jousts and tournaments which were held in honour of the King's marriage with Anne of Cleves, in 1540, and towards the close of that year he accompanied the forces which were sent to put Guisnes into a state of defence, in case of a rupture with France, when he commenced his military career; his stay there was however very short; and in September, in the same year, he and his father were appointed stewards of the University of Cambridge.

Early in 1541 Sir Edmund Knyvett struck the Earl's friend and attendant, Thomas Clere, within the precincts of the Court. For this offence the usual punishment of the loss of the right hand was

\* See pp. 27-30.

pronounced, but at Surrey's intercession, says Dr. Nott, Knyvett was pardoned. The authority for attributing his escape to him is not mentioned, and the assertion is contradicted by a passage in Hollingshed, whence it seems that the penalty was remitted in consequence of an appeal to the King's generosity from the culprit himself.

On St. George's Day, 1542, Surrey received one of the highest favours which his sovereign could confer, by being elected a Knight of the Garter. A few months afterwards he was involved in a quarrel with a gentleman of the name of John a Leigh, whom he challenged, and the dispute has, without a shadow of proof, been attributed to Leigh's being his rival in Geraldine's affections!\* Be the cause however what it might, Surrey was evidently in fault, for he was sent a prisoner to the Fleet, being allowed two servants to attend upon him, but none was permitted to banquet with him. The first of Surrey's letters which has been discovered was written whilst he was in confinement, and is of much interest. It was addressed to the Privy Council, and entreated them to obtain his liberation, or at least to intercede that he might be removed to a less "noisome" prison:—

"MY VERY GOOD LORDS,

"AFTER my humble commendations to your Lordships; these presents shall be to advertise you, that

\* Nott, page l.

albeit I have of late severally required each of you, by my servant Pickering, of your favour; from whom as yet I have received no other comfort than my passed folly hath deserved; I have yet thought it my duty again, as well to renew my suit, as humbly to require you rather to impute this error to the fury of reckless youth, than to a will not conformable and contented, with the quiet learning of the just reward of my folly; for as much as I so suddenly and quickly did procure and attempt to seek for friendship, and intreat for my deliverance: as then not sufficiently pondering nor debating with myself, that a prince offended hath none redress upon his subject but condign punishment, without respect of person. Yet, let my youth unpractised in durance obtain pardon: (although for lack of strength it yield not itself wholly to his gentle chastisement,) whilst the heart is resolved in patience to pass over the same, in satisfaction of mine errors.

“And, my Lords, if it were lawful to persuade by the precedent of other young men reconciled, I would affirm that this might sound to me a happy fault: by so gentle a warning to learn how to bridle my heady will: which in youth is rarely attained without adversity. Where, might I without vaunt lay before you the quiet conversation of my passed life; which (unstained with any dishonest touch, unseeming in such a man as it hath pleased God and the King to make me), might perfectly promise new amendment of mine offence. Whereof, if you

doubt in any point, I shall humbly desire you, that during mine affliction, (in which time malice is most ready to slander the innocent,) there may be made an whole examination of my life: wishing, for the better trial thereof, to have the time of my durance redoubled; and so (declared as well tried, and unsuspected) by your mediations to be restored to the King's favour; than, condemned in your grave heads, without answer or further examination to be quickly delivered: this heinous offence always unexcused, whereupon I was committed to this noisome prison; whose pestilent airs are not unlike to bring some alteration of health.

“Wherefore, if your good Lordships judge me not a member rather to be clean cut away, than reformed; it may please you to be suitors to the King's Majesty on my behalf; as well for his favour, as for my liberty: or else, at the least, if his pleasure be to punish this oversight with the forbearing his presence; (which unto every loving subject, specially unto me, from a Prince cannot be less counted than a living death,) yet it would please him to command me into the country, to some place of open air, with like restraint of liberty, there to abide his Grace's pleasure.

“Finally, albeit no part of this my trespass in any way to do me good, I should judge me happy if it should please the King's Majesty to think, that this simple body rashly adventured in the revenge of his own quarrel, shall be without respect always

ready to be employed in his service ; trusting once so to redouble this error, which may be well repeated but not revoked. Desiring your good Lordships that like as my offence hath not been, my submission may likewise appear : which is all the recompense that I may well think my doings answer not. Your grave heads should yet consider, that neither am I the first young man that hath enterprised such things as he hath afterward repented."

He continued a prisoner until the 7th of August, when he was released upon his recognizance in ten thousand marks not to offer any further offence, by word or deed, to Leigh or to any of his friends. War being soon afterwards declared against Scotland, Lord Surrey accompanied the expedition into that kingdom, under his father the Duke of Norfolk, but it is not known what rank he bore in the army. It is evident, from his epitaph on his friend Clere, that he was present at the burning of Kelsal ; but on breaking up the English forces soon afterwards, the Earl returned to London.

An affair occurred within a few months which is remarkable for two reasons, the one as proving that Surrey was of an intemperate, and if the previous dispute with Leigh be remembered, perhaps quarrelsome and impetuous temper ; the other for its affording a memorable instance of the facility with which a biographer can make any fact redound to the honour of his hero. On the 1st of April, 1543, the Earl was summoned before the Privy Council, and

charged with two offences, having eaten flesh in Lent, and having walked about the streets of the city at night in a "lewd and unseemly manner," and breaking several windows with a stone-bow. To the first charge he replied, that he had a license; but to the latter he pleaded guilty, and submitted himself to such punishment as might be thought proper, whereupon he was again sent to the Fleet.\* In this midnight affair of breaking windows, it is difficult to recognize any other conduct than what now, as then, is often produced by wine in young men bent on mischief, who disguise the impropriety of their actions under the names of fun and frolic. Dr. Nott however describes his behaviour as "interesting," because it "marks the romantic turn of his mind, and enables us to form some opinion as to the nature of his sentiments on the subject of religion!" † The ground for this remark is the account which Surrey gives of the transaction in the poem entitled

\* "At St. James's, the 1st day of April, 1543. The Earl of Surrey being sent for to appear before the Council, was charged by the said presence as well of eating flesh, as of a lewd and unseemly manner of walking in the night about the streets, and breaking with stone-bows of certain windows. And touching the eating of flesh, he alleged a license; albeit he had not so secretly used the same as appertained: and touching the stone bows, he could not deny but he had very evil doings therein, submitting himself, therefore, to such punishment as should to them be thought good; whereupon he was committed to the Fleet." — *Privy Council Book of the reign of Henry VIII.*

† Nott's *Memoirs of Surrey*, page lii.

“a Satire against the Citizens of London,”\* in which he says he endeavoured to awaken them to a sense of their iniquities by flinging stones against their windows. This satirical piece has been gravely paraphrased, as if it were the argument which the Earl used to the Privy Council, and comments are made upon it to explain why his virtuous motive was not allowed to extenuate so flagrant a breach of the peace! †

The simple explanation of that poem is that, when in confinement, Surrey gratified his spleen against the citizens, whose complaint produced his imprisonment, by a satirical allusion to their vices, and he wittily says, that his conduct was intended as a punishment of their crimes. His companions in the outrage, Pickering and the young Wyatt, were both sent to prison, ‡ and it would seem that

\* See page 69.

† Nott's Memoir, page lii.

‡ “The same day [April the first] were also called Thomas Wyatt and young Pickering; and being charged with the same offences, they confessed the first, alleging therefore their [license]: but in the second, touching the stone-bows, they utterly stood denial, notwithstanding they were condemned to shew the truth thereof upon their allegiance: whereupon Wyatt was commanded to the Counter, and Pickering to the Porter's Lodge. *Privy Council Books*. The next day they were called again before the council, and, after some resistance, at last confessed the offence; on which they were committed to the Tower. They were not liberated till the third of May ensuing, entering then into a recognisance of 200*l*. each for their good behav-

their religious zeal is deemed by Dr. Nott to have been no less fervent than that of the Earl. So that to break the windows of Catholics, when peaceably asleep in their beds, is evidence that the offender was no papist; that though this was a "wild and extravagant attempt at reformation, it is certain that it was the result of sincerity on the part of Surrey, and grew out of that romantic turn of thought and enthusiastic mode of contemplating common objects which was peculiar to him!" \*

Surrey's imprisonment was probably of short duration; and in October following, his father sent him to Sir John Wallop, the commander of the army with which Henry had assisted the Emperor. He joined the allied camp before Landrecy, near Boulogne, being attended by his faithful servants Clere and Blage. Wallop thus announced his arrival to the King:—

"Yesterday Blage, who arrived here with my Lord of Surrey, went with Mr. Carew to see the trench, and escaped very hardly from a piece of ordnance that was shot towards him. My said Lord I brought about a great part of the town to view the same; and in his return was somewhat saluted. Their powder and shot they do bestow amongst us plentifully, and sometime doth hurt. My said Lord's coming unto this camp was very agreeable

hour. *Ibid.* 89. No notice is taken of the time of Surrey's liberation." — *Nott's Memoir.*

\* Nott, page liv.



unto the Duke, and great Master, declaring a great amity and friendship that your Majesty beareth to the Emperor. I was very glad that my said Lord intended to go unto Fernando's camp, informing him, as they offered him sufficient conduct, and the great Master himself to bring him half way there."

In various letters from Sir John Wallop, Surrey's assiduity in acquiring military knowledge is mentioned in terms of praise; but the operations of the army are too uninteresting to be detailed, and it is sufficient to state, that the Earl returned with it to England in November. It is presumed that he employed himself for some time afterwards in constructing his beautiful seat called Mount Surrey, near Norwich; and about this period he received the celebrated Hadrian Junius into his family as physician, assigning him apartments at Kenninghall, with a yearly salary of fifty angels. Near this time too the poet Churchyard seems to have been one of the Earl's pages, as it appears from some verses in which he paints Surrey's talents and virtues in glowing colours, that he was for four years one of his retainers.\*

\* A master of no mean estate, a mirror in those days,  
His happy fortune then him gat, whose virtues must I praise.  
More heavenly were those gifts he had than earthly was his  
form,  
His corpse too worthy for the grave, his flesh no meat for worm.  
An Earl of birth; a God of sprite, a Tully for his tongue;  
Methink of right the world should shake when half his praise  
were rung.

Whatever may have been the young Earl's happiness in his own family, the situation of his parents must have occasioned him much uneasiness; and it is to be regretted that his mother should have had to accuse him of unkindness. For several years after their marriage, the Duke and Duchess lived together in comparative harmony, but about 1533, when Surrey was not more than seventeen, a sepa-

Oh! cursed were those crooked crafts, that his own country  
wrought

To chop off such a chosen head as our time ne'er forth brought.  
His knowledge crept beyond the stars and wrought to Jove's  
high throne,

The bowels of the earth he saw, in his deep breast y-known.

His wit looked through each man's device; his judgment  
grounded was,

Almost he had foresight to know ere things should come to pass;  
When they should fall; what should betide, Oh! what a loss of  
weight

Was it to lose so ripe a head, that reached to such height!

In every heart he feeling had: with pen past Petrarch sure,

A fashion framed which could his foes to friendship oft allure,

His virtues could not keep him here, but rather wrought his  
harms,

And made his enemies murmur oft, and brought them in by  
swarms.

Whose practice put him to his plunge, and lost his life thereby,

O! canker'd breasts which have such hearts wherein such hate  
doth lie.

As I have told this young man served this master twice two  
year,

And learned therein such fruitful skill, as long he held full dear.

And used the pen as he was taught and other gifts also,

Which made him hold the cap on head, where some do crouch  
full low.

ration took place. From not receiving a proper allowance for her support, she complained to Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, praying him to intercede on the subject. As her letters are curious, and afford some information about Surrey, extracts from them are desirable illustrations of this Memoir. The first of these letters was written at Redborne in Hertfordshire, in December, 1536. Alluding to some proposition which had been made her, she says:—

“My Lord, since I came home I had a letter from my aunt Hastings, and she desires me to deny the said two articles: and I do send to Mr. Richard Cromwell a copy of the letter of the answer I made to her, to deliver to you; which I pray you take the pains to over-read, at your coming into leisure: and there you shall perceive that I will never deny the said two articles during my life. And so I pray you shew my Lord my husband, that I will never deny them, for no ill handling that he can do to me; nor for no imprisonment; so I pray you shew my Lord my husband that he may trust to it, seeing that I will not do it at the King's commandment, nor at your desire. I will not do it for no friend nor kin I have living: nor from this day forward I will never sue to the King, nor to none other, to desire my Lord my husband to take me again: for I have made much suit to him and nothing regarded: and I made him no fault, but in declaring of his shameful handling of me; as I have written to you my Lord, in

other letters before. There shall no imprisonment change my mind, nor a less living. I pray you, my Lord, to be in hand with the King to expedite me a better living, ere my Lord my husband go northward: for I have but £50 the quarter, and here I lie in a dear country, and I but three hundred marks a year. I have been from my husband, come the Tuesday in the Passion week, three years. Though I be left poorly, yet I am content withal, for I am out of danger of mine enemies, and of the ill life that I had with my Lord my husband since he loved Bess Holland first, who was but washer of my nursery eight years, and she hath been the causer of all my trouble. I pray you, my Lord, when you be at leisure, write to me an answer whether I shall have a better living or not: for if my Lord my husband go northward, I will get me into some other quarter, where I may be better cheap. I am fully determined never to write nor to send more to my Lord my husband as long as I live, how poorly soever I live; for he never sent me answer of the last letter that I did write to him by the King's commandment; no, nor answer of the two gentle letters that I wrote to him before. And if he shall take me again, I know well it is more for the shame of the world than for any love he beareth me; for I know well, my life shall be as ill as ever it was. I have been well used, since I have been from him, to a quiet life, and if I should come to him, to use me as he did, he would grete me worse now than

it did before ; because I have lived quiet these three years, without brawling or fighting. I may say I was born in an unhappy hour to be matched with such an ungracious husband, and so ungracious a son and daughter."

In June, 1537, the Duchess requested Lord Cromwell to inform her whether her income was to be increased or not, and begged him to speak to her husband to that purpose. She says :—

" My trust is in you next God. For if the King's Grace granteth my daughter of Richmond her jointure (which he had never penny for at her marriage), I know well, if the King command my husband, that I shall have my whole jointure. If my daughter's jointure be granted before, he will not let me have the remainder of my jointure by the King's commandment ; nor at your good Lordship's desire neither, though, my Lord, my father paid two thousand marks with me, with other great charges, as I have written to you before : which my Lord my husband hath forgotten now he hath so much wealth and honours, and is so far in doting love with that queen, that he neither regardeth God nor his honour. He knoweth that it is spoken of far and near, to his great dishonour and shame : and he chose me for love ; and I am younger than him by twenty years, and he hath put me away four years and a quarter at this Midsummer. I have lived always like a good woman, as it is not unknown to him. I was daily waiter in the court

sixteen years together, when he hath lived from me more than a year in the King's wars. The King's Grace shall be my record how I used myself, without any ill name or fame: and the best in the Court, that were there that time, both men and women, know how I used myself in my younger days: and here is a poor reward I have in my latter days for my well doing! and it is the least I shall have, without your good help, my Lord. He hath taken away all my jewels and my apparel, and left me four years and more like a prisoner, as I have written you before: and none comes at me but such as he appointeth. I have made suit to him three times with three gentle letters. One of them was by the King's commandment, when I was with his Majesty at Dunstable: and I have sent you the copies of them all three. I never sent to him since, nor never will during my life. I am full determined, since I was with the King's Grace and you, that I would never make more suit to nobody during my life. I know, my Lord, my husband's crafty ways of old: that he hath made me many times promises under a colour, which he never performed. I will never make more suit unto him, neither for imprisonment, nor less living during my life. And besides that, my daughter of Richmond, and Bess Holland is comen up with her; that harlot, which hath put me at this trouble, and it is eleven years since my Lord my husband first fell in love with her, and yet she is but a churl's daughter, and of no gentle

blood: but that my Lord my husband hath set him up for her sake, because he was so nigh akin to my Lord Hussey, that was late made, and died last, and was beheaded; and was the head of that drab, Bess Holland's blood. And he keeps her still in his house: and his children maintain the matter: therefore I will never come at him during my life. Another time he set his women to bind me till blood came out at my finger ends; and pinnaced me; and set on my breast till I spit blood; and he never punished them. All this was done for Bess Holland's sake, and he sent me word by Master Cornysh that he would serve me so, two years before he put me away. I know well, if I should come home again, my life should be but short."

Her remonstrances were repeated in November of the same year, but the only passages worthy of notice are, the assertion that the Duke wished to divorce her, and that though her children were unkind to her, she always loved them. In October, 1538, she said to Cromwell,

"I pray you, my Lord, now my Lord my husband is coming home, that you will be in hand with him for a better living, seeing he has away all my jewels and my apparel, and had with me two thousand marks, which is more, by times, than ever. He had but little to take to when he married me first but his lands, and he was always a great player. Seeing my Lord my father made me sure of five hundred marks a year, and seeing that my Lord my

husband chose me himself: for my Lord my father had chose my Lord of Westmoreland for me; he and I had loved together two years, and if my Lord my husband had not sent immediately word after my lady, and my Lord's first wife was dead, and made suit to my Lord my father, or else I had been married before Christmas to my Lord of Westmoreland, and it was my Lord my husband's suit to my Lord my father, and never came of me nor none of my friends: and when he came thither at Easter tide, he would have none of my sisters, but only me. My Lord, seeing I have been his wife twenty-five years, and have borne him five children, and can lay nothing to my charge, but for because I would not be contented to suffer the harlots that bound me to be still in the house. They bound me and pinnaced me, and sat on my breast till I spit blood, which I have been worse for ever since, and all for speaking against the woman in the Court, Bess Holland; therefore he put me out of the doors. Surely, my Lord, I am full determined that I will never make suit to him to come in his company whilst I live, seeing that the King's Grace and you can make no end. I will never make suit to none creature more, nor I myself to my Lord my husband, nor I will never come at him during my life. It is four year come the Tuesday in the Passion week that he came riding all night, and locked me up in a chamber, and took away all my jewels and all my apparel.



and never gave me but fifty pounds a quarter, which is three hundred marks a year, and therewith I keep twenty persons, and I lie in a hard county.”

Cromwell advised her to return to her husband; but in a letter dated the 29th January, 1538—9, she thus declined to comply with his suggestions:—

“I pray you, my Lord, to take no displeasure that I do not follow your counsel to go home to my Lord my husband again, which I will never do during my life, neither for imprisonment, nor for less living, which I have been threatened often enough, since I was with the King’s Grace at Dunstable, three years and a half ago, and put my matter to his Grace to make an end, and to your Lordship; then my Lord my husband refused it. I then made promise that I would never sue to come to him again during my life. It is six years come Easter, that my Lord my husband put me away; and your Lordship knoweth that I have submitted myself in three letters, which your Lordship have seen, and in this three years he never sent to me gentle message, but always cruel messages and threatenings; and he keepeth that harlot Bess Holland, and all the residue of the harlots that bound me, and pinnacled me, and sat on my breast till they made me spit blood, and I have been the worse ever since; and I reckon that if I should come home again I should be poisoned for the love that he beareth to

the harlot Bess Holland, and he would as well hold them in that as he did the residue which bound me; as I have rehearsed before. I will never never come at my Lord my husband for no fair promises nor cruel handling. I had rather be kept in the Tower of London during my life, for I am so well used to imprisonment I care not for it; for he will suffer no gentlemen to come at me, but Master Cornish and Master Roylet, and very few gentlewomen.

“I beseech you to have pity upon me, and remember I am a gentlewoman born, and hath been brought up decently, and not to live so barely as I do, with £50 a quarter, and the one quarter, and half the other quarter is spent before it cometh in; and besides, I am visited much with sickness, and specially now a late, and many times besides since I came to Redburne; and now age cometh on apace with me; and besides that, there was never woman that bare so ungracious an eldest son, and so ungracious a daughter, and unnatural, as I have done.”

The last letter on this painful subject is from the Duke of Norfolk, which is likewise addressed to Lord Cromwell, and as it presents another picture of the dispute, it will be given at length:—

“MY VERY GOOD LORD,

“It is come to my knowledge that my wilful wife is come to London, and hath be with you yester-

night to come to me to London. My Lord, I assure you as long as I live I will never come in her company, unto the time she hath first written to me that she hath untruly slandered me in writing and saying, that when she had been in childbed of my daughter of Richmond two nights and a day, I should draw her out of her bed by the hair of her head, about the house, and with my dagger give her a wound in her head.

“My good Lord, if I prove not by witness, and that with many honest persons, that she had the scar in her head fifteen months before she was delivered of my said daughter, and that the same was cut by a surgeon of London, for a swelling she had in her head, of drawing two teeth, never trust my word after: reporting to your good Lordship whether I shall play the felo or no, to put me in her danger, that so falsely will slander me, and so wilfully stick thereby. Surely I think there is no man on live that would handle a woman in childbed of that sort, nor for my part would no so have done for all that I am worth.

“Finally, my Lord, I require you to send to her in no wise to come where I am, for the same shall not only put me to more trouble than I have (whereof I have no need), but might give me occasion to handle her otherwise than I have done yet. If she first write to me, confessing her false slander, and thereupon sue to the King's highness to make any

deed, I will never refuse so do that his majesty shall command me to do ; but before, assuredly never. And thus heartily fare ye well.

“ From Bontyngfere, this Friday before day,

“ Your own assuredly,

“ T. NORFOLK.”

It would be vain to inquire how far the Duchess was the injured party ; but it is remarkable if she were ill treated by her husband that her children should all have taken part with their father.

About July, 1544, Henry again invaded France with a large army, the vanguard of which was commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, and Surrey was appointed Marshal, an office of considerable importance, and requiring capacity and courage. The van and rearguard having joined the Emperor's forces, they laid siege to Montreuil, and on the 26th of July Henry invested Boulogne in person. As that town was the principal object of the King's attention all the resources were bestowed upon the besiegers, and his troops before Montreuil were allowed to want ammunition and pay. Norfolk's exertions did not, however, relax ; and, aided by his son, he succeeded in distressing the garrison by famine. Surrey more than once distinguished himself during the siege, and his services are thus mentioned in one of his father's despatches : —

“ With hearty recommendations this shall be to advertise your good Lordships that this evening

Monsieur de Bewers with his band, and my son of Surrey, my Lord of Sussex, my Lord Mountjoy, my brother William, my Lord Latimer, Mr. Treasurer, and all the rest of the noblemen whom I sent further upon Saturday at ten at night, returned hither to this camp this night at seven o'clock, without loss of any man slain, and have made a very honest journey, and have burnt the towns of Saint Riquier and Riew, both walled towns, and also the fauxbourg of Abbeville, on this side of the town, where the English horsemen had a right hot skirmish, and after the coming of the whole army retired without loss, and burned all the country; and they of Crotey fearing our men would have laid siege to the castle, burned their own town. Our men have brought a very great booty of all sorts of cattle; the noblemen and gentlemen kept their footmen in such order, that they borrowed nothing of the Burgonians, and finally have made such an excursion, that the like hath not been made since these wars began."

In an attempt to storm Montreuil on the 19th of September, the Earl was either wounded or much exhausted, and he owed his life to the fidelity of Clere, who in bringing him off received a hurt which eventually caused his death. This affecting incident Surrey has himself commemorated in his epitaph on Clere: —

"Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,  
Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.  
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,

Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;  
Which cause did thee this pining death procure."\*

On the 25th of September a reinforcement was sent to the Duke of Norfolk, but it arrived too late: the siege of Montreuil was raised, and the English army retired to Boulogne on the 30th of that month. Norfolk reached England about the middle of December, and as nothing further is recorded of Surrey until Christmas Day, when he attended a Chapter of the Garter at Hampton Court, it may be inferred that he came back with his father. According to Monsieur Du Bellay, Surrey was again at Boulogne soon afterwards, but this statement is doubtful, and it is certain that he was present at a Chapter of the Garter on St. George's Day in 1545.

In July following he was at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where he received a letter from the Privy Council respecting some men that were raised for the expedition for the defence of Boulogne, which was then menaced by the French. The Earl was appointed commander of the vanguard, consisting of five thousand soldiers, with which he arrived at Calais in August, where he was joined by three thousand. On the 26th of that month he was constituted commander of Guisnes; but within a short time he was removed, at his own request, to Boulogne. The post of commander of Boulogne required energy, courage, and skill, and there is ample evidence that the Earl displayed each of those

\* See page 63.

qualifications. Many of his despatches describing the state of affairs at different times are extant, but they contain little of general interest. A letter from his father to him, written in September, justifies the inference that his representations to the King, urging him to retain Boulogne, were not agreeable to the Privy Council:—

“TO MY SON OF SURREY.

“WITH this ye shall receive your letter sent to me by this bearer; by the which I perceive ye find yourself grieved for that I declared to the King such things as Cavendish shewed to me: which I did by his desire; shewing the same of his behalf without speaking of you. And if he will say he desired not me to shew the King thereof, ye may [say] he sayeth untruly. For the King hawking for a pheasant, he desired me as he went homeward to declare the same to his Highness. This is true, and he taken here not of the best sort. Ye may be sure I do not use my doings of any sort that may turn you to any displeasure. Have yourself in await, that ye animate not the King too much for the keeping of Boulogne; for who so doth, at length shall get small thanks. I have so handled the matter, that if any adventure be given to win the new fortress at Boulogne, ye shall have the charge thereof; and therefore, look well what answer ye make to the letter from us of the Council. Confirm not the enterprises contained in them.

“Having written the premises, Mr. Paget desired me to write to you in no wise to animate the King to keep Boulogne. Upon what grounds he spake it I know not; but I fear ye wrote something too much therein to somebody. And thus with God’s blessing and mine, Fare ye well. From Windsor, the 27th of September at night.

“Your loving father,

“T. NORFOLK.”

In a postscript to an unimportant letter to Lord Cobham, dated at Boulogne on the 20th of October, 1545, Surrey says,

“Whereas I perceive Sir Edward Wooton’s son fantaseth a genet gelding of mine, that standeth at Calais, which is blind and winded, I am ashamed to give him; but if it please him to take him till I be able to give him a better, I shall desire him so to do.”

A communication addressed to Sir William Paget, on the 20th of the following month, will be inserted, as it shews the zeal with which the Earl advocated the interests of his friends:—

“It may like you, gentle Mr. Secretary, to give me leave, amid your weighty affairs, to trouble you with an earnest suit. Whereas Mr. Treasurer of Guisnes is discharged, and some other, as I hear, appointed to his place, it will please you to inform yourself by the report of such as knoweth, [of] a gentleman, sometime my servant, and now a captain within this



town, called T. Shelley, what his conditions and qualities are, and disposition to service, and then to square within yourself whether it be meet to recommend for that office such one, at the most effectual request of your poor friend, of whose rare virtues I could write more at large, but that I know virtue for the self, is to you sufficiently recommended; and that Mr. Palmer awaiteth upon you, who can sufficiently of the ability of the man instruct you. Assuring you, Sir, that I dare promise more of that man, his truth and honesty, than of any man that I know alive; and I should think myself happy to have bred such a servant, as I trust his Majesty should find him. And for your favour to be granted that man, I shall most heartily beseech you, and think the pleasure done as to myself, praying you to pardon my earnest writing: for the worthiness of the man bears it. And thus leaving to trouble you, I pray to God to send you health. From Boulogne, the 20th of November.

“Your own most assuredly,

“H. SURREY.”

Surrey having received intimation early in January, 1545-6, that the French were about to advance from Montreuil to re-victual the fortress, he marched from Boulogne with great part of the garrison to intercept them near St. Etienne. Though he was inferior in numbers, he gallantly attacked the French troops; but, in consequence of the cowardice of one

division of his forces, who fled in confusion, notwithstanding all the Earl's efforts to rally them, the English were defeated, and forced to retreat to Boulogne.

Surrey's despatch to the King, giving an account of this affair, is as follows:—

“It may like your most excellent Majesty; that having certain espial that Monsieur Du Biez was set fort [forth] of Montreuil with six hundred horse, and three thousand footmen, to relieve the great necessity of the fortress, mentioned in our former letters; we took yesterday before day the trenches at St. Etienne, with six hundred footmen, and sent out Mr. Ellerkar with all the horsemen of this town, and Mr. Pollard with two hundred, that he brought the night before from Guisnes, to discover whither their camp marched, which he had discovered by their fires at Nouclier over night, six miles on this side Montreuil. And as they passed by Harelot, Mr. Pollard was hurt with a culverin in the knee, and died thereof the night following; of whom your Majesty had a notable loss.

“Our horsemen discovered their march beyond Harelot, whereupon I, the Earl of Surrey, being advertised, according to the order agreed upon amongst us, issued out with Mr. Bridges, Sir Henry Palmer, Sir Thomas Palmer, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and two thousand footmen; leaving within your Majesty's pieces two thousand footmen, and the rest of the council here, divided in the pieces. And by

that time that we had set our horsemen and footmen in order of battle, without the trench of St. Etienne, the enemy was also in order of battle on this side Harelot, and had put on their carriages by the sea's side, towards the fortress. Whereupon, having discovered their horsemen not above five hundred, and footmen about four thousand, pondering the weight of the service, which might have imported no less success than the winning of the fortress; and the courage and good-will that seemed in our men (the surety of your Majesty's pieces being provided for) upon a consultation we presented them the fight with a squadre of pikes and bills, about three score in file, and two wings of harquebussiers, and one of bows; and our horsemen on the right wing. Many of the captains and gentlemen were in the first rank by their desire; for because they were well armed in corselets. The battle of the Almains came towards us likewise with two wings of harquebussiers and two troops of horsemen.

“Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bellingham, Mr. Porter, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Granado, with all the horsemen of this town, and Guisnes, gave the charge upon their right flank, and brake their harquebussiers. Their horsemen fled and ours followed the victory, and killed and slew till they came to the carriages, where they brake four score and ten, accompted by tale this morning. Our squadre then joined with the Almains, with a cry of as great courage, and in as good order as we could wish. And by

that time our first rank and the second were come to the push of the pike, there grew a disorder in our men, and without cause fled; at which time many of our gentlemen were slain, which gave as hardy an onset as hath been seen, and could but have had good success, if they had been followed. So, stinted they never for any devise that we could use, till they came to the trenches: and being well settled there, which is such a place as may be kept against all their camp, they forsook that and took the river, which gave the enemy courage to follow them: albeit the night drawing then on, they followed not far beyond. Assuring your Majesty that the fury of their flight was such, that it booteth little the travail that was taken upon every strait to stay them. And so seeing it not possible to stop them, we suffered them to retire to the town. In this meanwhile, our horsemen thinking all won, finding the disorder, were fain to pass over at a passage a mile beneath Pont de Brique, without any loss, having slain a great number of the enemies; whereof we have yet no certain advertisement.

“ Thus was there loss and victory on both sides. And this morning we sent over afore day to number the dead. There was slain of our side two hundred and five; whereof captains Mr. Edward Poynings, Captain Story, Captain Jones, Spencer, Roberts, Basford, Wourth, Wynchcombe, Mr. Vawse, and a man at arms called Harvy. Captain Crayford and Mr. John Palmer, and Captain Shelley, and Cap-

tain Cobham, missed but not found. All these were slain in the first rank. Other there were that escaped. Among whom Mr. Wyatt was one; assuring your Majesty that there were never gentlemen served more hardily, if it had chanced, and saving the disorder of our footmen that fled without cause, when all things almost seemed won. The enemy took more loss than we, but for the gentlemen; whose loss was much to be lamented. And this day we have kept the field from the break of day; and the enemy retired to Montreuil immediately after the fight, and left their carriages distressed behind them. And not twenty carts entered into the fortress; and that biscuit.

“Beseeching your Majesty, though the success hath not been such as we wished, to accept the good intent of us all; considering that it seemed to us, in a matter of such importance, a necessary thing to present the fight. And that Mr. Ellerkar may know we have humbly recommended his good service unto your Highness; which was such, as if all the rest had answered to the same, the enemy had been utterly discomfited; and that it may please your Majesty to give him credit for the declaration thereof more at large. Further; whereas Mr. Henry Dudley was one of those of the first rank that gave the onset upon the enemy, and is a man [to be esteemed] for his knowledge, heart, and of good service, it may like your Highness to be his good and gracious Lord; that whereas Mr. Poy-

ings, late captain of your Majesty's guard here is deceased, if your Highness shall think him able to succeed him in that room, at our humble intercession to admit him thereto; if it may so stand with your most gracious pleasure.

“And thus beseeching your Highness to accept our poor service, albeit the success in all things was not such as we wished, yet was the enemies enterprise disappointed, which could not have been otherwise done, and more of their part slain than of ours; and the fortress in as great misery as before, and a sudden flight the let of a full victory. And if any disorder there were, we assure your Majesty there was no default in the rulers, nor lack of courage to be given them, but a humour that sometime reigneth in Englishmen: most humbly thanking your Majesty that it hath pleased the same to consider their payment; which shall much revive their hearts to adventure most willingly their lives, according to their most bounden duty, in your Majesty's service, to make recompense for the disorder that now they have made.

“And thus we pray to God to preserve your most excellent Majesty. From your Highness's town of Boulogne, this 8th of January, 1546.

Your Majesty's most humble

and obedient Servants and Subjects,

H. SURREY.

HUGH POULET.

HENRY PALMER.

RICHARD CAVENDISH.

JOHN BYRGGYS.

RICHARD WYNDEBANCKE.

“P. S. Whereas we think that this victual can serve for no long time, that they have put into the fortress; wherefore it is to be thought the enemy will attempt the like again shortly: it may please your Majesty to resolve what is further to be done by us; and for the declaration of our poor opinions therein, we have sent Mr. Ellerkar to your Majesty, to whom may it please your Highness to give credit in that behalf; and the present tempest being such, we have thought it meet to send these before, and stay him for a better passage.”

His defeat has been supposed to have lessened the good opinion which the King entertained of him, but this is doubtful, as he continued in the command of Boulogne for three months after that event; and, in the beginning of March, he applied to Henry for permission that his wife might join him at Boulogne, which request was refused, on the ground that “time of service, which will bring some trouble and disquietness unmeet for women’s imbecilities, approacheth.” The first intimation he received that he was to be superseded was in a letter from Secretary Paget, dated about the middle of March, in which there are these passages:—

“My Lord, the latter part of your letter, touching the intended enterprise of the enemy, giveth me occasion to write unto you frankly my poor opinion; trusting your Lordship will take the same in no worse part than I mean it. As your Lordship wisheth, so his Majesty mindeth to do somewhat for

the endomaging of the enemy : and for that purpose hath appointed to send an army over shortly, and that my Lord of Hertford shall be his Highness's Lieutenant General at his being in Boulonnois. Whereby I fear your authority of Lieutenant shall be touched : for I believe that the later ordering of a Lieutenant taketh away the commission of him that was there before. Now, my Lord, because you have been pleased I should write mine advice to your Lordship in things concerning your honour and benefit, I could no less do than put you in remembrance how much in mine opinion this shall touch your honour, if you should pass the thing over in silence until the very time of my Lord of Hertford's coming over thither ; for so should both your authority be taken away, as I fear is Boulonnois, and also it should fortune ye to come abroad without any place of estimation in the field ; which the world would much muse at, and, though there be no such matter, think you were rejected upon occasion of some either negligence, inexperience, or such other like fault ; for so many heads so many judgments. Wherefore, my Lord, in my opinion, you should do well to make sure by times to his Majesty to appoint you to some place of service in the army ; as to the Captainship of the Foreward, or Rearward ; or to such other place of honour as should be met for you ; for so should you be where knowledge and experience may be gotten. Whereby you should the better be able hereafter to serve, and also to



have peradventure occasion to do some notable service in revenge of your men, at the last encounter with the enemies, which should be to your reputation in the world. Whereas, being hitherto noted as you are a man of a noble courage, and of a desire to shew the same to the face of your enemies, if you should now tarry at home within a wall, having I doubt a shew of your authority touched, it would be thought abroad I fear, that either you were desirous to tarry in a sure place of rest, or else that the credit of your courage and forwardness to serve were diminished; and that you were taken here for a man of [little] activity or service.

“Wherefore, in my opinion, you shall do well, and provide wisely for the conservation of your reputation, to sue to his Majesty for a place of service in the field. Wherein if it shall please you to use me as a mean to his Majesty, I trust so to set forth the matter to his Majesty, as he shall take the same in gracious part, and be content to appoint you to such a place as may best stand with your honour. And this counsel I write unto you as one that would you well; trusting that your Lordship will even so interpret the same, and let me know your mind herein betimes.”

Within a few weeks Surrey was summoned to the King's presence to advise on the best mode of fortifying Boulogne; but this command was in fact a civil manner of announcing that he was superseded by the Earl of Hertford.

The next notice which occurs of the Earl is the following letter from him to Secretary Paget, dated on the 14th of July, which is very characteristic. It relates to his conduct whilst commander of Boulogne with respect to the claims of some of the King's servants, as well as of persons to whom Surrey had given certain appointments. His reply to Lord Grey's insinuation that he had himself derived a profit from them is written with all the dignity of conscious integrity: "There are," he says, "in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never corrupted by personal considerations, and that his hand never closed upon a bribe: a lesson," he adds, "which he learnt from his father, whom he desired to imitate in this as in all other things."

To the Right Worshipful Sir William Paget, Kt.  
one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries:—

"It may like you, with my hearty commendations; that whereas yesternight I perceived by you, that the King's Majesty thinketh his liberality sufficiently extended towards the strangers that have served him, I have with fair words done my best so to satisfy them accordingly; assuring you on my faith, that their necessity seemed to me such, as it cost me an hundred ducats of mine own purse, and somewhat else: so that now there resteth nothing to be done but their passports and ready dispatch from

you, wherein it may please you to consider their great charges here.

“And now you shall give me leave to come to mine own matters. Coming from Boulogne in such sort as you know, I left only two of my servants behind me; John Rosington and Thomas Copeland. To the said John, for his notable service, I gave the advantage of the play in Boulogne; to Thomas, the prefect of the passage: whom my Lord Grey put immediately out of service after my departure, notwithstanding the letter I obtained from you to him in their favour. Upon a better consideration, John occupieth his room; and my Lord to his own use occupieth the other's office of the passage; saying, ‘That I, and my predecessors there should use the same to our gain;’ (which I assure you is untrue) and that it should be parcel of the entertainment of the Deputy; which in Calais was never used, and is, me seemeth, too near for a Deputy to grate; unless it were for some displeasure borne me.

“Finally, Mr. Secretary, this is the only suit that I have made you for any thing touching Boulogne sith my departure; wherefore it may please you, that if my Lord Grey will needs be passager, and that the office was no less worth to the said Thomas than fifty pounds a year, being placed there by a King's Lieutenant, (which me thinketh a great disorder that a Captain of Boulogne should displace for any private gain,) yet at the least it may please you

to request my Lord Grey to recompense him with a sum of money in recompense of that, that he hath lost, and purchased so dearly with so many dangers of life; which my said Lord of his liberality cannot refrain to do.

“And for answer, that my said Lord chargeth me to have returned the same to my private profit, in his so saying he can have none honour. For there be in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never for singular profit corrupted; nor never yet bribe closed his hand: which lesson I learned of my father; and wish to succeed him therein as in the rest.

“Further; whereas the said Copeland was placed there for his merits by Mr. Southwell, and me, of the guard; and that my said Lord Grey detaineth from him his wages, it may please you, at my hearty request, to grant him your letters for the obtaining thereof; and of the rest, and to pardon my frankness, for that you know it is my natural, to use it with [such as I do hold my friends]. And thus wishing you [to continue ever more] my friend, till I deserve of [any fault of mine the con]trary, I pray to God send you [what ever good your own] heart desireth. From — — — — 14th July, 1546.

“Your assured loving friend,

“H. SURREY.”

The great influence which the Earl of Hertford possessed was viewed with jealousy by Norfolk and

his son, though they sought to conciliate him by proposing an alliance between the widowed Duchess of Richmond, whose marriage was never consummated, and the Earl's brother, Sir Thomas Seymour. This alliance did not, however, take place, and Surrey, either from dislike of Hertford or from some other cause, was not employed under him. Disappointed ambition, in a person of an impetuous and haughty temper, generally vents itself in bitter speeches against the author of a supposed wrong; and Surrey, after his return to England, towards the end of March, 1547, often expressed himself with great asperity about Hertford.

This conduct having reached the King's ears, Surrey was arrested and imprisoned at Windsor in July following, when Henry ordered his father to be apprised of his imprudence. The Duke in a letter to the Council desired them to thank his Majesty for informing him of his son's "foolish demeanour;" and after expressing pleasure at finding he had evinced a proper sense of his behaviour, Norfolk prayed that he might be "earnestly handled, in order that he may have regard hereafter so to use himself, that he may give his Majesty no cause of discontent." Surrey's confinement must have been short, as he officiated at court early in August, on the arrival of the French Ambassadors.

Nothing has been discovered relating to the Earl between this time and the 12th of December, when he was arrested and sent to the Tower. The real

causes of this measure have not been developed, but when the irritable state of the King's mind and body, and the situation in which the Howard family then stood with respect to the Seymours are considered, it may be easily imagined that the proud and intemperate Surrey would soon afford his enemies the means of accomplishing his destruction. Sir Robert Southwell having declared that he knew certain things affecting the Earl's fidelity to the King, he was summoned from Kenninghall, and accused before Wriothsley, the Earl of Hertford and others of the Privy Council. He positively denied the charges brought against him, and demanded a public trial, or if this were not to be obtained, he asked to be allowed to prove the falsehood of his accuser by fighting him in his shirt. The Council ordered him into confinement; and within a few days both he and his father were sent to the Tower, each being ignorant of the other's arrest. Depositions were taken upon which to ground an indictment, and it is a disgusting fact that the Duchess of Richmond was one of the witnesses against her father and her brother. The Earl of Surrey was accused of high treason under the statute of the 28th of Henry VIII., whereby among other offences, it was enacted, that if any person by speaking, writing, or printing, or by any other act or deed, did any thing to the peril of the King's person or of his heir, or should by any act, speech, or deed, occasion the King to be disturbed in the

possession of his Crown, he should be considered a traitor. The indictment then proceeds to recite that King Edward the Confessor had borne certain arms which belonged exclusively to that monarch, his progenitors, and successors, Kings of England; that Henry and all his progenitors had, from time immemorial, used and borne the said arms, they being annexed to the crown of England; that Prince Edward, the King's son and heir apparent, had always borne the same arms from the time of his birth, with the difference of a silver label of three points, to the said Prince of right belonging, and to no other subject whatever; that the Earl of Surrey, unmindful of his allegiance, had, as a false traitor and public enemy of the King, conspired to withdraw his subjects from their allegiance, and to deprive the King of his royal dignity, on the 7th of October, 1546, in Kenninghall, in the county of Norfolk, in the house of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, his father, by traitorously and openly causing the said arms of the King, with three silver labels, to be painted in conjunction with his own proper arms, thereby intending to repress, destroy, annihilate, and scandalize the true and undoubted title of the said Lord, the now King to the crown of this his realm of England; and also traitorously to disinherit and interrupt the said Lord Prince Edward of his true and undoubted title in and to the said crown of this realm of England, and then and there maliciously, voluntarily, and traitorously giving occasion

whereby the said Lord the now King might be disturbed and interrupted in his said true title to the said crown of this his realm of England, to the scandal, peril, derogation, and contempt of the said Lord the now King and of his said lawful title to his said crown of England.

In proof of this charge Mrs. Holland, the Duke of Norfolk's mistress, deposed in general terms that he had reproached Surrey for his want of skill in quartering his arms. The Duchess of Richmond declared that he had spoken with asperity of Hertford, to whom he attributed his late imprisonment; that he had shown dislike to the new nobility; had complained that the King expressed displeasure for the defeat at Boulogne in the preceding year; that he had dissuaded her from reading too far in the scriptures; and that he had erected an altar in a church at Boulogne: but in the conclusion of her deposition, she maliciously insinuated that the earl had surmounted his arms instead of with a coronet, with what "seemed to her much like a close crown, and a cipher which she took to be the king's cipher, H. R." Sir Edmund Knyvett and Thomas Pope also gave their testimony, but it contained nothing of the slightest importance.

The crime for which this young nobleman was thus arraigned has never been properly examined; and, satisfied with its manifest absurdity, historians as well as the biographers of Surrey have omitted



to point out upon what grounds that inference is justified.

The arms of King Edward the Confessor are presumed to have been a blue field charged with a gold cross flory at the ends, between five gold martlets, a kind of swallow without legs; but as heraldry was then unknown, it is extremely doubtful if this or any other bearing was used by that monarch. Arms appear to have been used by the kings of England in the reign of Richard the First, who bore a red shield, charged with three gold lions, which have ever since been deemed to be the arms of England. As early as the time of Edward the First, and probably about a century before, the arms of three saints were always borne on banners in the English army, and on all state occasions, namely, those of St. George, the tutelar saint of this country; of St. Edmund, and of St. Edward the Confessor, but neither of those ensigns was deemed to be connected with the sovereignty of England. Richard the Second, however, being actuated by extraordinary veneration for St. Edward the Confessor, chose him for his patron saint, and impaled his arms with those of England and France; and at the same time, he granted the Confessor's arms to be borne per pale with the paternal coats of two or three of the most eminent noblemen of the day, each of whom was descended from the blood royal. One of the persons so distinguished was Thomas Mowbray, Earl of

Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk, the right to whose arms and quarterings was indisputably inherited by the Earl of Surrey, but the right to the coat of the Confessor depends upon whether it was granted to Mowbray for life only, or to him *and his heirs*, a point which has not been ascertained. Conceiving himself, however, entitled to it,\* Surrey in marshalling his arms included it with his other numerous quarterings, and the injustice of construing the act into a treasonable design is still more apparent from other circumstances. Neither Henry the Eighth nor any other monarch after Richard the Second, ever used the arms of the Confessor in conjunction with their own, and the statement that Prince Edward then did so with a label, is not supported by any other evidence. Surrey introduced the label as the proper distinction of his arms from those of his father, so that he appears to have done nothing that he was not authorized by law to do; and even at this moment heralds allow the Con-

\* The Duke of Norfolk stated in his petition to Queen Mary, to have his own and Surrey's attainder reversed:—

“And forasmuch most gracious Sovereign Lady as the offence wherewith your said subject and supplicant was charged, and whereof he was indicted, was for bearing of arms, which he and his ancestors had heretofore of long time and continuance borne, as well within this realm as without, and as well also in the presence of the said late King, as in the presence of divers of his noble progenitors, Kings of England, and which said arms your said supplicant and subject, and his ancestors might lawfully and justly bear and give, as by good and substantial matter of record it may and doth appear.”

fessor's arms to several noble families. It is remarkable that whilst this preposterous accusation was brought against Surrey, he himself bore the *royal* arms by virtue of his descent from Thomas of Brotherton,\* the son of Edward the First, whilst various other noblemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth quartered the royal arms of England and France, and two if not more of them, the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Wiltshire, had borne them, not in the inferior position of the third or fourth, but in the *first* quarter, as their paternal arms with impunity, and as a matter of acknowledged right.†

Surrey was brought to trial at the Guildhall on the 13th January, 1547, when he defended himself with singular courage and ability, by impeaching the evidence brought against him, and urging his right, on the authority of the Heralds and of precedent, to bare the obnoxious arms. When a witness asserted

\* It is a singular fact, that when Henry the Eighth granted armorial ensigns to Anne Boleyn, then Marchioness of Pembroke, he took especial care to shew her *royal* and illustrious descent through the *Howards*, by introducing the arms of Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward the First, and of the Warrens, Earls of Surrey, out of the *Howard* shield. In the arms of Katharine Howard Henry impaled with his own the same royal quartering of Brotherton, whilst in farther evidence of her royal descent, one of the quarterings was formed of the arms of France and England.

† It was for some centuries the Law of Arms, that whenever a person was entitled to quarter the royal arms, they were to take precedence of all others by being placed in the first quarter.

that, in a conversation with the Earl, he repeated some strong expression which Surrey had used, together with his own insolent reply, the prisoner made no other observation than by turning to the Jury and saying, "I leave it to you to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surrey and he not strike him."

But neither eloquence, nor spirit, nor even innocence itself, was likely to avail a man accused of treason in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the Jury, among whom it is melancholy to find two near relations of his faithful attendant Clere, found him guilty. He was remanded to the Tower, and beheaded on the 21st of January, just eight days after his conviction, and when he was only thirty years of age.

No particulars are preserved of his deportment in prison or on the scaffold; but from the noble spirit he evinced at his trial, and from his general character, it cannot be doubted that he behaved in the last scene of his existence with fortitude and dignity. On the barbarous injustice to which he was sacrificed comment is unnecessary, but regret at his early fate is increased by the circumstance that Henry himself, whose name is a disgrace to any country, in any age, was in extremities when he ordered his execution, and dying within the same week the life of the Duke of Norfolk was preserved. Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower Street, but his body was, it has been said,

removed to Framlingham by his son, the Earl of Northampton, where he erected a handsome monument to his father's memory, with this inscription:—

HENRICO . HOWARDO . THOMÆ . SECUNDI . DUCIS  
 NORFOLCIÆ . FILIO . PRIMOGENITO . THOMÆ . TERTII  
 PATRI . COMITI . SURRIÆ . ET . GEORGIANI . ORDINIS  
 EQUITI . AURATO . IMMATURE . ANNO . SALUTIS  
 MDXLVI . ABREPTO . ET . FRANCISCÆ . UXORI  
 EJUS . FILIÆ . JOHANNIS . COMITIS . OXONIÆ . HENRICUS  
 HOWARDUS . COMES . NORTHAMPTONIÆ . FILIUS  
 SECUNDO . GENITUS . HOC . SUPREMUM . PIETATIS  
 IN . PARENTES . MONUMENTUM . POSUIT  
 ANNO . DOMINI . MDCKIV.\*

Lord Surrey left two sons, Thomas, then about the age of eleven, who became the fourth Duke of Norfolk; and Henry, who was created by James the First, Lord Howard of Marnhill and Earl of Northampton: and three daughters; Jane who married Charles Neville Earl of Westmoreland, Katharine who married Henry Lord Berkeley, and Margaret who married Henry Lord Scrope of Bolton. Surrey's widow married secondly, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Thomas Steyning, of Woodford,

\* The inscription on the monument appears to have been drawn up by the secretary of the Earl of Northampton, then lately deceased, "Johanne Griffitho nuper Comit: Northamptoniæ ab epistolis curante," who seems to have been imperfectly acquainted with the pedigree of his patron; for the Earl of Surrey was son to the *third*, and father to the *fourth* Duke of Norfolk.

in Suffolk, Esq. by whom she had a daughter, Mary, the wife of Charles Seckford, Esq.

A curious inventory of Surrey's apparel is particularly deserving of notice from the manner in which it was distributed among his enemies the Seymours, and others, by the crown, to which it fell by his attainder. These rapacious favourites considered 'nothing too trifling for their acceptance, and their conduct affords a humiliating idea of a nobleman of the sixteenth century. Both the Protector and his brother partook also very largely of the Duke of Norfolk's jewels and other property.

**ALL THESE TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.** — One Parliament robe of purple velvet, with a garter set upon the shoulder; four black velvet caps, set with pearl and goldsmith's works; a hat of crimson satin and crimson velvet, with a white feather; a scarf of crimson gold, sarcenet; two pairs of knit hose; two dozen arming points; a knit petticoat; two rapiers, all gilt, graven antique; two daggers, all gilt and graven, appendant to two girdles; a gilt dagger, with a sheath of black velvet; a pair of stirrups, all gilt; ditto parcel gilt; another pair of stirrups; two pair of spurs, gilt; a horse harness of black velvet, set with studs, of copper, and gilt; a fod cloth of black velvet, fringed with Venice gold; a horse harness of crimson velvet, fringed with Venice gold.

**TO MR. COLLEY AND MR. THORP.** — A robe, with hood, and crimson velvet.

**TO MR. BRIAN.** — A gown of cloth of gold, furred and faced with sables.

**ALL THESE TO SIR HENRY SEYMOUR.** — A gown of black velvet, with a curious guard of black satin; a gown of crimson taffeta, faced with busard; a coat and cassock of black velvet, the one wrought with satin, and the other with satin and wreaths; a cape of frizado, guarded upon with velvet, and embroidered

upon with russet satin; with other doublets, hoses, caps, and shirts.

MR. FOWLER.—A gown of black satin embroidered and lined with gold sarcenet; a cassock of black silk embroidered and lined with gold sarcenet.

MRS. WINFRED FISHER.—A robe of black velvet set with buttons of gold enamelled black and white; a pair of hose, black velvet, laid on with threads of Venice gold.

MR. PHILPOT.—A robe of black velvet, embroidered with tawney satin; with other doublets and hoses.

MR. T. ALLEN.—A doublet of black satin cut.

MR. COLLEY AND MR. THORP.—A shirt wrought with black silk to each.

It is difficult to pronounce a certain opinion upon Surrey's personal character. Dr. Nott and his other biographers have spoken of his merits in a strain of eulogy which, to say the least, is not borne out by the few notices that are preserved of him. That he was accomplished is amply manifested by his works, which also indicate a correct moral taste, since there is not, in the whole of his poems, one word, or an allusion to a single thought, to which the most fastidious person can possibly object. This merit deserves greater praise than it has hitherto received, because he is almost the first English versifier who possessed it; and it is no slight proof of the purity of his mind. Surrey's greatest fault appears to have been a naturally hasty and impetuous temper, which, in a man of exalted rank and great influence was probably increased by his station exacting deference and submission from the greater part of those with whom he came in contact. In his brief career

he was imprisoned no less than three times, and ultimately lost his life from his imprudent conduct; and the only excuse which can be made for him is, that he was young, and that he was too proud and too ingenuous to conceal what he thought. His conduct towards the Duchess of Norfolk has been already adverted to, and whatever may have been her errors, the son who could, under any circumstances, treat his mother with unkindness has slight claim to be considered an amiable man. Surrey's military talents and his ardent courage do not admit of being questioned, and his veneration for his father tends, in a slight degree, to redeem his behaviour towards his mother. Examples of his zeal for his friends, and of his deep sense of honour, have been adduced in this memoir, and they certainly entitle his memory to respect, whilst his conduct as a husband and a father has never been impeached.

Of his writings, and the rank to which he is entitled among the poets of England, the remarks of Puttenham, Warton, Henry, and Dr. Nott, contain all which can be said on the subject.

Puttenham says: "In the latter end of Henry the Eighth's reign sprung up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains, who having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they



greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and style.

“Henry Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesie; their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master Francis Petrarcha.”

Warton observes: “In the sonnets of Surrey, we are surprised to find nothing of that metaphysical cast which marks the Italian poets, his supposed masters, especially Petrarch. Surrey’s sentiments are for the most part natural and unaffected; arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances. His poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions, or elaborate conceits. If our author copies Petrarch, it is Petrarch’s better manner: when he descends from his Platonic abstractions, his refinements of passion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon opposite sentiments, into a track of tenderness, simplicity, and nature. Petrarch would have been a better poet had he been a worse scholar. Our author’s mind was not too much overlaid by learning.

“Surrey’s talents, which are commonly supposed

to have been confined to sentiment and amorous lamentation, were adapted to descriptive poetry and the representations of rural imagery. But he was not merely the poet of idleness and gallantry. He was fitted, both from nature and study, for the more solid and laborious parts of literature. He translated the second and fourth books of Virgil into blank verse: and it seems probable, that his active situations of life prevented him from completing a design of translating the whole Eneid. This is the first composition in blank verse extant in the English language. Nor has it merely the relative and accidental merit of being a curiosity. It is executed with great fidelity, yet not with a prosaic servility. The diction is often poetical, and the versification varied with proper pauses. Surrey, for his justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love-verses in our language. It must, however, be allowed, that there is a striking native beauty in some of our love-verses written much earlier than Surrey's. But in the most savage ages and countries, rude nature has taught elegance to the lover."

Dr. Henry's criticism is no less favourable: "Poetry revived in England under Henry the Eighth, and was cultivated by his courtiers as a vehicle of gallantry; but by none more than the brave but unfortunate Surrey, who had taste to relish the Italian poets, and judgment to reject their

affected, though splendid conceits. His sonnets were once celebrated, but are now neglected; unjustly neglected, for their merit is considerable, and their influence imparted a new character to English poetry. Surrey was inspired by a genuine passion, and his sonnets breathe the unaffected dictates of nature and love. Tenderness predominates in the sentiment, ease and elegance distinguish the language. From these sonnets, the earliest specimens of a polished diction and refined sensibility, succeeding poets discovered the capacity and secret powers of the English tongue. They are not numerous, though sufficient to effect a reformation in poetry, nor discriminated always from the sonnets of others; but of those whose authenticity is certain, the complaint uttered in confinement at Windsor, touches irresistibly the heart with woe. Blank verse, now peculiar to English poetry, had been recently attempted in Italian and Spanish, and was first transplanted by Surrey into some translations from Virgil, which discover rather the concinnity of rhyme than the swelling progression of blank verse."

It is difficult to give extracts from Dr. Nott's remarks on Surrey's writings, but the following passages seem to convey all that is material:—

"Surrey perceived that some change in our versification was unavoidable, and he attempted a change, which was conceived, as the event has proved, in a perfect knowledge of the nature and genius of the English language. The change he proposed and

effected was this. He substituted for the old rhythmical mode of versification one, as nearly metrical as the nature of any language, which regulates the value of syllables by accent, and not by quantity, will allow. He limited the heroic verse to ten syllables, and these he divided into five equal Iambic feet; for he perceived that the frequent return of the short syllable was necessary to correct that languor and ponderosity which the constant recurrence of monosyllables would otherwise occasion. He was aware, however, that the Iambic measure, though sweet in itself, was liable to become monotonous and pall upon the ear. He therefore introduced the further refinement of breaking the lines with pauses. The natural place for the pause was at the end of the fourth syllable where the old *cæsura* generally fell; but he varied the situation of his pauses as he found the harmony of the verse required, or as he thought the beauty and effect of the passage would be heightened by it.

“Such was the system of versification introduced by Surrey. Of the correctness of his taste and the justness of his reasoning upon the subject, no further proof need be required than the event. For the laws of English versification, such as they were established by Surrey, have been adopted by our standard writers, with hardly any variation, ever since. At particular times, indeed, a particular taste has for a short season prevailed. Thus in the reign of James, and of Charles the First, quaintness, and

a love of antithesis gave a new turn to our versification, and made it abrupt and irregular. But in the two best epochs of our poetry, during the reign of Elizabeth and after the Restoration, those principles of versification alone were observed which Surrey had introduced. An attentive reader will be surprised to find how little was added afterwards by even Dryden or Pope to the system and perfectness of Surrey's numbers.

“Surrey first rejected the use of those ‘aureate and mellifluate’ terms, which he found disfiguring our language with a sort of prescriptive tyranny, and restricted himself to the use of those words alone which were approved by common use, and were natural to the language.

“He next introduced a studied mode of involution in his periods, which gives dignity to what is so expressed, and a certain remoteness from common life, essential to the higher branches of poetic composition. And lastly, he discountenanced altogether the French mode of laying an unnatural stress upon final syllables; he followed the obvious and common pronunciation of our language; carefully avoiding all double terminations, and using only those words for rhyme which were noble and harmonious, and such as the ear might dwell upon with pleasure.

“Such were the improvements made by Surrey in our versification and poetic diction. These alone, had nothing more been effected by him, would have entitled him to the praise of having been the restorer

of modern English poetry. But we owe to him further obligations. He first introduced the use of Blank Heroic Verse. In this respect the praise is exclusively his own. In reforming our versification and poetic diction, he had in some degree Chaucer for his guide; and in some degree he was conducted by the bent and genius of our language. When he attempted blank verse he had no guide whatever, as far as we have yet been able to discover, but his own judgment and taste. All writers are agreed that Surrey's translation of the Second and Fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneid* is the first specimen of Heroic Blank Verse in our language.

“The leading features of Surrey's style were chiefly dignity and compression. Of his compression, contrasted with the diffusive mode of writing used by all the authors who preceded him, a more striking instance cannot well be found than that which occurs in the opening to his sonnet on Sir Thomas Wyatt's death.

“The reader's observation will enable him easily to collect from Surrey's poems other instances of elegant and nervous compression. I do not recollect a single passage where a thought is needlessly expanded for the sake of filling up a line. Surrey's style bears a stronger resemblance to Dryden's than to that of any other of our poets. The same manliness, and ease, and vigour characterizes both. In neither do we find any affectation of prettiness; they seem both to have been more intent on their

thoughts than their words; they gave their words, indeed, a full and a due consideration, but, as always ought to be the case, in subserviency to their thoughts.

“ It now remains to shew, that I have not laboured to give a higher importance to Surrey’s writings, than they in reality possess. But how shall we appreciate his writings too highly, who by a single effort of genius corrected a nation’s taste, and shewed them first the way to that perfection in poetry, to which they have since attained? That the great change which in the sixteenth century took place in our national poetry, was owing chiefly to the influence of Surrey’s writings, seems to me incontestable from the general popularity which they obtained immediately upon their appearance: and the studied imitation of them to be traced in all our poets in succession, from Sackville down to Spenser.

“ Of the popularity of Surrey’s poems, we have a convincing proof in the rapidity with which editions were multiplied. They were first printed in June, 1557. In the course of that and the following month they went through no less than four distinct impressions. They were afterwards reprinted in 1565, in 1567, and in 1569, twice afterwards in 1574, again in 1585, and again 1587. Besides this, selections from Surrey’s poems were printed almost daily, with other popular pieces in single sheets, and in small collections called garlands; by means of which they were made familiar to readers of the lower

orders : whilst some of them, as we learn from the books of the Stationers' Company, were moralized ; a circumstance which of itself is sufficient to prove their popularity, and extensive circulation.\* In addition to these facts we are to consider yet further, that Surrey's verses continued to be multiplied in manuscript by many who had not the means of purchasing printed copies ; and that they uniformly made part of all the printed miscellanies of those days, up to the beginning of the seventeenth century. It would be difficult to find an instance of any poet in any country whose works were in so short a time more widely circulated. And if so, we might ask, whether it would be possible that writings thus largely diffused, and thus universally admired, should not produce a general and a lasting effect on public taste."

The present edition has been printed from the collection of Surrey's pieces by Tottel in 1557, which was the first that appeared, and some explanation is necessary why Dr. Nott's text was not adopted. It appears that that writer has made many alterations without any apparent authority, and not a few of the variations seem to be as inju-

\* "Surrey's pleasing little ode, 'When raging love with extreme pain,' which seems to have been a very popular piece, was printed in 1568 by J. Alde, moralized into 'When raging lust,' &c. 'Give place, ye ladies,' etc. was often reprinted as a ballad."



dicious as they were arbitrary. In those cases, however, where a better reading is given by Nott from the Harington MS., or where an alteration was called for on account of the obscurity of a passage arising from a typographical error, the emendation of that indefatigable biographer of the noble Surrey has been followed. The authority for the title of each piece is that of the first, and indeed every other edition, excepting the one by Dr. Nott.\*

\* The following examples of the manner in which the titles of some of the poems have been altered by Dr. Nott are sufficient to show the erroneous conclusions into which he is likely to lead his readers:—

“The Complaint of the Lover disdained,” is called by Dr. Nott, “To account for Geraldine’s growing indifference and the increase of his own passion, Surrey supposes her to have drunk of the fountain of aversion, and himself of the fountain of love.”

“The frailty and hurtfulness of beauty,” is entitled by Dr. Nott, “Repulsed by the Fair Geraldine with scorn and cruelty. Surrey inveighs against beauty itself, as a dangerous gift, and one which reason ought not to covet.”

The Sonnet, “To the Lady that scorned her Lover,” is called by Nott, “Confident of his power to recover his liberty, Surrey again exults at having broke his chains, and again warns the Fair Geraldine to beware of his resentment.”

The Poem, “On a Lady that refused to dance with him,” Dr. Nott has entitled, “Surrey renounces all affection for the fair Geraldine.”

## SONGS AND SONNETS.

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### DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE

OF A LOVER, WITH SUIT TO HIS LADY, TO  
RUE ON HIS DYING HEART.

THE sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,  
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness ;  
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,  
And once again begins their cruelty ;  
Since I have hid under my breast the harm  
That never shall recover healthfulness.  
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm ;  
The parched green restored is with shade ;  
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarm  
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made ?  
What cold again is able to restore  
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade ?  
Alas ! I see nothing hath hurt so sore  
But Time, in time, reduceth a return :  
In time my harm increaseth more and more,  
And seems to have my cure always in scorn.  
Strange kinds of death in life that I do try !  
At hand, to melt ; far off in flame to burn.  
And like as time list to my cure apply,

So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.  
All thing alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,  
With cloak of night, may cover, and excuse  
It self from travail of the day's unrest,  
Save I, alas! against all others use,  
That then stir up the torments of my breast;  
And curse each star as causer of my fate.  
And when the sun hath eke the dark opprest,  
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate  
The travails of mine endless smart and pain.  
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,  
I wish for night; more covertly to plain;  
And me withdraw from every haunted place,  
Lest by my chere my chance appear too plain.  
And in my mind I measure pace by pace,  
To seek the place where I myself had lost,  
That day that I was tangled in the lace,  
In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.  
But never yet the travail of my thought,  
Of better state, could catch a cause to boast.  
For if I found, some time that I have sought,  
Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,  
My sails do fall, and I advance right nought;  
As anchor'd fast my spirits do all resort  
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more<sup>1</sup>  
The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.  
Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!  
And if I flee, I carry with me still

<sup>1</sup> To stand *at gaze* and *suck* in more and more. MSS. cited by Dr. Nott.

The venom'd shaft, which doth his force restore  
 By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill  
 Unto myself, unless this careful song  
 Print in your heart some parcel of my tene.<sup>1</sup>  
 For I, alas! in silence all too long,  
 Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.  
 Rue on my Life; or else your cruel wrong  
 Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.



## DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EVERY THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote<sup>2</sup> season, that bud and bloom forth brings  
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.  
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
 The turtle to her mate<sup>3</sup> hath told her tale.  
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,  
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;  
 The buck in brake his winter coat he slings;  
 The fishes fete with new repaired scale;  
 The adder all her slough away she slings;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;<sup>4</sup>  
 The busy bee her honey now she mings;<sup>5</sup>  
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus I see among these pleasant things  
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Sorrow.<sup>2</sup> Sweet.<sup>3</sup> Mate.<sup>4</sup> Small.<sup>5</sup> Mingles.<sup>6</sup> Destruction

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF  
A LOVER.

WHEN youth had led me half the race  
That Cupid's scourge had made me run ;  
I looked back to mete the place  
From whence my weary course begun.

And then I saw how my desire  
By guiding ill had lett the way :  
Mine eyes, too greedy of their hire,  
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,  
And could not cloak my grief with game ;  
The boiling smoke did still bewray  
The present heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears do bain my breast,  
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown ;  
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,  
Ere that the buds were sprung and blown.

And when mine eyes did still pursue  
The flying chase of their request ;  
Their greedy looks did oft renew  
The hidden wound within my breast.

When every look these cheeks might stain,  
From deadly pale to glowing red ;  
By outward signs appeared plain,  
To her for help my heart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me  
To paint all kind of colours new ;  
To blind their eyes that else should see  
My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

And now the covert breast I claim,  
That worshipp'd Cupid secretly ;  
And nourished his sacred flame,  
From whence no blazing sparks do fly.



DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS,  
PANGS, AND SLIGHTS OF LOVE.

SUCH wayward ways hath Love, that most part  
in discord

Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts but seldom  
do accord.

Deceit is his delight, and to beguile and mock  
The simple hearts, which he doth strike with forward,  
diverse stroke.

He causeth the one to rage with golden burning dart ;  
And doth allay with leaden cold again the other's  
heart.

Hot gleams of burning fire, and easy sparks of flame,  
In balance of unequal weight he pondereth by aim.  
From easy ford, where I might wade and pass full  
well,

He me withdraws, and doth me drive into a deep  
dark hell;

And me withholds where I am call'd and offer'd  
place,

And wills me that my mortal foe I do beseech of  
grace;

He lets me to pursue a conquest well near won,  
To follow where my pains were lost, ere that my  
suit begun.

So by these means I know how soon a heart may  
turn

From war to peace, from truce to strife, and so  
again return.

I know how to content myself in others lust;  
Of little stuff unto myself to weave a web of trust;  
And how to hide my harms with soft dissembling  
chere,

When in my face the painted thoughts would out-  
wardly appear.

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for  
dread;

And how by shame it stains again the cheeks with  
flaming red.

I know under the green, the serpent how he lurks;  
The hammer of the restless forge I wot eke how  
it works.

I know, and can by rote the tale that I would tell;  
But oft the words come forth awry of him that  
loveth well.

I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes;  
In singing how he doth complain; in sleeping how  
he wakes.

To languish without ach, sickless for to consume,  
A thousand things for to devise, resolving all in  
fume.

And though he list to see his lady's grace full sore;  
Such pleasures as delights his eye, do not his health  
restore.

I know to seek the track of my desired foe,  
And fear to find that I do seek. But chiefly this  
I know,  
That lovers must transform into the thing beloved,  
And live, (alas! who could believe?) with sprite  
from life removed.

I know in hearty sighs, and laughters of the spleen,  
At once to change my state, my will, and eke my  
colour clean.

I know how to deceive myself with others help;  
And how the lion chastised is, by beating of the  
whelp.

In standing near the fire, I know how that I freeze;  
Far off I burn; in both I waste, and so my life I  
lese.

I know how love doth rage upon a yielding mind;  
How small a net may take, and meash a heart of  
gentle kind:



Or else with seldom sweet to season heaps of gall ;  
 Revived with a glimpse of grace, old sorrows to let  
 fall.

The hidden trains I know, and secret snare of love ;  
 How soon a look will print a thought, that never  
 may remove.

The slipper state I know, the sudden turns from  
 wealth ;  
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure de-  
 spair of health.



COMPLAINT OF A LOVER THAT DEFIED LOVE,  
 AND WAS BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN Summer took in hand the winter to assail,  
 With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy  
 blasts to quail :  
 And when he clothed fair the earth about with  
 green,  
 And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was  
 to seen :  
 Mine heart 'gan new revive, and changed blood did  
 stir,  
 Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within  
 my dore.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Door.

'Abroad,' quoth my desire, 'assay to set thy foot;  
Where thou shalt find the savour sweet; for sprung  
is every root.

And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,  
Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel  
a space.

There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds  
y-wrought,  
Well tune their voice with warble small, as nature  
hath them taught.'

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to  
leave,

And for my health I thought it best such counsel to  
receive.

So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,  
I went to prove how well it would my heavy burden  
light.

And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,  
Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten  
out.

There might I see how Ver<sup>1</sup> had every blossom  
hent,<sup>2</sup>

And eke the new betrothed birds, y-coupled how  
they went;

And in their songs, methought, they thanked Nature  
much,

That by her license all that year to love, their hap  
was such,

<sup>1</sup> Spring.

<sup>2</sup> Taken hold of, i. e. brought out every blossom.

Right as they could devise to choose them feres<sup>1</sup>  
throughout:

With much rejoicing to their Lord, thus flew they  
all about. [ceive,

Which when I 'gan resolve, and in my head con-  
What pleasant life, what heaps of joy, these little  
birds receive;

And saw in what estate I, weary man, was wrought,  
By want of that, they had at will, and I reject at  
nought;

Lord! how I gan in wrath unwisely me demean!  
I cursed Love, and him defied; I thought to turn  
the stream.

But when I well beheld, he had me under awe,  
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest his  
law:

Thou blinded God,' quoth I, 'forgive me this  
offence,

Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.'  
Wherewith he gave a beck, and thus methought he  
swore:

'Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it  
were more.'

The virtue of which sound mine heart did so revive,  
That I, methought, was made as whole as any man  
alive.

But here I may perceive mine error, all and some,  
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it still  
undone;

<sup>1</sup> Companions, mates.

And all that was no more but mine expressed mind,  
That fain would have some good relief, of Cupid  
well assign'd.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it well,  
That he aggrieved was right sore with me for my  
rebel.

My harms have ever since increased more and  
more, [more.  
And I remain, without his help, undone for ever  
A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all;  
Strive not with love; for if ye do, it will ye thus  
befall.



#### COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,  
That built his seat within my captive breast;  
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,  
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.  
She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain;  
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire  
With shamefaced cloak to shadow and restrain,  
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.  
And coward Love then to the heart apace  
Taket h his flight; whereas he lurks, and plains  
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.  
For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.  
Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove:  
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

## COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

IN Cyprus springs, whereas Dame Venus dwelt,  
 A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,  
 Were he of stone, as thawed ice should melt,  
 And kindled find his breast with fixed flame ;  
 Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.  
 This creeping fire my cold limbs so opprest,  
 That in the heart that harbour'd freedom, late :  
 Endless despair long thralldom hath imprest.  
 Another <sup>1</sup> so cold in frozen ice is found,  
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,  
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,  
 And with the spot of change infects the mind ;  
     Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain :  
     My service thus is grown into disdain.<sup>2</sup>

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE  
GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race ;  
 Fair Florence was sometime her <sup>3</sup> ancient seat.  
 The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face  
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.  
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast :  
 Her sire an Earl ; her dame of Prince's blood.

<sup>1</sup> Sc. Well.

<sup>2</sup> Whereby my service grows into disdain. — *Not's Ed.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Their.

From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,  
 With Kinges child ; where she tasteth costly food.  
 Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :  
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.  
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;  
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.  
 Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;  
 Happy is he that can obtain her love !



THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF  
 BEAUTY.<sup>1</sup>

BRITTLE beauty, that Nature made so frail,  
 Whereof the gift is small, and short is the season ;  
 Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail ;  
 Tickle treasure, abhorred of reason :  
 Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail ;  
 Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail ;  
 Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason :<sup>3</sup>  
 Jewel of jeopardy, that perit doth assail ;  
 False and untrue, enticed oft to treason ;  
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail ;  
 Ah ! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,  
 Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken ;  
 To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

<sup>1</sup> In the Harrington MS. this poem is attributed to Lord Vaux.

<sup>2</sup> Two pease.

<sup>3</sup> Rare, or uncommon.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER  
NOT BELOVED.

ALAS! so all things now do hold their peace!  
 Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing;  
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,  
 The night's car the stars about doth bring.  
 Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less:  
 So am not I, whom love, alas! doth wring,  
 Bringing before my face the great increase  
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,  
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.  
 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;  
 But by and by, the cause of my disease  
 Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,  
     When that I think what grief it is again,  
     To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.



HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER IN  
SPRING, REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm;  
 My hand my chin, to ease my restless head;  
 The pleasant plot revested green with warm;  
 The blossom'd boughs, with lusty Ver<sup>1</sup>y-spread;  
 The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late

<sup>1</sup> Spring.

Mine eyes discover ; and to my mind resort  
 The jolly woes, the hatelless, short debate,  
 The rakehell<sup>1</sup> life, that 'longs to love's disport.  
 Wherewith, alas ! the heavy charge of care  
 Heap'd in my breast breaks forth, against my will  
 In smoky sighs, that overcast the air.  
 My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,  
     The tender spring which quicken where they fall ;  
 And I half bend to throw me down withal.



A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER  
 HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,  
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;  
 In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;  
 In presence prest<sup>2</sup> of people, mad, or wise ;  
 Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;  
 In longest night, or in the shortest day ;  
 In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;  
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray :  
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,  
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood ;  
 Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,  
 Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,  
     Her's will I be ; and only with this thought  
     Content myself, although my chance be nought.

<sup>1</sup> Careless.

<sup>2</sup> Query, press, i. e. in the presence of a crowd of people.



## COMPLAINT THAT HIS LADY,

AFTER SHE KNEW HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAYS  
HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER saw my Lady lay apart  
Her cornet<sup>1</sup> black, in cold nor yet in heat,  
Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great;  
Which other fancies driveth from my heart,  
That to myself I do the thought reserve,  
The which unwares did wound my woful breast;  
But on her face mine eyes might never rest.  
Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,  
Her golden tresses clad alway with black,  
Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,  
And that restrains which I desire so sore.  
So doth this cornet govern me alack!

In summer, sun, in winter's breath, a frost;  
Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.



REQUEST TO HIS LOVE TO JOIN BOUNTY  
WITH BEAUTY.

THE golden gift that Nature did thee give,  
To fasten friends and feed them at thy will,  
With form and favour, taught me to believe,  
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill.

<sup>1</sup> A head dress, with a hood or veil attached to it.

Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,  
 But lively dooms <sup>1</sup> might gather at the first  
 Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown,  
 Of other graces follow needs there must.  
 Now certes, Garret, <sup>2</sup> since all this is true,  
 That from above thy gifts are thus elect,  
 Do not deface them then with fancies new ;  
 Nor change of minds, let not the mind infect :  
 But mercy him thy friend that doth thee serve ;  
 Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.



PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH  
 HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,  
 As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,  
 With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,  
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.

<sup>1</sup> Judgments.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Nott observes, "The first quarto and all the other editions, except the second and third quartos, read 'Now certes, Lady.' Why the genuine reading given in the text should have ever been suppressed it is difficult to say. The Fitz-Gerald family almost always wrote their name Garret. The Fair Geraldine, when attending on the Princess Mary, was always called Garret: and she herself in her Will designates her sister, the Lady Margaret Fitz-Gerald, 'The Lady Margaret Garret.'"

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.  
The large green courts, where we were wont to  
hove,<sup>1</sup>

With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,  
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.  
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.  
The dances short, long tales of great delight ;  
With words and looks, that tigers could but rue ;  
Where each of us did plead the other's right.  
The palme-play,<sup>2</sup> where, despoiled for the game,  
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love  
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,  
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.  
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,  
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts ;  
With chere, as though one should another whelm,  
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.  
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,  
In active games of nimbleness and strength,  
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,  
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.  
The secret groves, which oft we made resound  
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;  
Recording oft what grace each one had found,  
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.  
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green ;  
With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,  
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,

<sup>1</sup> Hover.

<sup>2</sup> Tennis-court.

Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.  
 The void vales <sup>1</sup> eke, that harbour'd us each night:  
 Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast  
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;  
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;  
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;  
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play;  
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,  
 Wherewith we past the winter night away.  
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;  
 The tears berain <sup>2</sup> my cheeks of deadly hue:  
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!  
 Up-supp'd have, thus I my plaint renew:  
 'O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!  
 Give me account, where is my noble fere? <sup>3</sup>  
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;  
 To other <sup>4</sup> lief; but unto me most dear.'  
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,  
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.  
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,  
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:  
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,  
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

<sup>1</sup> According to Dr. Nott, this line in the Harrington MS. reads thus,

The *void walls* eke, that harbour'd us each night.

<sup>2</sup> Bedew, as with rain.      <sup>3</sup> Companion.      <sup>4</sup> Endeared.

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH  
THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

WHEN raging love with extreme pain  
Most cruelly distrains my heart ;  
When that my tears, as floods of rain,  
Bear witness of my woful smart ;  
When sighs have wasted so my breath  
That I lie at the point of death :

I call to mind the navy great  
That the Greeks brought to Troy town :  
And how the boisterous winds did beat  
Their ships, and rent their sails adown ;  
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood  
Appeas'd the Gods that them withstood.

And how that in those ten years war  
Full many a bloody deed was done ;  
And many a lord that came full far,  
There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;  
And many a good knight overrun,  
Before the Greeks had Helen won.

Then think I thus : ' Sith such repair,  
So long time war of valiant men,  
Was all to win a lady fair,  
Shall I not learn to suffer then ?

And think my life well spent to be,  
Serving a worthier wight than she?'

Therefore I never will repent,  
But pains contented still endure;  
For like as when, rough winter spent,  
The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure;  
So after raging storms of care,  
Joyful at length may be my fare.



COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER  
BEING UPON THE SEA.

O HAPPY dames that may embrace  
The fruit of your delight;  
Help to bewail the woful case,  
And eke the heavy plight,  
Of me, that wanted to rejoice  
The fortune of my pleasant choice:  
Good ladies! help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship freight with remembrance  
Of thoughts and pleasures past,  
He sails that hath in governance  
My life while it will last;  
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,  
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,  
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see  
Those eyes that were my food;  
Which sometime so delighted me,  
That yet they do me good:  
Wherewith I wake with his return,  
Whose absent flame did make me burn:  
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn.

When other lovers in arms across,  
Rejoice their chief delight;  
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,  
I stand the bitter night  
In my window, where I may see  
Before the winds how the clouds flee:  
Lo! what mariner love hath made of me.

And in green waves when the salt flood  
Doth rise by rage of wind;  
A thousand fancies in that mood  
Assail my restless mind.

Alas! now drencheth<sup>1</sup> my sweet foe,  
That with the spoil of my heart did go,  
And left me; but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,  
To chase from me annoy,  
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain;  
So dread cuts off my joy.

Thus is my wealth mingled with woe:  
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;  
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no, no!

<sup>1</sup> Is drowned.

## COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOVER

REFUSED UPON HIS LADY'S UNJUST MISTAKING OF HIS  
WRITING.

IN winter's just return, when Boreas gan his reign,  
And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught  
them plain :

In misty morning dark, as sheep are then in hold,  
I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to unfold.  
And as it is a thing that lovers have by fits,  
Under a palm I heard one cry as he had lost his wits.  
Whose voice did ring so shrill in uttering of his plaint,  
That I amazed was to hear how love could him  
attaint.

'Ah! wretched man,' quoth he; 'come, death, and  
rid this woe;

A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so.  
Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without  
redress;

If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had been  
the less.'

And reckless of his life, he gan both sigh and groan:  
A rueful thing me thought it was, to hear him make  
such moan.

'Thou cursed pen,' said he, 'woe-worth the bird thee  
bare;

The man, the knife, and all that made thee, woe be  
to their share:



Woe-worth the time and place where I so could  
indite ;

And woe be it yet once again, the pen that so can  
write.

Unhappy hand ! it had been happy time for me,  
If when to write thou learned first, unjointed hadst  
thou be.'

Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,  
Save her alone whom love him bound to serve both  
day and night.

Which when I heard, and saw how he himself for-  
did ;<sup>1</sup>

Against the ground with bloody strokes, himself e'en  
there to rid ;

Had been my heart of flint, it must have melted  
tho' ;

For in my life I never saw a man so full of woe.

With tears for his redress I rashly to him ran,

And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake  
him than :

'What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy  
case

Torments thyself with such despite, here in this  
desart place ?'

Wherewith as all aghast, fulfill'd with ire and dread,  
He cast on me a staring look, with colour pale and  
dead :

'Nay what art thou,' quoth he, 'that in this heavy  
plight

<sup>1</sup> Destroy.

Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life hath  
in despite?'

'I am,' quoth I, 'but poor, and simple in degree;  
A shepherd's charge I have in hand, unworthy  
though I be.'

With that he gave a sigh, as though the sky should  
fall,

And loud, alas! he shrieked oft, and, 'Shepherd,'  
'gan he call,

'Come, hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy  
heart,

So thou shalt know, and I shall tell thee, guiltless  
how I smart.'

His back against the tree sore feebled all with faint,  
With weary sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he  
told his plaint:

'Once in my heart,' quoth he, 'it chanced me to  
love

Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her cun-  
ning for to prove.

And sure I cannot say, but many years were spent,  
With such good will so recompens'd, as both we  
were content.

Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,  
The sun should run his course awry, ere we this faith  
forego.

Who joyed then but I? who had this world's bliss?  
Who might compare a life to mine, that never  
thought on this?

But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,

Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy  
She is reversed clean, and beareth me in hand,  
That my deserts have given cause to break this  
faithful band :

And for my just excuse availeth no defence.

Now knowest thou all ; I can no more ; but, Shep-  
herd, hie thee hence,

And give him leave to die, that may no longer live :  
Whose record, lo ! I claim to have, my death I do  
forgive.

And eke when I am gone, be bold to speak it plain,  
Thou hast seen die the truest man that ever love did  
pain.'

Wherewith he turned him round, and gasping oft  
for breath,

Into his arms a tree he raught, and said : ' Welcome  
my death !

Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me  
Than should, without her love to live, an emperor  
to be.'

Thus in this woful state he yielded up the ghost ;  
And little knoweth his lady, what a lover she hath  
lost.

Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right  
For pity though my heart did bleed, to see so piteous  
sight.

My blood from heat to cold oft changed wonders  
sore ;

A thousand troubles there I found I never knew  
before ;

Tween dread and dolour so my sprites were brought  
in fear,  
That long it was ere I could call to mind what I  
did there.  
But as each thing hath end, so had these pains of  
mine :  
The furies past, and I my wits restor'd by length of  
time.  
Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best  
Where I might find some worthy place for such a  
corse to rest.  
And in my mind it came, from thence not far away,  
Where Cressid's love, king Priam's son, the worthy  
Troilus lay.  
By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,  
And as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.  
Whose soul by angels' power departed not so soon,  
But to the heavens, lo! it fled, for to receive his  
doom.



COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER,  
BEING UPON THE SEA.

GOOD ladies! ye that have your pleasure in exile,  
Step in your foot, come, take a place, and mourn  
with me awhile :  
And such as by their lords do set but little price,  
Let them sit still, it skills them not what chance  
come on the dice.



And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair  
 little son.<sup>1</sup>  
 So forth I go apace to see that liefsome sight,  
 And with a kiss, methinks I say, 'Welcome, my  
 Lord, my knight;  
 Welcome, my sweet; alas! the stay of my welfare;  
 Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me  
 and my care.'  
 Then lively doth he look, and saluteth me again,  
 And saith, 'My dear, how is it now that you have  
 all this pain?'  
 Wherewith the heavy cares, that heap'd are in my  
 breast,  
 Break forth and me dischargen clean, of all my huge  
 unrest.  
 But when I me awake, and find it but a dream,  
 The anguish of my former woe beginneth more  
 extreme;  
 And me tormenteth so that unneath<sup>2</sup> may I find  
 Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing  
 of my mind.

<sup>1</sup> In the copy printed by Dr. Nott from the Harrington MS. this line stands,

"And playing, where I shall him find with T. his little son;" which induces that writer to observe: "This proves the piece to have been written, not as an exercise of fancy, but for some existing person." If this conjecture be correct, the Complainant may have been intended for Lady Surrey, and "T. his little son," for *Thomas* her eldest son, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> With difficulty.

Thus every way you see, with absence how I burn ;  
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good  
 return :

Save when I think, by sour how sweet is felt the  
 more,

It doth abate some of my pains, that I abode before.  
 And then unto myself I say : ' When we shall meet,  
 But little while shall seem this pain ; the joy shall  
 be so sweet.'

Ye winds, I you conjure, in chiefest of your rage,  
 That ye my Lord me safely send, my sorrows to  
 assuage.

And that I may not long abide in this excess,  
 Do your good will to cure a wight, that liveth in  
 distress.



### A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR  
 LADIES WITH HIS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;  
 My Lady's beauty passeth more  
 The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
 Than doth the sun the candle light,  
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
 As had Penelope the fair ;

For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were :  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint :  
With wringing hands, how she did cry.  
And what she said, I know it, aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart  
And this was chiefly all her pain ;  
'She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought ;  
In faith, methink ! some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought  
Than to compare, as ye have done.  
To match the candle with the sun.



TO HIS MISTRESS.<sup>1</sup>

If he that erst the form so lively drew  
Of Venus' face, triumph'd in painter's art ;  
Thy Father then what glory did ensue,  
By whose pencil a Goddess made thou art.  
Touched with flame that figure made some rue,  
And with her love surprised many a heart.  
There lack'd yet that should cure their hot desire :  
Thou canst inflame and quench the kindled fire.



## TO THE LADY THAT SCORNE'D HER LOVER.

ALTHOUGH I had a check,  
To give the mate is hard ;  
For I have found a neck,  
To keep my men in guard.  
And you that hardy are,  
To give so great assay  
Unto a man of war,  
To drive his men away ;

<sup>1</sup> Printed for the first time by Dr. Nott, from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Hill.

I rede you take good heed,  
And mark this foolish verse ;  
For I will so provide,  
That I will have your ferse.<sup>1</sup>  
And when your ferse is had,  
And all your war is done ;  
Then shall yourself be glad  
To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win  
Your person in the field ;  
Too late then come you in  
Yourself to me to yield.  
For I will use my power,  
As captain full of might ;  
And such I will devour,  
As use to shew me spite.

And for because you gave  
Me check in such degree ;  
This vantage, lo ! I have,  
Now check, and guard to thee.  
Defend it if thou may ;  
Stand stiff in thine estate :  
For sure I will assay,  
If I can give thee mate.

<sup>1</sup> The Queen at Chess.

A WARNING TO THE LOVER, HOW HE IS  
ABUSED BY HIS LOVE.

Too dearly had I bought my green and youthful  
years,

If in mine age I could not find when craft for love  
appears.

And seldom though I come in court among the rest,  
Yet can I judge in colours dim, as deep as can the  
best.

Where grief torments the man that suff'reth secret  
smart,

To break it forth unto some friend, it easeth well  
the heart.

So stands it now with me, for, my beloved friend,  
This case is thine, for whom I feel such torment of  
my mind.

And for thy sake I burn so in my secret breast,  
That till thou know my whole disease, my heart can  
have no rest,

I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wits,  
That all it yields to thy desire, and follows thee by  
fits.

Where thou hast loved so long, with heart, and all  
thy power,

I see thee fed with feigned words, thy freedom to  
devour :

I know (though she say nay, and would it well  
 withstand) [but in hand.  
 When in her grace thou held thee most, she bare thee  
 I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suit;  
 When thou art gone, I see him come that gathers  
 up the fruit.  
 And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree  
 Of him to whom she gave the heart, that promised  
 was to thee. [sure  
 I see, (what would you more,) stood never man so  
 On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it to  
 endure.



THE FORSAKEN LOVER DESCRIBETH AND  
 FORSAKETH LOVE.

O LOATHSOME place! where I  
 Have seen, and heard my dear;  
 When in my heart her eye  
 Hath made her thought appear,  
 By glimpsing with such grace, —  
 As fortune it ne would  
 That lasten any space,  
 Between us longer should.

As fortune did advance  
 To further my desire;  
 Even so hath fortune's chance  
 Thrown all amidst the mire.

And that I have deserved,  
With true and faithful heart,  
Is to his hands reserved,  
That never felt the smart.

But happy is that man  
That scaped hath the grief,  
That love well teach him can,  
By wanting his relief.  
A scourge to quiet minds  
It is, who taketh heed ;  
A common plage that binds ;  
A travail without meed.

This gift it hath also :  
Whoso enjoys it most,  
A thousand troubles grow,  
To vex his wearied ghost.  
And last it may not long ;  
The truest thing of all :  
And sure the greatest wrong,  
That is within this thrall.

But since thou, desert place,  
Canst give me no account  
Of my desired grace,  
That I to have was wont ;  
Farewell ! thou hast me taught,  
To think me not the first  
That love hath set aloft,  
And casten in the dust.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS  
STATE.<sup>1</sup>

As oft as I behold, and see  
The sovereign beauty that me bound ;  
The nigher my comfort is to me,  
Alas ! the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,  
And running streams consume by rain ;  
So doth the sight that I desire  
Appease my grief, and deadly pain.

Like as the fly that see'th the flame,  
And thinks to play her in the fire ;  
That found her woe, and sought her game  
Where grief did grow by her desire.

First when I saw those crystal streams,  
Whose beauty made my mortal wound ;  
I little thought within their beams  
So sweet a venom to have found.

<sup>1</sup> The 3rd, 6th, and 8th stanzas do not occur in Tottel's collection, but were supplied by Dr. Nott from a copy in the "Nugæ Antiquæ."

But wilful will did prick me forth,  
 Blind Cupid did me whip and guide ;  
 Force made me take my grief in worth ;<sup>1</sup>  
 My fruitless hope my harm did hide ;

Wherein is hid the cruel bit,  
 Whose sharp repulse none can resist ;  
 And eke the spur that strains each wit  
 To run the race against his list.

As cruel waves full oft be found  
 Against the rocks to roar and cry ;  
 So doth my heart full oft rebound  
 Against my breast full bitterly.

And as the spider draws her line,  
 With labour lost I frame my suit ;  
 The fault is her's, the loss is mine :  
 Of ill sown seed, such is the fruit.

I fall, and see mine own decay ;  
 As he that bears flame in his breast,  
 Forgets for pain to cast away  
 The thing that breedeth his unrest.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Patiently.

<sup>2</sup> In Tottel's collection this stanza is thus printed —

I fall and see mine own decay,  
 As one that bears flame in his breast ;  
 Forgets in pain to put away  
 The thing that breedeth mine unrest.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF  
SUSPECTED CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not  
The promise made by me ;  
Or passed not to spot  
My faith and honesty :  
Yet were my fancy strange,  
And wilful will to wite,  
If I sought now to change  
A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise  
My wit and enterprise,  
If I esteemed a pese<sup>1</sup>  
Above a pearl in price :  
Or judged the owl in sight  
The sparhawk to excel ;  
Which flieth but in the night,  
As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to sail  
Into the brittle port,  
Where anchor hold doth fail  
To such as do resort ;

<sup>1</sup> A pea.



And leave the haven sure,  
 Where blows no blustering wind;  
 No fickleness in ure,<sup>1</sup>  
 So far-forth as I find.

No! think me not so light,  
 Nor of so churlish kind,  
 Though it lay in my might  
 My bondage to unbind,  
 That I would leave the hind  
 To hunt the gander's foe.  
 No! no! I have no mind  
 To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all;  
 For think, it may not be  
 That I should seek to fall  
 From my felicity.  
 Desirous for to win,  
 And loth for to forego;  
 Or new change to begin;  
 How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot freeze,  
 For it is not his kind;  
 Nor true love cannot lese  
 The constance of the mind.  
 Yet as soon shall the fire  
 Want heat to blaze and burn;  
 As I, in such desire,  
 Have once a thought to turn.

<sup>1</sup> Practise.

## A CARELESS MAN

SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF WOMEN  
TOWARD THEIR LOVERS.

WRAPT in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,  
I see how love can shew what force there reigneth  
in his bow :

And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound ;  
And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is  
found.

For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike ;  
The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far  
to seek.

All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh me  
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the  
other free.

I see that wounded wight that suff'reth all this  
wrong,

How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all  
too long.

In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,  
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look  
by stealth,

As though it seem'd ; ' I wis, I will not lose thee so :'  
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never  
truly grow.

Then say I thus : ' Alas ! that man is far from bliss,  
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but  
this.'

And she that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,  
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can  
reign.

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks  
that he,

A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.  
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth new her grace,  
And smileth, lo ! as though she would forthwith the  
man embrace.

But when the proof is made, to try such looks  
withal,

He findeth then the place all void, and freighted  
full of gall.

Lord ! what abuse is this ; who can such women  
praise ?

That for their glory do devise to use such crafty  
ways.

I that among the rest do sit and mark the row,  
Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty  
mo' :

Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so well are  
sped,

What will she do when hoary hairs are powder'd in  
her head ?

AN ANSWER IN THE BEHALF OF A WOMAN  
OF AN UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.<sup>1</sup>

GIRT in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sow,  
I see that things are not in deed, as to the outward  
show.

And who so list to look and note things somewhat  
near,

Shall find where plainness seems to haunt, nothing  
but craft appear.

For with indifferent eyes, myself can well discern,  
How some to guide a ship in storms stick not <sup>2</sup> to  
take the stern ;

Whose skill and courage tried <sup>3</sup> in calm to steer  
a barge,

They would soon shew, you should foresee,<sup>4</sup> it were  
too great a charge.

And some I see again sit still and say but small,  
That can<sup>5</sup> do ten times more than they that say  
they can do all.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was printed as in the text by Dr. Nott, from the Harrington MS., which alone contains the last eighteen lines. The variations between that copy and the printed editions are pointed out in the notes. The remark in Tottel's Collection that it was by "an uncertain author" justifies a doubt whether it was written by Surrey.

<sup>2</sup> seek for.

<sup>3</sup> Whose practice if were proved.

<sup>4</sup> Assuredly believe it well.

<sup>5</sup> could.

Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they understand,

The more they seek to learn and know, and take less charge in hand.

And to declare more plain, the time flits not so fast,

But I can bear right<sup>1</sup> well in mind the song now sung, and past;

The author whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloak,  
In<sup>2</sup> will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no smoke.

If power and will had met,<sup>3</sup> as it appeareth plain,  
The<sup>4</sup> truth nor right had ta'en no place; their virtues had been vain.

So that you may perceive, and I may safely see,  
The innocent that guiltless is, condemned should have be.

Much like untruth to this the story doth declare,  
Where the Elders laid to Susan's charge meet matter to compare.

They did her both accuse, and eke condemn her too,  
And yet no reason, right, nor truth, did lead them so to do!

And she thus judg'd to die, toward her death went forth,

Fraughted with faith, a patient pace, taking her wrong in worth.

But he that doth defend all those that in him trust,

<sup>1</sup> full.

<sup>2</sup> With.

<sup>3</sup> join'd.

<sup>4</sup> Then.

Did raise a child for her defence to shield her from  
th' unjust.

And Daniel chosen was then of this wrong to weet,  
How, in what place, and eke with whom she did  
this crime commit.

He caused the Elders part the one from th' other's  
sight,

And did examine one by one, and charg'd them  
both say right.

'Under a mulberry tree it was ;' first said the one.

The next named a pomegranate tree, whereby the  
truth was known.

Then Susan was discharg'd, and they condemn'd  
to die,

As right requir'd, and they deserv'd, that fram'd so  
foul a lie.

And He that her preserv'd, and lett them of their  
lust,

Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still I trust.

## THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth  
Wherein I reigned, by the sight  
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth  
With sour, sweet, dread, and delight;  
Let not my grief move you to moan,  
For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Boreas' reign,  
Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,  
When hills were spread, and every plain  
With stormy winter's mantle white;  
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,  
When others froze, then did I sweat.

And now, though on the sun I drive,  
Whose fervent flame all things decays;  
His beams in brightness may not strive  
With light of your sweet golden rays;  
Nor from my breast his heat remove  
The frozen thoughts, graven by Love.

Ne may the waves of the salt flood  
Quench that your beauty set on fire;  
For though mine eyes forbear the food,  
That did relieve the hot desire;  
Such as I was, such will I be;  
Your own; what would ye more of me?

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF SURREY  
OF A LADY THAT REFUSED TO DANCE WITH HIM.<sup>1</sup>

EACH beast can choose his fere according to his  
mind,

And eke can shew a friendly chere, like to their  
bestly kind.

A Lion saw I late, as white as any snow,  
Which seemed well to lead the race, his port the  
same did show.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,  
For still me thought he seemed well of noble blood  
to be.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Nott's remark on this piece, "That it is valuable from the circumstance of its preserving an account of a quarrel between Surrey and the fair Geraldine, which, as we hear nothing of any reconciliation afterwards, was the occasion probably of his renouncing his ill fated passion," is an amusing instance of first imagining a fact, and then making every circumstance support it. The learned editor, as in most other instances, assumes that Geraldine was the subject of the poem, without a shadow of evidence; and gratuitously gives it this title—"Surrey renounces all affection for the fair Geraldine," whereas, in all the printed editions, it bears the title assigned to it in the text. There is no doubt that Surrey personated himself by the "White Lion," which was one of the badges (and not the arms, as Dr. Nott asserts) of the house of Howard, derived from their descent from the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk. The word "pranceth" in line 7, alluded to the position "rampant"





With that she start aside well near a foot or twain,  
And unto him thus 'gan she say, with spite and  
great disdain :

'Lion,' she said, 'if thou hadst known my mind  
before,

Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy  
pain for-lore.

Do way! I let thee weet, thou shalt not play with  
me :

Go range about, where thou mayst find some  
meeter fere for thee.'

With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame ;  
I might perceive his noble heart much moved by  
the same.

Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his wrath assuage,  
And unto her thus 'gan he say, when he was past  
his rage :

'Cruel! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light ;  
Without desert for my good will to shew me such  
despite.

How can ye thus intreat a Lion of the race,  
That with his paws a crowned king devoured in the  
place.<sup>1</sup>

Whose nature is to prey upon no simple food,  
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of  
noble blood.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an allusion to the defeat and death of James the Fourth at Flodden Field, by Thomas, then Earl of Surrey, the Poet's grandfather.

If you be fair and fresh, am I not of your hue?<sup>1</sup>  
 And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is not  
 untrue.

For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,  
 Sith that for love one of the race did end his life in  
 woe,

In tower both strong and high, for his assured truth,  
 Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas! the  
 more the ruth.

This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could  
 remove,  
 But willingly to lese his life for loss of his true  
 love.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Query, is it to be understood by this line that Surrey was related to the lady, or did he only mean that his lion was of the same hue as her wolf?

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Nott observes: "This means Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas second Duke of Norfolk, by Agnes his second wife, and consequently half uncle to Surrey. He was attainted of high treason, and committed to the Tower, in June, 1536, for having, without the knowledge or approbation of King Henry VIII., affianced himself to the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland, the King's sister. Lord Thomas Howard remained in confinement till his decease on Allhallows Eve, 1538. Upon his death the Lady Margaret, who had been confined likewise, was set at liberty. It is probable that this unfortunate affiance was the effect on the part of Lord Thomas Howard, as well as on the part of the Lady Margaret, of real attachment, and not of ambition. Had he relinquished all claim to her hand, he probably would have been released from his confinement. It is likely therefore that his love, as Surrey intimates, really cost him his life."

Other there be whose lives do linger still in pain,  
Against their will preserved are, that would have  
died right fain.

But now I do perceive that nought it moveth you,  
My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind  
so true.

But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,  
As other some full many years trace by the craft ye  
made.

And thus behold my kinds, how that we differ far ;  
I seek my foes ; and you your friends do threaten  
still with war.

I fawn where I am fled ; you slay, that seeks to  
you ;

I can devour no yielding prey ; you kill where you  
subdue.

My kind is to desire the honour of the field ;  
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as  
to you yield.

Wherefore I would you wist, that for your coyed  
looks,

I am no man that will be trapp'd, nor tangled with  
such hooks.

And though some lust to love, where blame full well  
they might ;

And to such beasts of current sought, that should  
have travail bright ;

I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,  
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go  
free.

And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,  
Which never fed on hand nor lure; nor for no  
stale<sup>1</sup> doth care;

While that I live and breathe, such shall my cus-  
tom be

In wildness of the woods to seek my prey, where  
pleaseth me;

Where many one shall rue, that never made offence:  
Thus your refuse against my power shall boot them  
no defence.

And for revenge thereof I vow and swear thereto,  
A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought  
to do.

And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,  
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed  
on me. [bow;

And thus farewell, Unkind, to whom I bent and  
I would you wist, the ship is safe that bare his sails  
so low.

Sith that a Lion's heart is for a Wolf no prey,  
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple  
sheep, I say,

With more despite and ire than I can now express;  
Which to my pain, though I refrain, the cause you  
may well guess.

As for because myself was author of the game,  
It boots me not that for my wrath I should disturb  
the same.'

<sup>1</sup> A piece of meat used to allure falcons back to their master.

## THE FAITHFUL LOVER

DECLARETH HIS PAINS AND HIS UNCERTAIN JOYS, AND  
WITH ONLY HOPE RECOMFORTETH SOMEWHAT  
HIS WOFUL HEART.

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?  
If each man do bewail his woe, why shew not I my  
    pain?  
Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is  
    none  
So far from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause  
    to moan.  
For all things having life, sometime hath quiet rest;  
The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other  
    beast;  
The peasant, and the post, that serves at all assays;  
The ship-boy, and the galley-slave, have time to  
    take their ease;  
Save I, alas! whom care, of force doth so constrain,  
To wail the day, and wake the night, continually in  
    pain.  
From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter  
    tears,  
From tears to painful plaint again; and thus my  
    life it wears.  
No thing under the sun, that I can hear or see,  
But moveth me for to bewail my cruel destiny.

For where men do rejoyce, since that I cannot so,  
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my  
woe.

And when I hear the sound of song or instrument,  
Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me to  
lament.

And if I see some have their most desired sight,  
'Alas!' think I, 'each man hath weal save I, most  
woful wight.'

Then as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,  
So do I seek some secret place, where I may make  
my moan.

There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting  
heart;

So that the streams of those two wells right well de-  
clare my smart.

And in those cares so cold, I force myself a heat  
(As sick men in their shaking fits procure them-  
selves to sweat)

With thoughts, that for the time do much appease  
my pain:

But yet they cause a farther fear, and breed my  
woe again.

Methink within my thought I see right plain appear  
My heart's delight, my sorrow's leech, mine earthly  
goddess here,

With every sundry grace, that I have seen her have:  
Thus I within my woful breast her picture paint  
and grave.

And in my thought I roll her beauties to and fro ;  
Her laughing chere, her lively look, my heart that  
pierced so.

Her strangeness when I sued her servant for to be ;  
And what she said, and how she smiled, when that  
she pitied me.

Then comes a sudden fear that reaveth all my rest,  
Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sink within her  
breast.

For when I think how far this earth doth us divide,  
Alas ! me-seems love throws me down ; I feel how  
that I slide. [trust

But then I think again, ' Why should I thus mis-  
So sweet a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and  
just ?

For loath she was to love, and wavering is she not ;  
The farther off the more desired.' Thus lovers tie  
their knot.

So in despair and hope plung'd am I both up and  
down,

As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune  
list to frown :

But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,  
So doth Good-hope clean put away despair out of  
my mind ;

And bids me for to serve, and suffer patiently :  
For what wot I the after weal that fortune wills to  
me.

For those that care do know, and tasted have of  
trouble,



When passed is their woful pain, each joy shall  
seem them double.

And bitter sends she now, to make me taste the  
better

The pleasant sweet, when that it comes, to make it  
seem the sweeter.

And so determine I to serve until my breath;  
Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to false  
my faith.

And if my feeble corpse, through weight of woful  
smart

Do fail, or faint, my will it is that still she keep my  
heart.

And when this carcass here to earth shall be refer'd,  
I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her after-  
ward.

## THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life, be these, I find :  
The riches left, not got with pain ;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;  
No charge of rule, nor governance ;  
Without disease, the healthful life ;  
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;  
True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;  
The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not oppress :

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.  
Contented with thine own estate ;  
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

## PRAISE OF MEAN AND CONSTANT ESTATE

OF thy life, Thomas,<sup>1</sup> this compass well mark :  
 Not aye with full sails the high seas to beat ;  
 Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,  
 On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat.

Whoso gladly halseth<sup>2</sup> the golden mean,  
 Void of dangers advisedly hath his home ;  
 Not with loathsome muck as a den unclean,  
 Nor palace like, whêreat disdain may glome.<sup>3</sup>

The lofty pine the great wind often rives ;  
 With violenter sway fallen turrets steep ;  
 Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives.<sup>4</sup>  
 A heart well stay'd, in overthwartes<sup>5</sup> deep.

Hopeth amends ; in sweet, doth fear the sour.  
 God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.  
 Now ill, not aye thus ; once Phœbus to low'r,  
 With bow unbent, shall cease ; and frame to harp.

His voice in strait estate appear thou stout ;  
 And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind  
 All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about ;  
 Take in a reef: haste is waste, proof doth find.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Wyatt.

<sup>3</sup> Look at scornfully.

<sup>5</sup> Adverse fortunes.

<sup>2</sup> Embraceth.

<sup>4</sup> Steep cliffs.

## PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS [WYATT] THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persia chased  
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rung ;  
 In the rich ark Dan Homer's rhymes he placed,  
 Who feigned gests of heathen princes sung.  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,  
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase?  
 chase?

Where he doth paint the lively faith, and pure,  
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace,  
 Of just David, by perfect penitence ;  
 Where Rulers may see in a mirror clear,  
 The bitter fruit of false concupiscence ;  
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.

In Princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,  
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.



## OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WY. TT.

DIVERS thy death do diversely bemoan :  
 Some, that in presence of thy livelighed  
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,  
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.

Some, that watched with the murd'rer's knife,  
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,  
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.  
 But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head ;  
 What virtues rare were tempered in that breast,  
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,  
 And kiss the ground whereas the corpse doth rest ;  
     With vapour'd eyes : from whence such streams  
     availe,<sup>1</sup>  
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

---

OF THE SAME.

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest :  
 Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain ;  
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast :  
 Such profit he by envy could obtain .  
 A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame ;  
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,  
 As on a stithe,<sup>2</sup> where that some work of fame  
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.  
 A visage stern, and mild ; where both did grow  
 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :  
 Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,  
 To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

<sup>1</sup> Fall down.

<sup>2</sup> Forge, or anvil.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme ;  
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.  
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)  
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.  
A tongue that serv'd in foreign realms his king ;  
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame  
Each noble heart ; a worthy guide to bring  
Our English youth by travail unto fame.  
An eye, whose judgment none effect could blind,  
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;  
Whose piercing look did represent a mind  
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.  
A heart, where dread was never so imprest  
To hide the thought that might the truth advance ;  
In neither fortune loft, nor yet represt,  
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.  
A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met :  
Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,  
Lived, and ran the race that nature set ;  
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.  
But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,  
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,  
Witness of faith, that never shall be dead ;  
Sent for our health, but not received so.  
Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;  
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

## OF THE SAME.

In the rude age, when knowledge was not rife,  
 If Jove in Crete, and other were that taught  
 Arts, to convert to profit of our life,  
 Wend after death to have their temples sought :  
 If, Virtue yet no void unthankful time  
 Failed of some to blast her endless fame ;  
 (A goodly mean both to deter from crime,  
 And to her steps our sequel to inflame)  
 In days of truth if Wyatt's friends then wail  
 (The only debt that dead of quick may claim)  
 That rare wit spent, employ'd to our avail,  
 Where Christ is taught, we led to Virtue's train.  
     His lively face their breasts how did it treat,  
     Whose cinders yet with envy they do eat.



AN EPITAPH ON CLERE, SURREY'S FAITHFUL  
 FRIEND AND FOLLOWER.

NORFOLK sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead ;  
 Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou hight <sup>1</sup>  
 Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,  
 And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy sight.

<sup>1</sup> These lines were inscribed, with the epitaph above, on a table  
 in Lambeth Church:—

“ Epitaphium Thomæ Clere, qui fato functus est 1545 auctore

Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase ;<sup>1</sup>  
 (Aye, me ! whilst life did last that league was tender)  
 Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,  
 Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.  
 At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,  
 Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will ;  
 Which cause did thee this pining death procure,  
 Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.  
 Ah ! Clere ! if love had bootied, care, or cost,  
 Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

Henrico Howard, Comite Surrey. In cujus faelicis ingenii specimen, et singularis facundiae argumentum, appensa fuit haec Tabula per W. Howard, filium Thomae nuper Ducis Norfolkci ensis, filii ejusdem Henrici Comititis."

This epitaph occurs, with some trifling variations, in Camden's *Remains*, Aubrey's *History of Surrey*, v. 247, and in Bloomfield's *Norfolk*. Thomas Clere was the youngest son of Sir Robert Clere, of Ormesby in Norfolk, (the descendant of Clere, of Clere mont in Normandy,) by Alice, daughter of Sir William Boleyn, by Margaret, daughter and coheir of Thomas Boteler, Earl of Ormond. He was consequently first "cousin" of Queen Anne Boleyn, whom "he saw crowned" in 1533, and was connected with "Ormond's race." "Shelton" is presumed to have been a daughter of Sir John Shelton, of Shelton in Norfolk, but it does not appear that Clere married her. He died on the 14th of April, 1545, and was buried at Lambeth. These facts explain most of the allusions in the epitaph, and the others are noticed in the Memoir of Surrey.

<sup>1</sup> Didst choose.



OF SARDANAPALUS'S DISHONORABLE LIFE  
AND MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire  
And filthy lusts that stain'd his regal heart ;  
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,  
Did yield vanquisht for want of martial art.  
The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange ;  
And harder than his lady's side, his targe :<sup>1</sup>  
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change ;  
His helmet, far above a garland's charge :  
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,  
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight.  
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,  
When he had lost his honour, and his right,  
    (Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with  
    dread,)  
Murder'd himself, to shew some manful deed.

<sup>1</sup> Shield.

## HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT

WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN  
IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL  
TO UNDERSTAND IT.

LAI<sup>D</sup> in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts  
appear.

And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of  
thought did rise.

I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man  
to be.

The young man eke that feels his bones with pains  
opprest,  
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at  
rest.

The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the  
more.

Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop  
and change degree.

And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,  
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever  
seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,  
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was  
worn so thin.  
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right  
way,  
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me  
say:  
'Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,  
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life  
doth assuage ;  
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy  
chin ;  
The which do write two ages past, the third now  
coming in.  
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time :  
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life  
define.'  
Whereat I sigh'd, and said : ' Farewell ! my wonted  
joy ;  
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every  
little boy ;  
And tell them thus from me ; their time most happy  
is,  
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth  
of this.'

## BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.

THE storms are past ; the clouds are overblown ;  
 And humble chere great rigour hath represt.  
 For the default is set a pain foreknown ;  
 And patience graft in a determined breast.  
 And in the heart, where heaps of griefs were grown,  
 The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest.  
 No company so pleasant as mine own.

. . . . .  
 Thraldom at large hath made this prison free.  
 Danger well past, remembered, works delight.  
 Of ling'ring doubts such hope is sprung, pardie !  
 That nought I find displeasent in my sight,  
 But when my glass presented unto me  
 The cureless wound that bleedeth day and night.  
 To think, alas ! such hap should granted be  
 Unto a wretch, that hath no heart to fight,  
 To spill that blood, that hath so oft been shed,  
 For Britain's sake, alas ! and now is dead !

EXHORTATION TO LEARN BY OTHERS'  
TROUBLE.

MY RATCLIF,<sup>1</sup> when thy reckless<sup>2</sup> youth offends,  
Receive thy scourge by others' chastisement ;  
For such calling, when it works none amends,  
Then plagues are sent without advertisement.  
Yet Solomon said, the wronged shall recure :  
But Wyatt said true ; 'The scar doth aye endure.



THE FANCY OF A WEARIER LOVER.

THE fancy, which that I have served long ;  
That hath alway been enemy to mine ease ;  
Seemed of late to rue upon my wrong,  
And bade me fly the cause of my misease.  
And I forthwith did press out of the throng,  
That thought by flight my painful heart to please  
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong ;  
And to myself I said, 'Alas ! those days

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Sir Humphrey Ratcliffe, one of the gentlemen pensioners.

<sup>2</sup> Careless.

In vain were spent, to run the race so long.  
And with that thought I met my guide, that plain,  
Out of the way wherein I wander'd wrong,  
Brought me amidst the hills in base Bullayne :  
    Where I am now, as restless to remain  
    Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

---

## A SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

LONDON! hast thou accused me  
Of breach of laws? the root of strife!  
Within whose breast did boil to see,  
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life;  
That even the hate of sins, that grow  
Within thy wicked walls so rife,  
For to break forth did convert so,  
That terror could it not repress.  
The which, by words, since preachers know  
What hope is left for to redress,  
By unknown means it liked me  
My hidden burthen to express.  
Whereby it might appear to thee  
That secret sin hath secret spite;  
From justice' rod no fault is free  
But that all such as work unright  
In most quiet, are next ill rest.  
In secret silence of the night

This made me, with a reckless breast,  
To wake thy sluggards with my bow :  
A figure of the Lord's behest ;  
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.  
That as the fearful thunder's clap  
By sudden flame at hand we know ;  
Of pebble stones the soundless rap,  
The dreadful plague might make thee see  
Of God's wrath, that doth thee enwrap.  
That pride might know, from conscience free,  
How lofty works may her defend ;  
And envy find, as he hath sought,  
How other seek him to offend :  
And wrath taste of each cruel thought,  
The just shape higher in the end :  
And idle sloth, that never wrought,  
To heaven his spirit lift may begin :  
And greedy lucre live in dread,  
To see what hate ill got goods win.  
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,  
Perceive what secrecy is in sin :  
And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,  
Awaked, when their fault they find,  
In loathsome vice each drunken wight,  
To stir to God this was my mind.  
Thy windows had done me no spight ;  
But proud people that dread no fall,  
Clothed with falsehood, and unright  
Bred in the closures of thy wall.  
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal

Thou hast to strife, my secret call.  
Indured hearts no warning feel.  
O! shameless whore! is dread then gone?  
Be such thy foes, as meant thy weal?  
O! member of false Babylon!  
The shop of craft! the den of ire!  
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.  
Thy martyr's blood by sword and fire,  
In heaven and earth for justice call.  
The Lord shall hear their just desire!  
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall!  
With famine and pest lamentably  
Stricken shall be thy lechers all.  
Thy proud towers, and turrets high  
Enemies to God, beat stone from stone:  
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity:  
When, none thy ruin shall bemoan;  
But render unto the righteous Lord,  
That so hath judged Babylon,  
Immortal praise with one accord.

---

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE

OF THE LOVER WHEN ABSENT FROM THE  
MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

THE Sun, when he hath spread his rays,  
And shewed his face ten thousand ways;  
Ten thousand things do then begin,  
To shew the life that they are in.



The heaven shews lively art and hue,  
Of sundry shapes and colours new,  
And laughs upon the earth ; anon,  
The earth, as cold as any stone,  
Wet in the tears of her own kind,  
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.  
For well she feels that out and out  
The sun doth warm her round about,  
And dries her children tenderly ;  
And shews them forth full orderly.  
The mountains high, and how they stand !  
The valleys, and the great main land !  
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,  
The castles, and the rivers long !  
And even for joy thus of this heat  
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,  
And sleeps no more ; but sendeth forth  
Her clergions,<sup>1</sup> her own dear worth,  
To mount and fly up to the air ;  
Where then they sing in order fair, .  
And tell in song full merrily,  
How they have slept full quietly  
That night, about their mother's sides.  
And when they have sung more besides,  
Then fall they to their mother's breast,  
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.  
The hunter then sounds out his horn,  
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.

<sup>1</sup> Young brood.

On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,  
And every young one with his dam.  
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,  
Both of their bliss, and of their bale;  
And how they serve, and how they do,  
And how their lady loves them too.  
Then tune the birds their harmony;  
Then flock the fowl in company;  
Then every thing doth pleasure find  
In that, that comforts all their kind.  
No dreams do drench them of the night  
Of foes, that would them slay, or bite,  
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail;  
Or men force them through hill and dale.  
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf:  
The shipman forces not the gulf;  
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife  
Should then bereave him of his life.  
For when the sun doth once run in,  
Then all their gladness doth begin;  
And then their skips, and then their play:  
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting  
In that, that doth them comfort bring;  
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,  
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done  
May comfort aught; as though I were  
A thing not made for comfort here.  
For being absent from your sight,  
Which are my joy and whole delight,

My comfort, and my pleasure too,  
How can I joy! how should I do?  
May sick men laugh, that roar for pain?  
Joy they in song, that do complain?  
Are martyrs in their torments glad?  
Do pleasures please them that are mad?  
Then how may I in comfort be,  
That lack the thing should comfort me?  
The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,  
Complains not most the lack of light;  
But those that knew their perfectness,  
And then do miss their blissfulness,  
In martyr's tunes they sing, and wail  
The want of that, which doth them fail.  
And hereof comes that in my brains  
So many fancies work my pains.  
For when I weigh your worthiness,  
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,  
Your virtues and your sundry grace,  
And mind the countenance of your face;  
And how that you are she alone,  
To whom I must both plain and moan;  
Whom I do love, and must do still;  
Whom I embrace, and aye so will,  
To serve and please eke as I can,  
As may a woful faithful man;  
And find myself so far you fro,  
God knows, what torment and what woe,  
My rueful heart doth then embrace;  
The blood then changeth in my face;

My sinews dull, in dumps<sup>1</sup> I stand,  
No life I feel in foot nor hand,  
As pale as any clout, and dead.  
Lo! suddenly the blood o'erspread,  
And gone again, it nill so bide ;  
And thus from life to death I slide,  
As cold sometimes as any stone ;  
And then again as hot anon.

Thus come and go my sundry fits,  
To give me sundry sorts of wits ;  
Till that a sigh becomes my friend,  
And then too all this woe doth end.  
And sure I think, that sigh doth run  
From me to you, whereas you won.  
For well I find it easeth me ;  
And certès much it pleaseth me,  
To think that it doth come to you,  
As, would to God, it could so do.  
For then I know you would soon find,  
By scent and savour of the wind,  
That even a martyr's sigh it is,  
Whose joy you are, and all his bliss ;  
His comfort and his pleasure eke,  
And even the same that he doth seek ;  
The same that he doth wish and crave ;  
The same that he doth trust to have ;  
To tender you in all he may,  
And all your likings to obey,

<sup>1</sup> Overpowered with sorrow.

As far as in his power shall lie ;  
Till death shall dart him, for to die.

But well-away ! mine own most best,  
My joy, my comfort, and my rest ;  
The causer of my woe and smart,  
And yet the pleaser of my heart ;  
And she that on the earth above  
Is even the worthiest for to love,  
Hear now my plaint ! hear now my woe !  
Hear now his pain that loves you so !  
And if your heart do pity bear,  
Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe in all this doubt,  
Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,  
Of wretched form and loathsome face,  
While I stand in this woful case,  
Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,  
And says, ' Friend, hark ! and understand ;  
I see well by thy port and chere,  
And by thy looks and thy manere,  
And by thy sadness as thou goest,  
And by the sighs that thou out throwest,  
That thou art stuffed full of woe.  
The cause, I think, I do well know.  
A fantaser thou art of some,  
By whom thy wits are overcome.  
But hast thou read old pamphlets aught ?  
Or hast thou known how books have taught  
That love doth use to such as thou ?  
When they do think them safe enow,

And certain of their ladies' grace,  
 Hast thou not seen ofttimes the case,  
 That suddenly their hap hath turn'd?  
 As things in flame consum'd and burn'd.  
 Some by deceit forsaken right;  
 Some likewise changed of fancy light;  
 And some by absence soon forgot.  
 The lots in love, why knowest thou not?  
 And though that she be now thine own,  
 And knows thee well, as may be known;  
 And thinks thee to be such a one  
 As she likes best to be her own;  
 Think'st thou that others have not grace,  
 To shew and plain their woful case?  
 And choose her for their lady now;  
 And swear her truth as well as thou?  
 And what if she do alter mind,  
 Where is the love that thou wouldst find?  
 Absence, my friend, works wonders oft;  
 Now brings full low that lay full loft;  
 Now turns the mind, now to, now fro'<sup>1</sup>  
 And where art thou, if it were so?'  
 'If absence,' quoth I, be marvellous,  
 I find her not so dangerous;  
 For she may not remove me fro'.  
 The poor good will that I do owe  
 To her, whom erst<sup>2</sup> I love, and shall;  
 And chosen have above them all,

<sup>1</sup> In the early copies, "now to and low."

<sup>2</sup> Long since; printed ed. uneth.

To serve and be her own as far  
 As any man may offer her ;  
 And will her serve and will her love,  
 And lowly, as it shall behove ;  
 And die her own, if fate be so :  
 Thus shall my heart nay part her fro'.  
 And witness shall my good will be,  
 That absence takes her not from me ;  
 But that my love doth still increase  
 To mind her still, and never cease :  
 And what I feel to be in me,  
 The same good will, I think, hath she  
 As firm and fast to bidden aye,  
 Till death depart us both away.'

And as I have my tale thus told,  
 Steps unto me, with countenance bold,  
 A steadfast friend, a counsellor,  
 And nam'd is, Hope, my comforter ;  
 And stoutly then he speaks and says,  
 'Thou hast said truth withouten nays ;  
 For I assure thee, even by oath,  
 And thereon take my hand and troth,  
 That she is one the worthiest,  
 The truest, and the faithfullest ;  
 The gentlest and the meekest of mind,  
 That here on earth a man may find :  
 And if that love and truth were gone,  
 In her it might be found alone.  
 For in her mind no thought there is,  
 But how she may be true, I wis ;

And tenders thee, and all thy heal,  
And wisheth both thy health and weal;  
And loves thee even as far-forth than  
As any woman may a man;  
And is thine own, and so she says;  
And cares for thee ten thousand ways.  
On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks;  
With thee she eats, with thee she drinks;  
With thee she talks, with thee she moans;  
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans;  
With thee she says, 'Farewell, mine own!'  
When thou, God knows, full far art gone.  
And even, to tell thee all aright,  
To thee she says full oft, 'Good night!'  
And names thee oft her own most dear,  
Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer;  
And tells her pillow all the tale  
How thou hast done her woe and bale;  
And how she longs, and plains for thee,  
And says, 'Why art thou so from me?  
Am I not she that loves thee best?  
Do I not wish thine ease and rest?  
Seek I not how I may thee please?  
Why art thou then so from thine ease?  
If I be she for whom thou carest,  
For whom in torments so thou farest,  
Alas! thou knowest to find me here,  
Where I remain thine own most dear;  
Thine own most true, thine own most just;  
Thine own that loves thee still, and must;



Thine own that cares alone for thee,  
As thou, I think, dost care [for] me;  
And even the woman, she alone  
That is full bent to be thine own.'

    'What wilt thou more? what canst thou crave?  
Since she is as thou wouldst her have.  
Then set this drivell out of door,  
That in thy brains such tales doth pour,  
Of absence, and of changes strange;  
Send him to those that use to change:  
For she is none I thee avow,  
And well thou mayst believe me now.'  
When Hope hath thus his reason said,  
Lord! how I feel me well a-paid!  
A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,  
That all in joy I stand at ones.  
My hands I throw to heav'n above,  
And humbly thank the god of love;  
That of his grace I should bestow  
My love so well as I it owe.  
And all the planets as they stand,  
I thank them too with heart and hand;  
That their aspects so friendly were,  
That I should so my good will bear;  
To you, that are the worthiest,  
The fairest, and the gentleëst;  
And best can say, and best can do  
That 'longs, methinks, a woman to;  
And therefore are most worthy far,  
To be beloved as you are.

And so says Hope in all his tale,  
Whereby he easeth all my bale.  
For I believe, and think it true  
That he doth speak or say of you.  
And thus contented, lo! I stand  
With that, that hope bears me in hand,  
That you are mine, and shall so be.  
Which hope I keep full sure in me,  
As he, that all my comfort is.  
On you alone, which are my bliss,  
My pleasure chief, which most I find,  
And e'en the whole joy of my mind.  
And shall so be, until the death  
Shall make me yield up life and breath.  
Thus, good mine own, lo! here my trust  
Lo! here my truth, and service just;  
Lo! in what case for you I stand!  
Lo! how you have me in your hand;  
And if you can requite a man,  
Requite me, as you find me than.

## ECCLESIASTES.

## CHAPTER I.

I, SOLOMON, David's son, King of Jerusalem,  
 Chosen by God to teach the Jews, and in his laws  
 to lead them,  
 Confess, under the Sun that every thing is vain ;  
 The world is false ; man he is frail, and all his  
 pleasures pain.  
 Alas ! what stable fruit may Adam's children find  
 In that they seek by sweat of brows and travail of  
 their mind !  
 We, that live on the earth, draw toward our decay ;  
 Our children fill our place a while, and then they  
 vade<sup>1</sup> away.  
 Such changes makes the earth, and doth remove  
 for none ;  
 But serves us for a place to play our tragedies upon.  
 When that the restless sun westward his course  
 hath run,  
 Towards the east he hastes as fast to rise where  
 he begun.  
 When hoary Boreas hath blown his frozen blast,  
 Then Zephyrus, with his gentle breath, dissolves the  
 ice as fast.

<sup>1</sup> Go, or pass.

Floods that drink up small brooks, and swell by  
rage of rain,

Discharge in seas; which them repulse, and swallow  
straight again.

These worldly pleasures, Lord! so swift they run  
their race,

That scarce our eyes may them discern; they bid  
so little space.

What hath been but is now; the like hereafter  
shall:

What new device grounded so sure, that dreadeth  
not the fall!

What may be called new, but such things in times  
past

As Time buried, and doth revive; and Time again  
shall waste.

Things past right worthy fame, have now no bruit  
at all;

Even so shall die such things as now the simple  
wonders call.

I, that in David's seat sit crowned, and rejoice,  
That with my sceptre rule the Jews, and teach them  
with my voice,

Have searched long to know all things under the  
sun;

To see how in this mortal life a surety might be won.  
This kindled will to know; strange things for to  
desire,

God hath graft in our greedy breasts a torment  
for our hire.

The end of each travail forthwith I sought to know ;  
I found them vain, mixed with gall, and burthen'd  
with much woe.

Defaults of nature's work no man's hand may re-  
store,

Which be in number like the sands upon the salt  
floods shore.

Then vaunting in my wit, I gan call to my mind  
What rules of wisdom I had taught, that elders  
could not find.

And, as by contraries to try most things we use,  
Men's follies, and their errors eke I gan them all  
peruse ;

Thereby with more delight to knowledge for to climb :  
But this I found an endless work of pain, and loss  
of time.

For he to wisdom's school that doth apply his mind,  
The further that he wades therein, the greater doubts  
shall find.

And such as enterprise to put new things in ure,  
Of some that shall scorn their device, may well  
themselves assure.

#### CHAPTER II.

From pensive fancies then I gan my heart revoke ;  
And gave me to such sporting plays as laughter  
might provoke :

But even such vain delights, when they most blinded  
me, [ill agree.

Always, methought, with smiling grace a king did

Then sought I how to please my belly with much  
wine,

To feed me fat with costly feasts of rare delights,  
and fine ;

And other pleasures eke to purchase me, with rest :  
In so great choice to find the thing that might  
content me best.

But, Lord ! what care of mind, what sudden storms  
of ire,

What broken sleeps endured I, to compass my  
desire.

To build me houses fair then set I all my cure :  
By princely acts thus strove I still to make my  
fame endure.

Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight ;  
And graft therein all kinds of fruits that might my  
mouth delight.

Conduits, by lively springs from their old course I  
drew,

For to refresh the fruitful trees that in my gardens  
grew.

Of cattle great increase I bred in little space ;  
Bondmen I bought ; I gave them wives, and serv'd  
me with their race.

Great heaps of shining gold by sparing gan I save ;  
With things of price so furnished as fits a prince to  
have.

To hear fair women sing sometime I did rejoice ;  
Ravished with their pleasant tunes, and sweetness  
of their voice.

Lemans I had, so fair and of so lively hue,  
That whoso gazed in their face might well their  
beauty rue.

Never erst sat there king so rich in David's seat ;  
Yet still, methought, for so small gain the travail  
was too great.

From my desirous eyes I hid no pleasant sight,  
Nor from my heart no kind of mirth that might  
give them delight ;

Which was the only fruit I reap'd of all my pain,  
To feed my eyes, and to rejoice my heart with all  
my gain.

But when I made my count, with how great care of  
mind

And hearts unrest, that I had sought so wasteful  
fruit to find ;

Then was I stricken straight with that abused fire,  
To glory in that goodly wit that compass'd my  
desire.

But fresh before mine eyes grace did my faults  
renew :

What gentle callings I had fled my ruin to pursue ;  
What raging pleasures past, peril and hard escape ;  
What fancies in my head had wrought the liquor of  
the grape.

The error then I saw that their frail hearts doth  
move,

Which strive in vain for to compare with Him that  
sits above :

In whose most perfect works such craft appeareth  
plain,  
That to the least of them, there may no mortal hand  
attain.  
And like as lightsome day doth shine above the  
night,  
So dark to me did folly seem, and wisdom's beams  
as bright,  
Whose eyes did seem so clear motes to discern and  
find:  
But Will had closed Folly's eyes, which groped like  
the blind.  
Yet death and time consume all wit and worldly  
fame;  
And look! what end that folly hath, and wisdom  
hath the same.  
Then said I thus: 'Oh Lord! may not thy wisdom  
cure  
The wailful wrongs and hard conflicts that folly doth  
endure?'  
To sharp my wit so fine then why took I this pain?  
Now find I well this noble search may eke be  
called vain.  
As slander's loathsome bruit sounds folly's just  
reward,  
Is put to silence all betime, and brought in small  
regard:  
Even so doth time devour the noble blast of fame,  
Which should resound their glories great that do  
deserve the same.



Thus present changes chase away the wonders past,  
Ne is the wise man's fatal thread yet longer spun  
to last.

Then in this wretched vale, our life I loathed plain,  
When I beheld our fruitless pains to compass pleasures  
vain.

My travail this avail hath me produced, lo!  
An heir unknown shall reap the fruit that I in seed  
did sow.

But whereunto the Lord his nature shall incline  
Who can foreknow, into whose hands I must my  
goods resign.

But, Lord, how pleasant sweet then seem'd the idle  
life,

That never charged was with care, nor burthened  
with strife.

And vile the greedy trade of them that toil so sore,  
To leave to such their travails fruit that never sweat  
therefore.

What is that pleasant gain? what is that sweet relief,  
That should delay the bitter taste that we feel of our  
grief?

The gladsome days we pass to search a simple gain;  
The quiet nights, with broken sleeps, to feed a restless  
brain.

What hope is left us then? What comfort doth  
remain?

Our quiet hearts for to rejoice with the fruit of our  
pain.

If that be true, who may himself so happy call  
 As I whose free and sumptuous spence doth shine  
     beyond them all?  
 Surely it is a gift and favour of the Lord,  
 Liberally to spend our goods, the ground of all  
     discord.  
 And wretched hearts have they that let their treas-  
     ures mould,  
 And carry the rod that scourgeth them that glory in  
     their gold.  
 But I do know, by proof, whose riches bear such  
     bruit,  
 What stable wealth may stand in waste, or heaping  
     of such fruit.

## CHAPTER III.

Like to the steerless boat that swerves with every  
     wind,  
 The slipper top of worldly wealth, by cruel proof  
     I find. [man,  
 Scarce hath the seed, whereof that nature formeth  
 Received life, when death him yields to earth where  
     he began! [fruit,  
 The grafted plants with pain, whereof we hoped  
 To root them up, with blossoms spread, then is our  
     chief pursuit.  
 That erst we reared up, we undermine again;  
 And shred the sprays whose growth sometime we  
     laboured with pain.

Each froward threat'ning chere of fortune makes us  
plain ;  
And every pleasant show revives our woful hearts  
again.  
Ancient walls to rase is our unstable guise ;  
And of their weather-beaten stones, to build some  
new device.  
New fancies daily spring, which vade,<sup>1</sup> returning  
mo' ;  
And now we practise to obtain that straight we must  
forego.  
Some time we seek to spare that afterward we  
waste ;  
And that we travail'd sore to knit, for to unloose as  
fast.  
In sober silence now our quiet lips we close ;  
And with unbridled tongues forthwith our secret  
hearts disclose.  
Such as in folded arms we did embrace, we hate ;  
Whom straight we reconcile again, and banish all  
debate.  
My seed with labour sown, such fruit produceth  
me,  
To waste my life in contraries that never shall agree.  
From God these heavy cares are sent for our un-  
rests ;  
And with such burdens for our wealth he fraughteth  
full our breasts.

<sup>1</sup> Pass away.

All that the Lord hath wrought, hath beauty and  
good grace ;

And to each thing assigned is the proper time and  
place.

And granted eke to man of all the world's estate,  
And of each thing wrought in the same, to argue  
and debate.

Which art, though it approach the heavenly know-  
ledge most,

To search the natural ground of things, — yet all is  
labour lost.

But then the wandering eyes that long for surety  
sought,

Found that by pain no certain wealth might in this  
world be bought.

Who liveth in delight and seeks no greedy thrift,  
But freely spends his goods, may think it is a se-  
cret gift.

Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intend ;  
Which no device of man's wit may advance, nor  
yet defend ;

Who made all things of nought, that Adam's chil-  
dren might

Learn how to dread the Lord, that wrought such  
wonders in their sight.

The grisly wonders past, which time wears out of  
mind,

To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so as-  
sign'd. [ware ;

Lo! thus his careful scourge doth steal on us un-

Which, when the flesh hath clean forgot, he doth  
again repair.

When I in this vain search had wander'd sore my  
wit,

I saw a royal throne eke where as Justice should  
have sit.

Instead of whom I saw, with fierce and cruel mood,  
Where wrong was set; that bloody beast that drank  
the guiltless blood:

Then thought I thus: 'One day the Lord shall sit  
in doom,

To view his flock, and choose the pure; the spotted  
have no room.'

Yet be such scourges sent, that each aggrieved mind  
Like the brute beasts that swell in rage and fury by  
their kind,

His error may confess when he hath wrestled long;  
And then with patience may him arm: the sure  
defence of wrong.

For death, that of the beast the carrion doth de-  
vour,

Unto the noble kind of man presents the fatal hour.  
The perfect form that God hath given to either man,  
Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth, where it  
began.

And who can tell if that the soul of man ascend;  
Or with the body if it die, and to the ground de-  
scend.

Wherefore each greedy heart that riches seeks to  
gain,

Gather may he that savoury fruit that springeth of  
his pain.

A mean convenient wealth I mean to take in worth ;  
And with a hand of largess eke in measure pour it  
forth.

For treasure spent in life the body doth sustain ;  
The heir shall waste the hoarded gold, amassed with  
much pain.

Nor may foresight of man such order give in life,  
For to foreknow who shall enjoy their gotten good  
with strife.

## CHAPTER IV.

When I bethought me well, under the restless Sun  
By folk of power what cruel works unchastised  
were done ;

I saw where stood a herd by power of such opprest,  
Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned<sup>1</sup>  
all their breast ;

Devoid of comfort clean, in terrors and distress ;  
In whose defence none would arise such rigour to  
repress.

Then thought I thus: 'Oh Lord! the dead whose  
fatal hour

Is clean run out more happy are ; whom that the  
worms devour :

And happiest is the seed that never did conceive ;

<sup>1</sup> Bathed.

That never felt the wailful wrongs that mortal folk  
receive.'

And then I saw that wealth, and every honest gain  
By travail won, and sweat of brows, 'gan grow into  
disdain,

Through sloth of careless folk, whom ease so fat  
doth feed ;

Whose idle hands do nought but waste the fruit of  
other's seed.

Which to themselves persuade — that little got with  
ease

More thankful is, than kingdoms won by travail and  
misease.

Another sort I saw without both friend or kin,  
Whose greedy ways yet never sought a faithful friend  
to win.

Whose wretched corpse no toil yet ever weary  
could ;

Nor gluttoned ever were their eyes with heaps of  
shining gold.

But, if it might appear to their abused eyen,  
To whose avail they travail so, and for whose sake  
they pine ;

Then should they see what cause they have for to  
repent

The fruitless pains and eke the time that they in  
vain have spent.

Then gan I thus resolve — ' More pleasant is the life  
Of faithful friends that spend their goods in common,  
without strife.'

For as the tender friend appeaseth every grief,  
So, if he fall that lives alone, who shall be his relief?

The friendly feeres<sup>1</sup> lie warm in arms embraced  
fast;

Who sleeps alone, at every turn doth feel the winter blast:

What can he do but yield, that must resist alone?  
If there be twain, one may defend the t'other overthrowen.

The single twined cords may no such stress endure  
As cables braided threefold may, together wreathed  
sure.

In better far estate stand children, poor and wise,  
Than aged kings, wedded to will, that work without  
advice.

In prison have I seen, or this, a woful wight  
That never knew what freedom meant, nor tasted  
of delight;

With such unhop'd hap in most despair hath met,  
Within the hands that erst wore gyves to have a  
sceptre set.

And by conjures<sup>2</sup> the seed of kings is thrust from  
state,

Whereon a griev'd people work oft-times their hidden hate.

Other, without respect, I saw a friend or foe  
With feet worn bare in tracing such, whereas the  
honours grew.

<sup>1</sup> Companions.

<sup>2</sup> Conspiracies.



And at death of a prince great routs revived strange,  
Which fain their old yoke to discharge, rejoiced in  
the change.

But when I thought, to these as heavy even or more  
Shall be the burden of his reign, as his that went  
before ;

And that a train like great upon the dead attend,  
I gan conclude, each greedy gain hath its uncertain  
end.

In humble spirit is set the temple of the Lord ;  
Where if thou enter, look thy mouth and conscience  
may accord !

Whose Church is built of love, and deckt with hot  
desire,

And simple faith ; the yolden ghost his mercy doth  
require.

Where perfectly for aye he in his word doth rest ;  
With gentle ear to hear thy suit, and grant thee thy  
request.

In boast of outward works he taketh no delight,  
Nor waste of words ; such sacrifice unsavoureth in  
his sight.

#### CHAPTER V.

When that repentant tears hath cleansed clear  
from ill

The charged breast ; and grace hath wrought there-  
in amending will ;

With bold demands then may his mercy well assail  
 The speech man saith, without the which request  
 may none prevail.

More shall thy penitent sighs his endless mercy  
 please,

Than their importune suits, which dream that words  
 God's wrath appease.

For heart, contrite of fault, is gladsome recom-  
 pense ;

And prayer, fruit of Faith, whereby God doth with  
 sin dispense.

As fearful broken sleeps spring from a restless head,  
 By chattering of unholy lips is fruitless prayer bred.  
 In waste of wind, I rede,<sup>1</sup> vow nought unto the Lord,  
 Whereto thy heart to bind thy will, freely doth not  
 accord ;

For humble vows fulfill'd, by grace right sweetly  
 smoke :

But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of God  
 provoke.

Yet bet<sup>2</sup> with humble heart thy frailty to confess,  
 Than to boast of such perfectness, whose works such  
 fraud express.

With feigned words and oaths contract with God no  
 guile ;

Such craft returns to thine own harm, and doth thy-  
 self defile.

And though the mist of sin persuade such error  
 light,

<sup>1</sup> I advise.

<sup>2</sup> Better.

Thereby yet are thy outward works all dampned in  
his sight.

As sundry broken dreams us diversly abuse,  
So are his errors manifold that many words doth  
use.

With humble secret plaint, few words of hot effect,  
Honour thy Lord; allowance vain of void desert  
neglect.

Though wrong at times the right, and wealth eke  
need oppress,

Think not the hand of justice slow to follow the  
redress.

For such unrighteous folk as rule withouten dread,  
By some abuse or secret lust he suffereth to be led.  
The chief bliss that in earth to living man is lent,  
Is moderate wealth to nourish life, if he can be  
content.

He that hath but one field, and greedily seeketh  
nought,

To fence the tiller's hand from need, is king within  
his thought.

But such as of their gold their only idol make,  
No treasure may the raven of their hungry hands  
aslake.

For he that gapes for gold, and hoardeth all his  
gain,

Travails in vain to hide the sweet that should relieve  
his pain.

Where is great wealth, there should be many a  
needy wight

To spend the same ; and that should be the rich  
man's chief delight.

The sweet and quiet sleeps that wearied limbs oppress,

Beguile the night in diet thin, not feasts of great  
excess :

But waker <sup>1</sup> lie the rich ; whose lively heat with rest  
Their charged bulks <sup>2</sup> with change of meats cannot  
so soon digest.

Another righteous doom I saw of greedy gain ;  
With busy cares such treasures oft preserved to  
their bane :

The plenteous houses sackt ; the owners end with  
shame

Their sparkled goods ; their needy heirs, that should  
enjoy the same,

From wealth despoiled bare, from whence they came  
they went ;

Clad in the clothes of poverty, as Nature first them  
sent.

Naked as from the womb we came, if we depart,  
With toil to seek that we must leave, what boot  
to vex the heart ?

What life lead testy men then, that consume their  
days

In inward frets, untemper'd hates, at strife with  
some always.

Then gan I praise all those, in such a world of  
strife,

<sup>1</sup> Wakeful.

<sup>2</sup> Bodies.

As take the profit of their goods, that may be had  
in life.  
For sure the liberal hand that hath no heart to  
spare  
This fading wealth, but pours it forth, it is a virtue  
rare :  
That makes wealth slave to need, and gold become  
his thrall,  
Clings<sup>1</sup> not his guts with niggish<sup>2</sup> fare, to heap his  
chest withal ;  
But feeds the lusts of kind with costly meats and  
wine ;  
And slacks the hunger and the thirst of needy folk  
that pine.  
No glutton's feast I mean in waste of spence<sup>3</sup> to  
strive ;  
But temperate meals the dulled spirits with joy thus  
to revive.  
No care may pierce where mirth hath temper'd such  
a breast :  
The bitter gall, season'd with sweet, such wisdom  
may digest.

<sup>1</sup> Starve.<sup>2</sup> Niggard.<sup>3</sup> Expense

A PARAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS  
OF DAVID.

PROEM.

WHERE reckless<sup>1</sup> youth in an unquiet breast,  
Set on by wrath, revenge, and cruelty,  
After long war patience had oppress'd ;  
And justice, wrought by princely equity ;  
My DENNY<sup>2</sup> then, mine error deep imprest,  
Began to work despair of liberty ;  
Had not David, the perfect warrior taught,  
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O Lord! upon whose will dependeth my welfare,  
To call upon thy holy name, since day nor night I  
    spare,  
Grant that the just request of this repentant mind  
So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour  
    it may find.  
My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past ;

<sup>1</sup> Careless.

<sup>2</sup> In the old edition the name does not occur, and the word 'conscience' is substituted. Dr. Nott suggests that this person was "Sir Walter Denny, an intimate friend of the Howard family, and afterwards one of the executors of Henry the Eighth's will."

My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth fast:

Like them whose fatal thread, thy hand hath cut in twain;

Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their graves remain.

Oh Lord! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my foe,

Into a pit all bottomless, whereas I plain my woe.

The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress;

And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banished from my sight:

And such as I have held full dear, have set my friendship light.

My-durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,

That by the tears that baine my breast, mine eyesight doth appair.<sup>1</sup>

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,

With humble heart and stretched hands, for to appease thine ire.

Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,  
To shew such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's  
line;

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be  
That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might be  
spread.

<sup>1</sup> Fail.

The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare !

Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of despair.

In blind indured hearts light of thy lively name  
Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of the same.

Nor blazed may thy name be by the mouths of those  
Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may not disclose.

The lively voice of them that in thy word delight,  
Must be the trump that must resound the glory of thy might.

Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress  
To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied limbs oppress.

And in the morning eke when that the sleep is fled,  
With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my restless bed.

Within this careful mind, burden'd with care and grief,

Why dost thou not appear, Oh Lord! that shouldst be his relief.

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight assail ;

Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but wail.

The dread, lo! of thine ire hath trod me under feet :  
The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death seem full sweet.



Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,  
 Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no suc-  
 cour found :  
 For they whom no mischance could from my love  
 divide,  
 Are forced, for my greater grief, from me their face  
 to hide.

## PSALM LXXIII.

The sudden storms that heave me to and fro,  
 Had well near pierced Faith, my guiding sail ;  
 For I that on the noble voyage go  
 To succour truth, and falsehood to assail,  
 Constrained am to bear my sails full low ;  
 And never could attain some pleasant gale.  
 For unto such the prosperous winds do blow  
 As run from port to port to seek avail.<sup>1</sup>  
 This bred despair ; whereof such doubts did grow  
 That I gan faint, and all my courage fail.  
 But now, my **BLAGE**,<sup>2</sup> mine error well I see ;  
 Such goodly light king David giveth me.

<sup>1</sup> Advantage.

<sup>2</sup> "Blame" in the old edition. George Blage, a friend of Surrey's, who accompanied him to Landrecy. He was of a good Kentish family, was educated at Cambridge, and addressed a poem to Lord Wriothesley.

Though, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be ;  
I mean to such, with pure intent as fix their trust in  
Thee,  
Yet whiles the Faith did faint that should have  
been my guide,  
Like them that walk in slipper paths, my feet began  
to slide ;  
Whiles I did grudge at those that glory in their  
gold,  
Whose loathsome pride enjoyeth wealth, in quiet as  
they would.  
To see by course of years what nature doth appair,<sup>1</sup>  
The palaces of princely form succeed from heir to  
heir.  
From all such travails free, as 'long to Adam's  
seed,  
Neither withdrawn from wicked works by danger, nor  
by dread.  
Whereof their scornful pride, and gloried with their  
eyes ;  
As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they  
clad in vice.  
Thus, as they wish, succeeds the mischief that they  
mean ;  
Whose gluttred cheeks sloth feeds so fat, as scant  
their eyes be seen.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Become weak ; decay.

<sup>2</sup> This seems aimed at K. Henry VIII.

Unto whose cruel power most men for dread are  
fain  
To bend or bow ; with lofty looks, whiles they vaunt  
in their reign ;  
And in their bloody hands, whose cruelty that frame  
The wailful works that scourge the poor, without  
regard of blame.  
To tempt the living God they think it no offence ;  
And pierce the simple with their tongues that can  
make no defence.  
Such proofs before the just, to cause the hearts to  
waver,  
Be set like cups mingled with gall, of bitter taste  
and savour.  
Then say thy foes in scorn, that taste no other food,  
But suck the flesh of thy Elect, and bathe them in  
their blood ;  
' Should we believe the Lord doth know, and suf-  
fer this ?  
Fooled be he with fables vain that so abused is.'  
In terror of the just, that reigns iniquity,  
Armed with power, laden with gold, and dread for  
cruelty.  
Then vain the war might seem, that I by faith  
maintain.  
Against the flesh, whose false effects my pure heart  
would disdain.  
For I am scourged still, that no offence have done,  
By wrathèd children ; and from my birth my chas-  
tising begun.

When I beheld their pride, and slackness of thy  
hand,  
I gan bewail the woful state wherein thy chosen  
stand.  
And when I sought whereof thy sufferance, Lord,  
should grow,  
I found no wit could pierce so far, thy holy dooms  
to know :  
And that no mysteries, nor doubt could be distrust,  
Till I come to the holy place, the mansion of the  
just ;  
Where I shall see what end thy justice shall pre-  
pare,  
For such as build on worldly wealth, and dye their  
colours fair.  
Oh ! how their ground is false ! and all their build-  
ing vain !  
And they shall fall ; their power shall fail that did  
their pride maintain.  
As charged hearts with care, that dream some pleas-  
ant turn,  
After their sleep find their abuse, and to their plaint  
return ; [shall  
So shall their glory fade ; thy sword of vengeance  
Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their  
errors all.  
And when their golden fleece is from their back  
y-shorn ;  
The spots that underneath were hid, thy chosen  
sheep shall scorn :

And till that happy day, my heart shall swell in  
     care,  
 My eyes yield tears, my years consume between  
     hope and despair.  
 Lo! how my spirits are dull, and all thy judgments  
     dark,  
 No mortal head may scale so high, but wonder at  
     thy work.  
 Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decay;  
 But when I stood in dread to drench,<sup>1</sup> thy hands  
     still did me stay.  
 And in each voyage that I took to conquer sin,  
 Thou wert my guide, and gave me grace, to com-  
     fort me therein.  
 And when my wither'd skin unto my bones did  
     cleave,  
 And flesh did waste, thy grace did then my simple  
     spirits relieve.  
 In other succour then, O Lord! why should I  
     trust;  
 But only thine, whom I have found in thy behight<sup>2</sup>  
     so just.  
 And such for dread, or gain as shall thy name re-  
     fuse,  
 Shall perish with their golden gods that did their  
     hearts seduce.  
 While<sup>3</sup> I, that in thy word have set my trust and  
     joy,

<sup>1</sup> To be overwhelmed.<sup>2</sup> Promise.<sup>3</sup> MS. Where.

The high reward that 'longs thereto shall quietly  
enjoy.

And my unworthy lips, inspired with thy grace,  
Shall thus forespeak thy secret works, in sight of  
Adam's race.

## PSALM LV.

Give ear to my suit, Lord! fromward hide not thy  
face:

Behold! hearken, in grief, lamenting how I pray:  
My foes that bray so loud, and eke threpe on<sup>1</sup> so  
fast,

Buckled to do me scath,<sup>2</sup> so is their malice bent.  
Care pierceth my entrails, and travaileth my spirit;  
The grisly fear of death environeth my breast:  
A trembling cold of dread overwhelmeth my heart.  
'O!' think I, 'had I wings like to the simple dove,  
This peril might I fly; and seek some place of rest  
In wilder woods, where I might dwell far from these  
cares.'

What speedy way of wing my plaints should they  
lay on,

To 'scape the stormy blast that threaten'd is to me?  
Rein those unbridled tongues! break that conjured  
league!

For I decipher'd have amid our town the strife.  
Guile and wrong keep the walls; they ward both  
day and night:

<sup>1</sup> To accuse with clamour.

<sup>2</sup> Injury.

And mischief join'd with care doth keep the market-  
stead :

Whilst wickedness with crafts in heaps swarm  
through the street.

Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproach.

By harm so looked for, it weigheth half the less.

For though mine enemies hap had been for to pre-  
vail,

I could have hid my face from venom of his eye.

It was a friendly foe, by shadow of good will ;

Mine old fere,<sup>1</sup> and dear friend, my guide that  
trapped me ;

Where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care,

And in his bosom hide my secret zeal to God.

With such sudden surprise, quick may him hell de-  
vour ;

Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me  
defend,

My prayer shall not cease, from that the sun de-  
scends,

Till he his altitude<sup>2</sup> win, and hide them in the sea.

With words of hot effect,<sup>3</sup> that moveth from heart  
contrite, [ear.

Such humble suit, O Lord, doth pierce thy patient

It was the Lord that brake the bloody compacts of  
those

That pricked on with ire, to slaughter me and mine.

The everlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,

<sup>1</sup> Companion.

<sup>2</sup> Altitude.

<sup>3</sup> Affection ; passion.

Whom by no tale to dread he could divert from sin,  
The conscience unquiet he strikes with heavy hand,  
And proves their force in faith, whom he sware to  
defend.

Butter falls not so soft as doth his patience long,  
And overpasseth fine oil running not half so smooth.  
But when his sufferance finds that bridled wrath  
provokes,  
His threatened wrath he whets more sharp than  
tool can file.

Friar! whose harm and tongue presents the wicked  
sort,

Of those false wolves, with coats which do their  
ravin hide;

That swear to me by heaven, the footstool of the  
Lord,

Though force had hurt my fame, they did not touch  
my life.

Such patching care I loath, as feeds the wealth with  
lies;

But in the other Psalm of David find I ease.

*Jacta curam tuam super Dominum, et ipse te enu-  
triet.*

## PSALM VIII.

Thy name, O Lord, how great, is found before our  
sight!

It fills the earth, and spreads the air: the great  
works of thy might!



For even unto the heavens thy power hath given a  
place,  
And closed it above their heads; a mighty, large,  
compass.  
Thy praise what cloud can hide, but it will shine  
again:  
Since young and tender sucking babes have power  
to shew it plain.  
Which in despite of those that would thy glory  
hide,  
[Thou] hast put into such infants' mouths for to  
confound their pride.  
Wherefore I shall behold thy figur'd heaven so  
high,  
Which shews such prints of divers forms within the  
cloudy sky:  
As hills, and shapes of men; eke beasts of sundry  
kind,  
Monstrous to our outward sight, and fancies of our  
mind.  
And eke the wanish moon, which sheens by night  
also;  
And each one of the wandering stars, which after  
her do go.  
And how these keep their course; and which are  
those that stands;  
Because they be thy wondrous works, and labours  
of thy hands.  
But yet among all these I ask, 'What thing is  
man?'

Whose turn to serve in his poor need this work  
Thou first began.

Or what is Adam's son that bears his father's mark?  
For whose delight and comfort eke Thou hast  
wrought all this work.

I see thou mind'st him much, that dost reward  
him so:

Being but earth, to rule the earth, whereon himself  
doth go.

From angel's substance eke Thou mad'st him differ  
small;

Save one doth change his life awhile; the other not  
at all.

The sun and moon also Thou mad'st to give him  
light;

And each one of the wandering stars to twinkle  
'sparkles bright.

The air to give him breath; the water for his health;  
The earth to bring forth grain and fruit, for to in-  
crease his wealth.

And many metals too, for pleasure of the eye;  
Which in the hollow sounded ground in privy veins  
do lie.

The sheep to give his wool, to wrap his body in;  
And for such other needful things, the ox to spare  
his skin.

The horse even at his will to bear him to and fro:  
And as him list each other beast to serve his turn  
also.

The fishes of the sea likewise to feed him oft;

And eke the birds, whose feathers serve to make  
his sides lie soft.

Or whose head thou hast set a crown of glory too,  
To whom also thou didst appoint, that honour should  
be do.

And thus thou mad'st him lord of all this work of  
thine;

Of man that goes, of beast that creeps, whose looks  
doth down decline;

Of fish that swim below, of fowls that fly on high,  
Of sea that finds the air his rain, and of the land  
so dry.

And underneath his feet, Thou hast set all this same;  
To make him know, and plain confess, that mar-  
vellous is thy name.

And, Lord, which art our Lord, how marvellous it  
is found

The heavens do shew, the earth doth tell, and eke  
the world so round.

Glory, therefore, be given to Thee first, which art  
three; [degree:

And yet but one Almighty God, in substance and  
As first it was when Thou the dark confused heap,  
Clotted in one, didst part in four; which elements  
we clepe:<sup>1</sup>

And as the same is now, even here within our time;  
So<sup>2</sup> ever shall hereafter be, when we be filth and  
slime.

<sup>1</sup> We call.

<sup>2</sup> MS. And.

## THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

THEY whisted all, with fixed face attent,  
When prince Æneas from the royal seat  
Thus gan to speak. O Queen! it is thy will  
I should renew a woe cannot be told:  
How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow  
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:  
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld;  
And whereof no small part fell to my share.  
Which to express, who could refrain from tears?  
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?  
What stern Ulysses' waged soldier?  
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls;  
And stars declining counsel us to rest.  
But since so great is thy delight to hear  
Of our mishaps, and Troyè's last decay;  
Though to record the same my mind abhors,  
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greeks' chieftains all irked with the war  
Wherein they wasted had so many years,  
And oft repuls'd by fatal destiny,  
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,  
By the divine science of Minerva:  
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;  
For their return a feigned sacrifice

The fame whereof so wander'd it at point.  
 In the dark bulk they clos'd bodies of men  
 Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth  
 The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,  
 Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood ;  
 Now but a bay, and road, unsure for ship.  
 Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,  
 Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.  
 And, weening we they had been fled and gone,  
 And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,  
 Troy discharged her long continued dole.  
 The gates cast up, we issued out to play,  
 The Greekish camp desirous to behold,  
 The places void, and the forsaken coasts.  
 ' Here Pyrrhus' band ; there fierce Achilles pight ;  
 Here rode their ships ; there did their battles join.'  
 • Astonnied some the scatheful gift beheld,  
 Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve ;  
 All wond'ring at the hugeness of the horse.

And first of all Timœtes gan advise  
 Within the walls to lead and draw the same ;  
 And place it eke amid the palace court :  
 Whether of guile, or Troyè's fate it would.  
 Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,  
 Will'd it to drown ; or underset with flame  
 The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit ;  
 Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.  
 So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo! foremost of a rout that follow'd him,  
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,  
Crying far off: 'O wretched citizens!  
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?  
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?  
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose  
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?  
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid;  
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,  
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.  
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans! give no trust  
Unto this horse; for what so ever it be,  
I dread the Greeks; yea! when they offer gifts.'  
And with that word, with all his force a dart  
He lanced then into that crooked womb;  
Which trembling stuck, and shook within the side:  
Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.  
And, but for Fates, and for our blind forecast,  
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried;  
Troy yet had stood, and Priam's towers so high.

Therewith behold, whereas the Phrygian herds  
Brought to the king with clamour, all unknown  
A young man, bound his hands behind his back;  
Who willingly had yelden prisoner,  
To frame this guile, and open Troyè's gates  
Unto the Greeks; with courage fully bent,  
And mind determed either of the twain;  
To work his feat, or willing yield to death.  
Near him, to gaze, the Trojan youth gan flock.

And strove who most might at the captive scorn.  
 The Greeks' deceit behold, and by one proof  
 Imagine all the rest.

For in the press as he unarmed stood  
 With troubled chere, and Phrygian routs beset;  
 'Alas!' quod he, 'what earth now, or what seas  
 May me receive? catiff, what rests me now?  
 For whom in Greece doth no abode remain.  
 The Trojans eke offended seek to wreak  
 Their heinous wrath, with shedding of my blood.'

With this regret our hearts from rancour moved.  
 The bruit appeas'd, we ask'd him of his birth,  
 What news he brought; what hope made him to  
 yield.

Then he, all dread removed, thus began:  
 'O King! I shall what ever me betide,  
 Say but the truth: ne first will me deny  
 A Grecian born; for though fortune hath made  
 Sinon a wretch, she cannot make him false.  
 If ever came unto your ears the name,  
 Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,  
 Whom trait'rously the Greeks condemn'd to die;  
 Guiltless, by wrongful doom, for that he did  
 Dissuade the wars; whose death they now lament;  
 Underneath him my father, bare of wealth,  
 Into his band young, and near of his blood,  
 In my prime years unto the war me sent.  
 While that by fate his state in stay did stand,  
 And when his realm did flourish by advice,

Of glory, then, we bare some fame and bruit.  
 But since his death by false Ulysses' sleight,  
 (I speak of things to all men well beknown)  
 A dreary life in doleful plaint I led,  
 Repining at my guiltless friend's mischance.  
 Ne could I, fool! refrain my tongue from threats,  
 That if my chance were ever to return  
 Victor to Arge, to follow my revenge.  
 With such sharp words procured I great hate.  
 Here sprang my harm. Ulysses ever sith  
 With new found crimes began me to affray.  
 In common ears false rumours gan he sow :  
 Weapons of wreak his guilty mind gan seek.  
 Ne rested aye till he by Calchas mean ——  
 But whereunto these thankless tales in vain  
 Do I rehearse, and linger forth the time,  
 In like estate if all the Greeks ye price?  
 It is enough ye here rid me at once.  
 Ulysses, Lord! how he would this rejoice!  
 Yea, and either Atride would buy it dear.'

This kindled us more eager to inquire,  
 And to demand the cause; without suspect  
 Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,  
 Or of Greeks' craft. He then with forged words  
 And quivering limbs, thus took his tale again.

'The Greeks oftimes intended their return  
 From Troyè town, with long wars all ytired,  
 And to dislodge; which, would God! they had done.  
 But oft the winter storms of raging seas,



And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay ;  
 And chiefly, when of clinched ribs of fir  
 This horse was made, the storms roared in the air.  
 Then we in doubt to Phœbus' temple sent  
 Euripilus, to weet the prophesy.

From whence he brought these woful news again.  
 With blood, O Greeks ! and slaughter of a maid,  
 Ye peas'd the winds, when first ye came to Troy.  
 With blood likewise ye must seek your return :  
 A Greekish soul must offer'd be therefore.'

‘ But when this sound had pierc'd the peoples' .  
 ears,

With sudden fear astonied were their minds ;  
 The chilling cold did overrun their bones,  
 To whom that fate was shap'd, whom Phœbus  
 would.'

Ulysses then amid the press brings in  
 Calchas with noise, and will'd him to discuss  
 The Gods' intent. Then some gan deem to me  
 The cruel wreak of him that fram'd the craft ;  
 Foreseeing secretly what would ensue.  
 In silence then, yshrowding him from sight,  
 But days twice five he whisted ; and refused  
 To death, by speech, to further any wight.  
 At last, as forced by false Ulysses' cry,  
 Of purpose he brake forth, assigning me  
 To the altar ; whereto they granted all :  
 And that, that erst each one dread to himself,  
 Returned all unto my wretched death.

And now at hand drew near the woful day.  
 All things prepar'd wherewith to offer me ;  
 Salt, corn, fillets, my temples for to bind.  
 I scap'd the death, I grant ! and brake the bands,  
 And lurked in a marish all the night  
 Among the ooze, while they did set their sails ;  
 If it so be that they indeed so did.  
 Now rests no hope my native land to see,  
 My children dear, nor long desired sire ;  
 On whom, perchance, they shall wreak my escape :  
 Those harmless wights shall for my fault be slain.

‘Then, by the gods, to whom all truth is known ;  
 By faith unfil'd, if any anywhere  
 With mortal folk remains ; I thee beseech,  
 O king, thereby rue on my travail great :  
 Pity a wretch that guiltless suffereth wrong.’

Life to these tears with pardon eke, we grant.  
 And Priam first himself commands to loose  
 His gyves, his bands ; and friendly to him said :  
 ‘Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Greeks :  
 Henceforth be ours ; and answer me with truth :  
 Whereto was wrought the mass of this huge horse ?  
 Whose the devise ? and whereto should it tend ?  
 What holy vow ? or engine for the wars ?’

Then he, instruct with wiles and Greekish craft,  
 His loosed hands lift upward to the stars :  
 ‘Ye everlasting lamps ! I testify,  
 Whose power divine may not be violate ;  
 Th’ altar, and sword,’ quoth he, ‘that I have scap’d ;

Ye sacred bands! I wore as yielden host;  
Lawful be it for me to break mine oath  
To Greeks; lawful to hate their nation;  
Lawful be it to sparkle in the air  
Their secrets all, whatso they keep in close:  
For free am I from Greece and from their laws.  
So be it, Troy, and saved by me from scathe,  
Keep faith with me, and stand to thy behest;  
If I speak truth, and opening things of weight,  
For grant of life requite thee large amends.

‘The Greeks’ whole hope of undertaken war  
In Pallas’ help consisted evermore.  
But sith the time that wicked Diomed,  
Ulysses eke, that forger of all guile,  
Adventur’d from the holy sacred fane  
For to bereave Dame Pallas’ fatal form,  
And slew the watches of the chiefest tower.  
And then away the holy statue stole;  
(That were so bold with hands embrued in blood,  
The virgin Goddess veils for to defile)  
Sith then their hope’gan fail, their hope to fall,  
Their pow’r appair, their Goddess’ grace withdraw  
Which with no doubtful signs she did declare.  
Scarce was the statue to our tents ybrought,  
But she’gan stare with sparkled eyes of flame;  
Along her limbs the salt sweat trickled down:  
Yea thrice herself, a hideous thing to tell!  
In glances bright she glittered from the ground,  
Holding in hand her targe and quivering spear.

Calchas by sea then bade us haste our flight :  
Whose engines might not break the walls of Troy,  
Unless at Greece they would renew their lots,  
Restore the God that they by sea had brought  
In warped keels. To Arge sith they be come,  
They 'pease their Gods, and war afresh prepare.  
And cross the seas unlooked for eftsoons  
They will return. This order Calchas set.

' This figure made they for th' aggrieved God,  
In Pallas' stead ; to cleanse their heinous fault.  
Which mass he willed to be reared high  
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oak,  
So that your gates ne wall might it receive ;  
Ne yet your people might defended be  
By the good zeal of old devotion.  
For if your hands did Pallas' gift defile,  
To Priam's realm great mischief should befall :  
Which fate the Gods first on himself return.  
But had your own hands brought it in your town,  
Asia should pass, and carry offer'd war  
In Greece, e'en to the walls of Pelop's town ;  
And we and ours that destiny endure.'

By such like wiles of Sinon, the forsworn,  
His tale with us did purchase credit ; some,  
Trapt by deceit ; some, forced by his tears ;  
Whom neither Diomed, nor great Achille,  
Nor ten years war, ne a thousand sail could daunt.

Us caitiffs then a far more dreadful chance  
Refel, that troubled our unarmed breasts.

Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by lot  
Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull  
Before the holy altar ; suddenly  
From Tenedon, behold ! in circles great  
By the calm seas come fleeting adders twain,  
Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)  
With reared breast lift up above the seas :  
Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen ;  
The hinder part swam hidden in the flood.  
Their grisly backs were linked manifold.  
With sound of broken waves they gat the strand,  
With glowing eyes, tainted with blood and fire ;  
Whose waltring tongues did lick their hissing mouths.  
We fled away ; our face the blood forsook :  
But they with gait direct to Lacon ran.  
And first of all each serpent doth enwrap  
The bodies small of his two tender sons ;  
Whose wretched limbs they bit, and fed thereon.  
Then raught they him, who had his weapon caught  
To rescue them ; twice winding him about,  
With folded knots and circled tails, his waist :  
Their scaled backs did compass twice his neck,  
With reared heads aloft and stretched throats.  
He with his hands strave to unloose the knots,  
(Whose sacred fillets all-besprinkled were  
With filth of gory blood, and venom rank)  
And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,  
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows,  
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,

The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.  
 The serpents twain, with hasted trail they glide  
 To Pallas' temple, and her towers of height:  
 Under the feet of the which Goddess stern,  
 Hidden behind her target's boss they crept.  
 N ew gripes of dread then pierce our trembling  
 breasts.

They said; Lacon's deserts had dearly bought  
 His heinous deed; that pierced had with steel  
 The sacred bulk, and thrown the wicked lance.  
 The people cried with sundry greeing shouts  
 To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive;  
 In hope thereby the Goddess' wrath t' appease.  
 We cleft the walls and closures of the town;  
 Whereto all help: and underset the feet  
 With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.  
 This fatal gin thus overclamb our walls,  
 Stuff with arm'd men; about the which there ran  
 Children and maids, that holy carols sang;  
 And well were they whose hands might touch the  
 cords.

With threat'ning cheer thus slid through our  
 town

The subtle tree, to Pallas' temple-ward.  
 O native land! Ilium! and of the Gods  
 The mansion place! O warlike walls of Troy!  
 Four times it stopt in th' entry of our gate;  
 Four times the harness clatter'd in the womb.  
 But we go on, unsound of memory,

And blinded eke by rage persever still :  
This fatal monster in the fane we place.

Cassandra then, inspired with Phœbus spirit,  
Her prophet's lips, yet never of us 'lieved,  
Disclosed eft ; forespeaking things to come.  
We wretches, lo ! that last day of our life  
With boughs of feast the town, and temples deck.

With this the sky gan whirl about the sphere :  
The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,  
With mantles spread ; that cloaked earth and  
skies,

And eke the treason of the Greekish guile.  
The watchmen lay dispers'd to take their rest ;  
Whose wearied limbs sound sleep had then op-  
press'd :

When, well in order comes the Grecian fleet  
From Tenedon, toward the coasts well known,  
By friendly silence of the quiet moon.  
When the king's ship put forth his mark of fire,  
Sinon, preserved by froward destiny,  
Let forth the Greeks enclosed in the womb :  
The closures eke of pine by stealth unpinn'd,  
Whereby the Greeks restored were to air.  
With joy down hasting from the hollow tree,  
With cords let down did slide unto the ground  
The great captains ; Sthenel, and Thessander,  
And fierce Ulysses, Athamas, and Thoas ;  
Machaon first, and then king Menelae ;  
Opeas eke that did the engine forge.

And straight invade the town yburied then  
With wine and sleep. And first the watch is slain :  
Then gates unfold to let their fellows in,  
They join themselves with the conjured bands.

It was the time when granted from the Gods  
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk.  
Lo! in my dream before mine eyes, methought,  
With rueful chere I saw where Hector stood,  
(Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears)  
Drawn at a car as he of late had been,  
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowln  
With the strait cords wherewith they hailed him.  
Ay me, what one? that Hector how unlike,  
Which erst return'd clad with Achilles' spoils ;  
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships  
The Trojan flame! so was his beard defiled,  
His crisped locks all clust'ed with his blood,  
With all such wounds, as many he received  
About the walls of that his native town.  
Whom frankly thus methought I spake unto,  
With bitter tears and doleful deadly voice :  
'O Troyan light! O only hope of thine!  
What lets so long thee staid? or from what coasts,  
Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?  
Whom, after slaughter of thy many friends,  
And travail of the people, and thy town,  
All-wearied lord! how gladly we behold.  
What sorry chance hath stain'd thy lively face?  
Or why see I these wounds, alas! so wide?'



He answer'd nought, nor in my vain demands  
Abode ; but from the bottom of his breast  
Sighing he said : ' Flee, flee, O Goddess' son !  
And save thee from the fury of this flame.  
Our en'mies now are masters of the walls ;  
And Troyè town now falleth from the top.  
Sufficeth that is done for Priam's reign.  
If force might serve to succour Troyè town,  
This right hand well might have been her defence.  
But Troyè now commendeth to thy charge  
Her holy reliques, and her privy Gods.  
Them join to thee, as fellows of thy fate.  
Large walls rear thou for them : for so thou shalt,  
After time spent in th' overwand'red flood.'  
This said, he brought forth Vesta in his hands ;  
Her fillets eke, and everlasting flame.

In this mean while with diverse plaint, the town  
Throughout was spread ; and louder more and more  
The din resounded : with rattling of arms,  
Although mine old Father Anchises' house  
Removed stood, with shadow hid of trees,  
I waked : therewith to the house-top I clamb,  
And hark'ning stood I : like as when the flame  
Lights in the corn, by drift of boisterous wind ;  
Or the swift stream that driveth from the hill,  
Roots up the fields, and presseth the ripe corn,  
And ploughed ground, and overwhelms the grove :  
The silly herdman all astonnied stands,  
From the high rock while he doth hear the sound.

Then the Greeks' faith, then their deceit appeared.

Of Deiphobus the palace large and great  
 Fell to the ground, all overspread with flash.  
 His next neighbour Ucalgon afire :  
 The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.  
 Up sprang the cry of men, and trumpets blast.  
 Then, as distraught, I did my armour on ;  
 Ne could I tell yet whereto arms avail'd.  
 But with our feres to throng out from the press  
 Toward the tower, our hearts brent with desire.  
 Wrath prick'd us forth ; and unto us it seemed  
 A seemly thing to die, arm'd in the field.

Wherewith Panthus scap'd from the Greekish  
 darts,

Otreus' son, Phœbus' priest, brought in hand  
 The sacred reliques, and the vanquish'd Gods :  
 And in his hand his little nephew led ;  
 And thus, as phren'tic, to our gates he ran.  
 'Panthus,' quod I, 'in what estate stand we ?  
 Or for refuge what fortress shall we take ?'  
 Scarce spake I this, when wailing thus he said :  
 'The latter day, and fate of Troy is come ;  
 The which no plaint, or prayer may avail.  
 Troyans we were ; and Troyè was sometime,  
 And of great fame the Teucrian glory erst :  
 Fierce Jove to Grece hath now transposed all.  
 The Greeks are lords over this fired town.  
 Yonder huge horse that stands amid our walls

Sheds armed men : and Sinon, victor now,  
 With scorn of us doth set all things on flame.  
 And, rushed in at our unfolded gates,  
 Are thousands mo' than ever came from Greece.  
 And some with weapons watch the narrow streets ;  
 With bright swords drawn, to slaughter ready bent.  
 And scarce the watches of the gate began  
 Them to defend, and with blind fight resist.'

Through Panthus' words, and lightning of the  
 Gods,

Amid the flame and arms ran I in press,  
 As fury guided me, and whereas I had heard  
 The cry greatest that made the air resound.  
 Into our band then fell old Iphytus,  
 And Rypheus, that met us by moonlight ;  
 Dymas and Hypanis joining to our side,  
 With young Chorebus, Mygdonius' son ;  
 Which in those days at Troy did arrive,  
 (Burning with rage of dame Cassandra's love)  
 In Priam's aid, and rescue of his town.  
 Unhappy he ! that would no credit give  
 Unto his spouse's words of prophecy.

Whom when I saw, assembled in such wise,  
 So desperately the battle to desire ;  
 Then furthermore thus said I unto them :  
 'O ! ye young men, of courage stout in vain !  
 For nought ye strive to save the burning town.  
 What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see !  
 The Gods out of the temples all are fled,

Through whose might long this empire was main-  
tain'd :

Their altars eke are left both waste and void.

But if your will be bent with me to prove

That uttermost, that now may us befall ;

Then let us die, and run amid our foes.

To vanquish'd folk, despair is only hope.'

With this the young men's courage did increase ;

And through the dark, like to the ravening wolves

Whom raging fury of their empty maws

Drives from their den, leaving with hungry throat

Their whelps behind ; among our foes we ran,

Upon their swords, unto apparent death ;

Holding alway the chief street of the town,

Cover'd with the close shadows of the night.

Who can express the slaughter of that night ?

Or tell the number of the corpses slain ?

Or can in tears bewail them worthily ?

The ancient famous city falleth down,

That many years did hold such seignory.

With senseless bodies every street is spread,

Each palace, and sacred porch of the gods.

Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed.

Manhood ofttimes into the vanquish'd breast

Returns, whereby some victors Greeks are slain.

Cruel complaints, and terror everywhere,

And plenty of grisly pictures of death.

And first with us Androgeus there met,

Fellowed with a swarming rout of Greeks,

Deeming us, unaware, of that fellowship,  
 With friendly words whom thus he call'd unto:  
 'Haste ye, my friends! what sloth hath tarried you?  
 Your feres now sack and spoil the burning Troy:  
 From the tall ships were ye but newly come?'

When he had said, and heard no answer made  
 To him again, whereto he might give trust;  
 Finding himself chanced amid his foes,  
 'Maz'd he withdrew his foot back with his word:  
 Like him that wand'ring in the bushes thick,  
 Treads on the adder with his reckless foot,  
 Reared for wrath, swelling her speckled neck,  
 Dismay'd, gives back all suddenly for fear:  
 Androgeus so, fear'd of that sight, stept back,  
 And we'gan rush amid the thickest rout;  
 When, here and there we did them overthrow,  
 Stricken with dread, unskilful of the place.  
 Our first labour thus lucked well with us.

Chorebus then, encouraged by this chance,  
 Rejoicing said: 'Hold forth the way of health,  
 My feres, that hap and manhood hath us taught.  
 Change we our shields; the Greeks' arms do we on  
 Craft or manhood with foes what recks it which:  
 The slain to us their armour they shall yield.'  
 And with that word Androgeus' crested helm  
 And the rich arms of his shield did he on;  
 A Greekish sword he girded by his side:  
 Like gladly Dimas and Ripheus did:  
 The whole youth'gan them clad in the new spoils.

Mingled with Greeks, for no good luck to us,  
We went, and gave many onsets that night,  
And many a Greek we sent to Pluto's court.  
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,  
And to their coasts of safeguard ran again.  
And some there were for shameful cowardry,  
Clamb up again unto the huge horse,  
And did them hide in his well known womb.

Ay me! bootless it is for any wight  
To hope on aught against will of the gods.  
Lo! where Cassandra, Priam's daughter dear,  
From Pallas' church was drawn with sparkled tress,  
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heaven;  
Her eyen, for fast her tender wrists were bound.  
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bear,  
Reckless of death, but thrust amid the throng;  
And after we through thickest of the swords.

Here were we first y-batter'd with the darts  
Of our own feres, from the high temples' top;  
Whereby of us great slaughter did ensue,  
Mistaken by our Greekish arms and crests.  
Then flock'd the Greeks moved with wrath and ire,  
Of the virgin from them so rescued.  
The fell Ajax; and either Atrides,  
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.  
As wrestling winds, out of dispersed whirl  
Befight themselves, the west with southern blast,  
And gladsome east proud of Aurora's horse;  
The woods do whiz; and foamy Nereus

Raging in fury, with three forked mace  
From bottom's depth doth welter up the seas ;  
So came the Greeks. And such, as by deceit  
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,  
And drave about our town, appeared first :  
Our feigned shields and weapons then they found,  
And, by sound, our discording voice they knew.  
We went to wreck with number overlaid.  
And by the hand of Peneleus first  
Chorebus fell before the altar dead  
Of armed Pallas ; and Rhipheus eke,  
The justest man among the Troians all,  
And he that best observed equity.  
But otherwise it pleased now the Gods.  
There Hypanis, and Dymas, both were slain ;  
Through pierced with the weapons of their feres.  
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou wast overthrown,  
Pity, nor zeal of good devotion,  
Nor habit yet of Phœbus hid from scath.

Ye Troyan ashes ! and last flames of mine !  
I call in witness, that at your last fall  
I fled no stroke of any Greekish sword.  
And if the fates would I had fallen in fight,  
That with my hand I did deserve it well.

With this from thence I was recoiled back  
With Iphytus and Pelias alone.  
Iphytus weak, and feeble all for age ;  
Pelias lamed by Ulysses' hand.  
To Priam's palace cry did call us then.

Here was the fight right hideous to behold ;  
As though there had no battle been but there,  
Or slaughter made elsewhere throughout the town.  
A fight of rage and fury there we saw.  
The Greeks toward the palace rushed fast,  
And cover'd with engines the gates beset,  
And reared up ladders against the walls ;  
Under the windows scaling by their steps,  
Fenced with shields in their left hands, whereon  
They did receive the darts ; while their right hands  
Griped for hold th' embattle of the wall.  
The Troyans on the other part rend down  
The turrets high, and eke the palace roof ;  
With such weapons they shope them to defend,  
Seeing all lost, now at the point of death.  
The gilt spars, and the beams then threw they down ;  
Of old fathers the proud and royal works.  
And with drawn swords some did beset the gates,  
Which they did watch, and keep in routs full thick.  
Our sprites restor'd to rescue the king's house,  
To help them, and to give the vanquish'd strength.  
A postern with a blind wicket there was,  
A common trade to pass through Priam's house ;  
On the back side whereof waste houses stood :  
Which way eft-sithes, while that our kingdom  
dured,  
Th' infortunate Andromache alone  
Resorted to the parents of her make ;  
With young Astyanax, his grandsire to see.



Here passed I up to the highest tower,  
From whence the wretched Troyans did throw down  
Darts, spent in waste. Unto a turret then  
We stept, the which stood in a place aloft,  
The top whereof did reach well near the stars ;  
Where we were wont all Troyè to behold,  
The Greekish navy, and their tents also.  
With instruments of iron gan we pick,  
To seek where we might find the joining shrunk  
From that high seat ; which we razed, and threw  
down :

Which falling, gave forthwith a rushing sound,  
And large in breadth on Greekish routs it light.  
But soon another sort stept in their stead ;  
No stone unthrown, nor yet no dart uncast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus in the porch  
Rejoicing in his darts, with glittering arms.  
Like to th' adder with venemous herbès fed,  
Whom cold winter all bolne, hid under ground ;  
And shining bright, when she her slough had slung,  
Her slipper back doth roll, with forked tongue  
And raised breast, lift up against the sun.  
With that together came great Periphas ;  
Automedon eke, that guided had some time  
Achilles' horse, now Pyrrhus armour bare ;  
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth  
Assail'd the ho use ; and threw flame to the top.  
And he an axe before the foremost raught,  
Wherewith he'gan the strong gates hew, and break ;

From whence he beat the staples out of brass,  
He brake the bars, and through the timber pierc'd  
So large a hole, whereby they might discern  
The house, the court, the secret chambers eke  
Of Priamus, and ancient kings of Troy ;  
And armed foes in th' entry of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was,  
With wailing, and with rueful shrieks and cries ;  
The hollow halls did howl of women's plaint :  
The clamour strake up to the golden stars.  
The 'fray'd mothers, wand'ring through the wide  
house,

Embracing pillars, did them hold and kiss.  
Pyrrhus assaileth with his father's might ;  
Whom the closures ne keepers might hold out.  
With often pushed ram the gate did shake ;  
The posts beat down, removed from their hooks :  
By force they made the way, and th' entry brake.  
And now the Greeks let in, the foremost slew :  
And the large palace with soldiers'gan to fill.  
Not so fiercely doth overflow the fields  
The foaming flood, that breaks out of his banks ;  
Whose rage of waters bears away what heaps  
Stand in his way, the cotes, and eke the herds.  
As in th' entry of slaughter furious  
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Hecuba I saw, with a hundred mo'  
Of her sons' wives, and Priam at the altar,  
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.

Fifty bed-chambers of his children's wives,  
With loss of so great hope of his offspring,  
The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,  
And with the spoils of other nations,  
Fell to the ground: and what so that with flame  
Untouched was, the Greeks did all possess.

Percase you would ask what was Priam's fate?  
When of his taken town he saw the chance,  
And the gates of his palace beaten down,  
His foes amid his secret chambers eke:  
Th' old man in vain did on his shoulders then,  
Trembling for age, his cuirass long disused:  
His bootless sword he girded him about;  
And ran amid his foes, ready to die.

Amid the court, under the heaven, all bare,  
A great altar there stood, by which there grew  
An old laurel tree, bowing thereunto,  
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.  
Here Hecuba, with her young daughters all  
About the altar swarmed were in vain;  
Like doves, that flock together in the storm,  
The statues of the Gods embracing fast.  
But when she saw Priam had taken there  
His armour, like as though he had been young:  
'What furious thought my wretched spouse,' quod  
she,  
'Did move thee now such weapons for to wield?  
Why hastest thou? This time doth not require  
Such succour, ne yet such defenders now:

No, though Hector my son were here again.  
Come hither; this altar shall save us all:  
Or we shall die together.' Thus she said.  
Wherewith she drew him back to her, and set  
The aged man down in the holy seat.

But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,  
Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,  
Searching, all wounded, the long galleries  
And the void courts; whom Pyrrhus all in rage  
Followed fast to reach a mortal wound;  
And now in hand, well near strikes with his spear.  
Who fleeing forth till he came now in sight  
Of his parents, before their face fell down  
Yielding the ghost with flowing streams of blood.  
Priamus then, although he were half dead,  
Might not keep in his wrath, nor yet his words;  
But crieth out: 'For this thy wicked work,  
And boldness eke such thing to enterprise,  
If in the heavens any justice be,  
That of such things takes any care or keep,  
According thanks the Gods may yield to thee;  
And send thee eke thy just deserved hire,  
That made me see the slaughter of my child,  
And with his blood defile the father's face.  
But he, by whom thou feign'st thyself begot,  
Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.  
For, lo! he tend'ring my most humble suit,  
The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodless corpse

Render'd, for to be laid in sepulture ;  
 And sent me to my kingdom home again.'

Thus said the aged man, and therewithal,  
 Forceless he cast his weak unwieldy dart,  
 Which repuls'd from the brass where it gave dint,  
 Without sound, hung vainly in the shield's boss.  
 Quod Pyrrhus: 'Then thou shalt this thing re-  
 port:

On message to Pelide my father go:  
 Shew unto him my cruel deeds, and how  
 Neoptolem is swerved out of kind.  
 Now shalt thou die,' quod he. And with that word  
 At the altar him trembling 'gan he draw  
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son:  
 And his left hand all clapsed in his hair,  
 With his right arm drew forth his shining sword,  
 Which in his side he thrust up to the hilts.  
 Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,  
 The woful end that was allotted him,  
 When he had seen his palace all on flame,  
 With ruin of his Troyan turrets eke.  
 That royal prince of Asia, which of late  
 Reign'd over so many peoples and realms,  
 Like a great stock now lieth on the shore;  
 His head and shoulders parted been in twain:  
 A body now without renown and fame.

Then first in me enter'd the grisly fear:  
 Dismay'd I was. Wherewith came to my mind  
 The image eke of my dear father, when

I thus beheld the king of equal age,  
Yield up the spirit with wounds so cruelly.  
Then thought I of Creusa left alone ;  
And of my house in danger of the spoil,  
And the estate of young Iulus eke.  
I looked back to seek what number then  
I might discern about me of my feres :  
But wearied they had left me all alone.  
Some to the ground were lopen from above,  
Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.  
There was no mo' but I left of them all,  
When that I saw in Vesta's temple sit,  
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place ;  
Such light the flame did give as I went by  
While here and there I cast mine eyen about :  
For she in dread lest that the Troians should  
Revenge on her the ruin of their walls ;  
And of the Greeks the cruel wreacks also ;  
The fury eke of her forsaken make,  
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Greece !  
Hateful she sat beside the altars hid.  
Then boil'd my breast with flame, and burning  
wrath,  
'To revenge my town, unto such ruin brought ;  
With worthy pains on her to work my will.  
Thought I : " Shall she pass to the land of Sparte  
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,  
And like a queen return with victory  
Home to her spouse, her parents, and children,

Followed with a train of Troyan maids,  
And served with a band of Phrygian slaves ;  
And Priam eke with iron murder'd thus,  
And Troyè town consumed all with flame,  
Whose shore hath been so oft for-bathed in blood ?  
No ! no ! for though on women the revenge  
Unseemly is ; such conquest hath no fame :  
To give an end unto such mischief yet  
My just revenge shall merit worthy praise ;  
And quiet eke my mind, for to be wroke  
On her which was the causer of this flame,  
And satisfy the cinder of my feres.'

With furious mind while I did argue thus,  
My blessed mother then appear'd to me,  
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had never seen,  
And with pure light she glistred in the night,  
Disclosing her in form a goddess like,  
As she doth seem to such as dwell in heaven.  
My right hand then she took, and held it fast,  
And with her rosy lips thus did she say :  
'Son ! what fury hath thus provoked thee  
To such untamed wrath ? what ragest thou ?  
Or where is now become the care of us ?  
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left  
Anchises, thy father fordone with age ?  
Doth Creusa live, and Ascanius thy son ?  
Whom now the Greekish bands have round beset :  
And were they not defenced by my cure,  
Flame had them raught, and en'mies' sword ere this.

Not Helen's beauty hateful unto thee,  
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods' wrath  
Reft you this wealth, and overthrew your town.  
Behold! and I shall now the cloud remove,  
Which overcast thy mortal sight doth dim;  
Whose moisture doth obscure all things about:  
And fear not thou to do thy mother's will,  
Nor her advice refuse thou to perform.  
Here, where thou see'st the turrets overthrown,  
Stone beat from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,  
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walls,  
And eke the loose foundations of the same,  
And overwhelms the whole town from his seat:  
And cruel Juno with the foremost here  
Doth keep the gate that Scea cleped is,  
Near woode for wrath, whereas she stands, and calls  
In harness bright the Greeks out of their ships:  
And in the turrets high behold where stands  
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike weed,  
And with her shield, where Gorgon's head appears  
And Jupiter, my father, distributes  
Availing strength, and courage to the Greeks;  
Yet overmore, against the Troyan power  
He doth provoke the rest of all the Gods.  
Flee then, my son, and give this travail end;  
Ne shall I thee forsake, in safeguard till  
I have thee brought unto thy father's gate.  
This did she say: and therewith gan she hide  
Herself, in shadow of the close night.



Then dreadful figures gan appear to me,  
And great Gods eke aggrieved with our town.  
I saw Troyè fall down in burning gledes ;  
Neptunus town, clean razed from the soil.  
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains high,  
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen  
With thick assaults strive to tear up, doth threat ;  
And hack'd beneath trembling doth bend his top,  
Till yold with strokes, giving the latter crack,  
Rent from the height, with ruin it doth fall.

With this I went, and guided by a God  
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame :  
Their weapons and the fire eke gave me place.  
And when that I was come before the gates,  
And ancient building of my father's house ;  
My father, whom I hoped to convey  
To the next hills, and did him thereto 'treat,  
Refused either to prolong his life,  
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.  
'All ye,' quod he, 'in whom young blood is fresh,  
Whose strength remains entire and in full power,  
Take ye your flight.  
For if the Gods my life would have prorogued,  
They had reserved for me this winning place.  
It was enough, alas ! and eke too much,  
To see the town of Troy thus razed once ;  
'To have lived after the city taken.  
When ye have said, this corpse laid out forsake ;  
My hand shall seek my death, and pity shall

Mine en'mies move, or else hope of my spoil.  
As for my grave, I weigh the loss but light:  
For I my years, disdainful to the Gods,  
Have lingered forth, unable to all needs,  
Since that the Sire of Gods and king of men  
Strake me with thunder, and with levening blast.  
Such things he'gan rehearse, thus firmly bent:  
But we besprent with tears, my tender son,  
And eke my sweet Creusa, with the rest  
Of the household, my father 'gan beseech,  
Not so with him to perish all at once,  
Nor so to yield unto the cruel fate:  
Which he refused, and stack to his intent.

Driven I was to harness then again,  
Miserably my death for to desire.  
For what advice, or other hope was left?  
'Father! thought'st thou that I may once remove,'  
Quod I, 'a foot, and leave thee here behind?  
May such a wrong pass from a father's mouth?  
If God's will be, that nothing here be saved  
Of this great town, and thy mind bent to join  
Both thee and thine to ruin of this town:  
The way is plain this death for to attain.  
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priam's blood,  
That gor'd the son before the father's face,  
And slew the father at the altar eke.  
O sacred Mother! was it then for this  
That you me led through flame, and weapons  
sharp,

That I might in my secret chamber see  
 Mine en'mies ; and Ascanius my son,  
 My father, with Creusa my sweet wife,  
 Murder'd, alas ! the one in th' others' blood ?  
 Why, servants ! then, bring me my arms again.  
 The latter day us vanquished doth call.  
 Render me now to the Greeks' sight again :  
 And let me see the fight begun of new :  
 We shall not all unwroken die this day.'

About me then I girt my sword again,  
 And eke my shield on my left shoulder cast,  
 And bent me so to rush out of the house.  
 Lo ! in my gate my spouse, clasping my feet,  
 For against his father young Iulus set.  
 'If thou wilt go,' quod she, 'and spill thyself,  
 Take us with thee in all that may betide.  
 But as expert if thou in arms have set  
 Yet any hope, then first this house defend,  
 Whereas thy son, and eke thy father dear,  
 And I, sometime thine own dear wife, are left.'  
 Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus fill'd the  
 house ;

When that a sudden monstrous marvel fell :  
 For in their sight, and woful parents' arms,  
 Behold a light out of the button sprang  
 That in tip of Iulus cap did stand ;  
 With gentle touch whose harmless flame did shine  
 U'pon his hair, about his temples spread.  
 And we afraid, trembling for dreadful fear,

Bet out the fire from his blazing tress,  
And with water 'gan quench the sacred flame.

    Anchises glad his eyen lift to the stars;  
With hands his voice to heaven thus he bent.  
'If by prayer, almighty Jupiter,  
Inclined thou mayst be, behold us then  
Of ruth at least, if we so much deserve.  
Grant eke thine aid, Father! confirm this thing.'

    Scarce had the old man said, when that the  
    heavens

With sudden noise thunder'd on the left hand:  
Out of the sky, by the dark night there fell  
A blazing star, dragging a brand or flame,  
Which with much light gliding on the house top,  
In the forest of Ida hid her beams;  
The which full bright cendleing a furrow, shone,  
By a long tract appointing us the way:  
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.

    My father vanquish'd then, beheld the skies,  
Spake to the Gods, and th' holy star adored:  
'Now, now,' quod he, 'no longer I abide:  
Follow I shall where ye me guide at hand.  
O native Gods! your family defend;  
Preserve your line, this warning comes of you,  
And Troyè stands in your protection now.  
Now give I place, and whereso that thou go,  
Refuse I not, my scn, to be thy fere.'

    This did he say; and by that time more clear  
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walls,

And more and more the burning heat drew near.  
 'Why then! have done, my father dear,' quod I,  
 'Bestride my neck forthwith, and sit thereon,  
 And I shall with my shoulders thee sustain,  
 Ne shall this labour do me any dere.

What so betide, come peril, come welfare,  
 Like to us both and common there shall be.  
 Young Iulus shall bear me company ;  
 And my wife shall follow far off my steps.  
 Now ye, my servants, mark well what I say :  
 Without the town ye shall find, on a hill,  
 An old temple there stands, whereas some time  
 Worship was done to Ceres the Goddess ;  
 Beside which grows an aged cypress tree,  
 Preserved long by our forfathers' zeal :  
 Behind which place let us together meet.  
 And thou, Father, receive into thy hands  
 The reliques all, and the Gods of the land :  
 The which it were not lawful I should touch,  
 That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,  
 Till I be washed in the running flood.'

When I had said these words, my shoulders  
 broad,  
 And laied neck with garments 'gan I spread,  
 And thereon cast a yellow lion's skin ;  
 And thereupon my burden I receive.  
 Young Iulus clasped in my right hand,  
 Followeth me fast with unegal pace ;  
 And at my back my wife. Thus did we pass

By places shadowed most with the night.  
And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw.  
Nor press of Argive routs could make amaz'd,  
Each whisp'ring wind hath power now to fray,  
And every sound to move my doubtful mind :  
So much I dread my burden, and my fere.

And now we 'gan draw near unto the gate,  
Right well escap'd the danger, as me thought,  
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.  
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,  
Cried on me, 'Flee, son! they are at hand.'  
With that bright shields, and shene armours I saw.  
But then, I know not what unfriendly God  
My troubled wit from me bereft for fear :  
For while I ran by the most secret streets,  
Eschewing still the common haunted track,  
From me catiff, alas! bereaved was  
Creusa then, my spouse, I wot not how ;  
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,  
Or that she was by weariness retain'd :  
But never sith these eyes might her behold ;  
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost,  
Ne never backward turned I my mind,  
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood  
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

And when that we were there assembled all,  
She was only away, deceiving us  
Her spouse, her son, and all her company.  
What God or man did I not then accuse,

Near woode for ire? or what more cruel chance  
Did hap to me, in all Troy's overthrow?  
Ascanius to my feres I then betook,  
With Anchises, and eke the Troyan Gods.  
And left them hid within a valley deep.  
And to the town I 'gan me hie again,  
Clad in bright arms, and bent for to renew  
Aventures past, to search throughout the town,  
And yield my head to perils once again.

And first the walls and dark entry I sought  
Of the same gate whereat I issued out ;  
Holding backward the steps where we had come  
In the dark night, looking all round about :  
In every place the ugsome sights I saw ;  
The silence self of night aghast my sprite.  
From hence again I pass'd unto our house,  
If she by chance had been returned home.  
The Greeks were there, and had it all beset :  
The wasting fire, blown up by drift of wind,  
Above the roofs the blazing flame sprang up ;  
The sound whereof with fury pierc'd the skies.  
To Priam's palace, and the castle then  
I made ; and there at Juno's sanctuair,  
In the void porches, Phenix, Ulysses eke  
Stern guardians stood, watching of the spoil.  
'The riches here were set, reft from the brent  
Temples of Troy : the tables of the Gods,  
The vessels eke that were of massy gold,  
And vestures spoil'd, were gather'd all in heap :

The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright,  
Long ranged on a row stood round about.

So bold was I to show my voice that night  
With clepes and cries to fill the streets throughout,  
With Creuse' name in sorrow, with vain tears ;  
And often sithes the same for to repeat.  
The town restless with fury as I sought,  
Th' unlucky figure of Creusa's ghost,  
Of stature more than wont, stood 'fore mine eyen.  
Abashed when I woxe : therewith my hair  
'Gan start right up : my voice stack in my throat :  
When with such words she 'gan my heart remove :  
'What helps, to yield unto such furious rage,  
Sweet spouse?' quod she, 'Without will of the  
Gods

This chanced not : ne lawful was for thee  
To lead away Creusa hence with thee :  
The King of the high heaven suff'reth it not.  
A long exile thou art assigned to bear,  
Long to furrow large space of stormy seas :  
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,  
Where Lidian Tiber with his gentle stream  
Mildly doth flow along the fruitful fields.  
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee ;  
There a king's child prepar'd to be thy make.  
For thy beloved Creusa stint thy tears :  
For now shall I not see the proud abodes  
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes :  
Ne I, a Troyan lady, and the wife



Unto the son of Venus, the Goddess,  
Shall go a slave to serve the Greekish dames.  
Me here the God's great mother holds ——  
And now farewell: and keep in father's breast  
The tender love of thy young son and mine.'

This having said, she left me all in tears,  
And minding much to speak; but she was gone,  
And subtly fled into the weightless air.  
Thrice raught I with mine arms t' accoll her neck:  
Thrice did my hands vain hold th' image escape,  
Like nimble winds, and like the flying dream.  
So night spent out, return I to my feres;  
And there wond'ring I find together swarm'd  
A new number of mates, mothers, and men  
A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,  
From each-where flock together, prest to pass  
With heart and goods, to whatsoever land  
By sliding seas, me listed them to lead.  
And now rose Lucifer above the ridge  
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light.  
The Greeks held th' entries of the gates beset:  
Of help there was no hope. Then gave I place,  
Took up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

## THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BUT now the wounded Queen, with heavy care,  
Throughout the veins she nourished the plaie,  
Surprised with blind flame; and to her mind  
'Gan eke resort the prowess of the man,  
And honour of his race: while in her breast  
Imprinted stak his words, and pictures form.  
Ne to her limbs care granteth quiet rest.

The next morrow, with Phœbus' lamp the earth  
Alighted clear; and eke the dawning day  
The shadows dark 'gan from the pole remove:  
When all unsound, her sister of like mind  
Thus spake she to: 'O! Sister Anne, what dreams  
Be these, that me tormented thus affray?  
What new guest this, that to our realm is come?  
What one of cheer? how stout of heart in arms?  
Truly I think (ne vain is my belief)  
Of Goddish race some offspring should he be:  
Cowardry notes hearts swerved out of kind.  
He driven, lord! with how hard destiny!  
What battles eke achieved did he recount!  
But that my mind is fixt unmovably,  
Never with wight in wedlock aye to join,  
Sith my first love me left by death dissever'd;  
If genial brands and bed me loathed not,  
To this one guilt perchance yet might I yield.

Anne, for I grant, sith wretched Sychee's death,  
My spouse and house with brother's slaughter  
stain'd,

This only man hath made my senses bend,  
And pricked forth the mind that 'gan to slide :  
Now feelingly I taste the steps of mine old flame.  
But first I wish the earth me swallow down,  
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send  
To the pale ghosts of hell, and darkness deep ;  
Ere I thee stain, shamefastness, or thy laws.  
He that with me first coupled, took away  
My love with him ; enjoy it in his grave.'

Thus did she say, and with surprised tears  
Bained her breast. Whereto Anne thus replied :

'O Sister, dearer beloved than the light :  
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill ?  
Ne children sweet, ne Venus' gifts wilt know ?  
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this ? or graved  
ghosts ?

Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I grant,  
None might thee move : no, not the Libyan king,  
Nor yet of Tyre ; Iarbas set to light,  
And other princes mo' ; whom the rich soil  
Of Afric breeds, in honours triumphant.  
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked love ?  
Comes not to mind upon whose land thou dwell'st ?  
On this side, lo ! the Getule town behold,  
A people bold, unvanquished in war ;  
Eke the undaunted Numides compass thee ;

Also the Sirtes unfriendly harbrough.  
On th' other hand, a desert realm for-thrust,  
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.  
What shall I touch the wars that move from Tyre?  
Or yet thy brother's threats? —  
By Gods' purveyance it blew, and Juno's help,  
The Troiaynes ships, I think, to run this course.  
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?  
Through such ally how shall our kingdom rise?  
And by the aid of Troyan arms how great?  
How many ways shall Carthages glory grow?  
Thou only now beseech the Gods of grace  
By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house  
Receive him, and forge causes of abode:  
Whiles winter frets the seas, and wat'ry Orion,  
The ships shaken, unfriendly the season.'

Such words inflamed the kindled mind with love,  
Loosed all shame, and gave the doubtful hope.  
And to the temples first they haste, and seek  
By sacrifice for grace, with hogrels of two years,  
Chosen, as ought, to Ceres that gave laws,  
To Phœbus, Bacchus, and to Juno chief,  
Which hath in care the bands of marriage.  
Fair Dido held in her right hand the cup,  
Which 'twixt the horns of a white cow she shed  
In presence of the Gods, passing before  
The altars fat; which she renewed oft  
With gifts that day, and beasts deboweled;  
Gazing for counsel on the entrails warm.

Ay me! unskilful minds of prophesy!  
 Temples or vows, what boot they in her rage?  
 A gentle flame the marrow doth devour,  
 Whiles in the breast the silent wound keeps life.  
 Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage  
 Throughout the town she wand'reth up and down.  
 Like the stricken hind with shaft, in Crete  
 Throughout the woods which chasing with his dart  
 Aloof, the shepherd smiteth at unwares,  
 And leaves unwist in her the thirling head:  
 That through the groves, and lands glides in her  
 flight;

Amid whose side the mortal arrow sticks.

Æneas now about the walls she leads,  
 The town prepared, and Carthage wealth to shew,  
 Off'ring to speak, amid her voice, she whists.  
 And when the day gins fail new feasts she makes;  
 The Troies travails to hear a-new she lists,  
 Enraged all; and stareth in his face  
 That tells the tale. And when they were all gone,  
 And the dim moon doth eft withhold the light,  
 And sliding stars provoke unto sleep;  
 Alone she mourns within her palace void,  
 And sets her down on her forsaken bed.  
 And, absent, him she hears, when he is gone,  
 And seeth eke. Oft in her lap she holds  
 Ascanius, trapp'd by his father's form:  
 So to beguile the love, cannot be told.

The turrets now arise not, erst begun;

Neither the youth wields arms, nor they advance  
The ports, nor other meet defence for war :  
Broken there hang the works and mighty frames  
Of walls high raised, threatening the sky.  
Whom as soon as Jove's dear wife saw infect  
With such a plague, ne fame resist the rage ;  
Saturnès' daughter thus burdes Venus then :  
' Great praise,' quod she, 'and worthy spoils you  
win,

You and your son ; great Gods of memory !  
By both your wiles one woman to devour.  
Yet am not I deceived, that foreknew  
Ye dread our walls, and buildings 'gan suspect  
Of high Carthage. But what shall be the end ?  
Or whereunto now serveth such debate ?  
But rather peace, and bridal bands knit we,  
Sith thou hast sped of that thy heart desired ;  
Dido doth burn with love : rage frets her bones,  
This people now as common to us both,  
With equal favour let us govern then ;  
Lawful be it to serve a Trojan spouse ;  
And Tyrians yield to thy right hand in dower.'

To whom Venus replied thus, that knew  
Her words proceeded from a feigned mind,  
To Libyan coasts to turn th' empire from Rome.  
' What wight so fond such offer to refuse ?  
Or yet with thee had liever strive in war ?  
So be it fortune thy tale bring t' effect :  
But destinies I doubt ; lest Jove nill grant,

That folk of Tyre, and such as came from Troy,  
 Should hold one town; or grant these nations  
 Mingled to be, or joined aye in league.  
 Thou art his wife: lawful it is for thee  
 For to attempt his fancy by request:  
 Pass on before; and follow thee I shall.'

Queen Juno then thus took her tale again:  
 ' This travail be it mine. But by what mean  
 (Marke), in few words I shall thee learn eftsoons,  
 This work in hand may now be compassed.  
 Æneas now, and wretched Dido eke,  
 To the forest a hunting mind to wend  
 To-morn, as soon as Titan shall ascend,  
 And with his beams hath overspread the world:  
 And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about,  
 And whiles they range to overset the groves,  
 A cloudy shower mingled with hail I shall  
 Pour down, and then with thunder shake the skies.  
 Th' assembly scattered the mist shall cloke.  
 Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same  
 Shall enter too; and I will be at hand:  
 And if thy will stick unto mine, I shall  
 In wedlock sure knit, and make her his own:  
 Thus shall the marriage be.' To whose request  
 Without debate Venus did seem to yield,  
 And smiled soft, as she that found the wile.

Then from the seas the dawning'gan arise:  
 The sun once up, the chosen youth'gan throug  
 Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit,

The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel ;  
And of Masile the horsemen forth they brake ;  
Of scenting hounds a kennel huge likewise.  
And at the threshold of her chamber door  
The Carthage lords did on the Queen attend.  
The trampling steed with gold and purple trapp'd,  
Chewing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood.  
Then issued she, awaited with great train,  
Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroider'd rich.  
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tress  
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke  
Button'd with gold. The Trojans of her train  
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.  
Æneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,  
Makes one of them, and joineth close the throngs :  
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,  
His wint'ring place, and Xanthus' floods likewise,  
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,  
Repairing eft and furnishing her choir :  
The Candians, and folks of Driopes,  
With painted Agathyrsies shout, and cry,  
Environing the altars round about ;  
When that he walks upon mount Cynthus' top :  
His sparkled tress repress'd with garlands soft  
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in gold ;  
His quivering darts clatt'ring behind his back.  
So fresh and lusty did Æneas seem ;  
Such lordly port in present countenance.  
But to the hills and wild holts when they came ;



From the rock's top the driven savage rose.  
 Lo from the hill above on th' other side, [course.  
 Through the wide lawns they 'gan to take their  
 The harts likewise in troops taking their flight,  
 Raising the dust, the mountain fast forsake.  
 The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steed,  
 Amid the plain now pricks by them, now these ;  
 And to encounter wisheth oft in mind  
 The foaming boar instead of fearful beasts ;  
 Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.

In the mean while the skies 'gan rumble sore ;  
 In tail thereof, a mingled shower with hail.  
 The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,  
 And Venus' nephew the cottages? for fear  
 Sought round about ; the floods fell from the hills.  
 Dido a den, the Troyan prince the same,  
 Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,  
 And Juno that hath charge of marriage,  
 First tokens gave with burning gleads of flame ;  
 And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies ;  
 And the Nymphs yelled from the mountains top.

Ay me ! this was the first day of their mirth,  
 And of their harms the first occasion eke.  
 Respect of fame no longer her withholds :  
 Nor museth now to frame her love by stealth.  
 Wedlock she calls it : under the pretence  
 Of which fair name she cloaketh now her fault.

Forthwith Fame fieth through the great Libyan  
 towns :

A mischief Fame, there is none else so swift ;  
 That moving grows, and flitting gathers force.  
 First small for dread, soon after climbs the skies ;  
 Stayeth on earth, and hides her head in clouds.  
 Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wrath  
 Of Gods, begat ; the last Sister (they write)  
 To Cæus, and to Enceladus eke :  
 Speedy of foot, of wing likewise as swift,  
 A monster huge, and dreadful to describe.  
 In every plume that on her body sticks  
 • (A thing indeed much marvelous to hear)  
 As many waker eyes lurk underneath,  
 So many mouths to speak, and listening ears.  
 By night she flies amid the cloudy sky,  
 Shrieking, by the dark shadow of the earth,  
 Ne doth decline to the sweet sleep her eyes.  
 By day she sits to mark on the house top,  
 Or turrets high ; and the great towns affrays ;  
 As mindful of ill and lies, as blasing truth.

This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow  
 This rumor then into the common ears :  
 As well things done, as that was never wrought :  
 As, that there comen is to Tyrian's court  
 Æneas, one outsprung of Troyan blood,  
 To whom fair Dido would herself be wed :  
 And that, the while, the winter long they pass  
 In foul delight, forgetting charge of reign ;  
 Led against honour with unhonest lust.

This in each mouth the filthy Goddess spreads ;

And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight,  
 Kindling his mind ; with tales she feeds his wrath ;  
 Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter  
 Upon the ravish'd nymph of Garamant.  
 A hundred hugy, grèat temples he built  
 In his far stretching realms to Jupiter ;  
 Altars as many kept with waking flame,  
 A watch always upon the Gods to tend ;  
 The floors embru'd with yielded blood of beasts,  
 And threshold spread with garlands of strange hue.  
 He woode of mind, kindled by bitter bruit  
 Tofore th' altars, in presence of the Gods,  
 With reared hands gan humbly Jove entreat :

' Almighty God ! whom the Moores' nation  
 Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,  
 See'st thou these things ? or fear we thee in vain,  
 When thou lettest fly thy thunder from the clouds ?  
 Or do those flames with vain noise us affray ?  
 A woman, that wandering in our coasts hath bought  
 A plot for price, where she a city set ;  
 To whom we gave the strond for to manure,  
 And laws to rule her town, our wedlock loathed,  
 Hath chose Æneas to command her realm.  
 That Paris now, with his unmanly sort,  
 With mitred hats, with ointed bush and beard,  
 His rape enjoyeth : whiles to thy temples we  
 Our offerings bring, and follow rumours vain.'

Whom praying in such sort, and griping eke  
 The altars fast, the mighty father heard ;

And writhed his look toward the royal walls,  
And lovers eke, forgetting their good name.  
To Mercury then gave he thus in charge :  
'Hence, son, in haste ! and call to thee the winds ;  
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince  
That now in Carthage loitereth, rechless  
Of the towns granted him by destiny.  
Swift through the skies see thou these words convey :  
His fair Mother behight him not to us  
Such one to be ; ne therefore twice him saved  
From Greekish arms : but such a one  
As meet might seem great Italy to rule,  
Dreadful in arms, charged with seigniory,  
Shewing in proof his worthy Teucrian race ;  
And under laws the whole world to subdue.  
If glory of such things nought him enflame,  
Ne that he lists seek honour by some pain ;  
The towers yet of Rome, being his sire,  
Doth he envy to young Ascanius ?  
What mindeth he to frame ? or on what hope  
In en'mies land doth he make his abode ?  
Ne his offspring in Italy regards ?  
Ne yet the land of Lavine doth behold ?  
Bid him make sail : have here the sum and end ;  
Our message thus report.' When Jove had said,  
Then Mercury 'gan bend him to obey  
His mighty father's will : and to his heels  
His golden wings he knits, which him transport,  
With a light wind above the earth and seas.

And then with him his wand he took, whereby  
He calls from hell pale ghosts ; and other some  
Thither also he sendeth comfortless :  
Whereby he forceth sleeps, and them bereaves ;  
And mortal eyes he closeth up in death.  
By power whereof he drives the winds away,  
And passeth eke amid the troubled clouds,  
Till in his flight he'gan descry the top  
And the steep flanks of rocky Atlas' hill,  
That with his crown sustains the welkin up :  
Whose head forgrown with pine, circled alway  
With misty clouds, is beaten with wind and storm ;  
His shoulders spread with snow ; and from his chin  
The springs descend ; his beard frozen with ice.  
Here Mercury with equal shining wings  
First touched ; and with body heading bet,  
To the water then took he his descent :  
Like to the fowl that endlong coasts and stronds  
Swarming with fish, flies sweeping by the sea ;  
Cutting betwixt the winds and Libyan lands,  
From his grandfather by the mother's side,  
Cyllène's child so came, and then alight  
Upon the houses with his winged feet ;  
Tofore the towers where he Æneas saw  
Foundations cast, arearing lodges new ;  
Girt with a sword of jasper, starry bright ;  
A shining 'parel, flamed with stately eye  
Of Tyrian purple, hung his shoulders down,  
The gift and work of wealthy Dido's hand,

Striped throughout with a thin thread of gold.

Thus he encounters him: 'Oh careless wight!  
Both of thy realm, and of thine own affairs;  
A wife-bound man now dost thou rear the walls  
Of high Carthage, to build a goodly town!  
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods  
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commands  
Both heav'n and earth: in haste he gave me charge  
Through the light air this message thee to say.  
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time  
In idleness dost waste in Afric land?  
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stir,  
Ne list by travail honour to pursue;  
Ascanius yet, that waxeth fast, behold;  
And the hope of Iulus' seed, thine heir;  
To whom the realm of Italy belongs,  
And soil of Rome.' When Mercury had said,  
Amid his tale far off from mortal eyes  
Into light air he vanish'd out of sight.

Æneas with that vision stricken down,  
Well near distraught, upstart his hair for dread,  
Amid his throatal his voice likewise 'gan stick.  
For to depart by night he longeth now,  
And the sweet land to leave, astoined sore  
With this advise and message of the Gods.  
What may he do, alas! or by what words  
Dare he persuade the raging Queen in love?  
Or in what sort may he his tale begin?  
Now here, now there his reckless mind 'gan run,

And diversely him draws, discoursing all.  
 After long doubts this sentence seemed best :  
 Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke  
 He calls to him, with Sergest ; unto whom  
 He gave in charge his navy secretly  
 For to prepare, and drive to the sea coast  
 His people ; and their armour to address ;  
 And for the cause of change to feign excuse :  
 And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,  
 Or did suspect so great a love could break,  
 Would wait his time to speak thereof most meet ;  
 The nearest way to hasten his intent.  
 Gladly his will and biddings they obey.

Full soon the Queen this crafty sleight 'gan smell  
 (Who can deceive a lover in forecast ?)  
 And first foresaw the motions for to come ;  
 Things most assured fearing. Unto whom  
 That wicked Fame reported, how to flight  
 Was arm'd the fleet, all ready to avale.  
 Then ill bested of counsel, rageth she ;  
 And whisketh through the town : like Bacchus' nun.  
 As Thyas stirs, the sacred rites begun,  
 And when the wonted third years sacrifice  
 Doth prick her forth, hearing Bacchus' name hal-  
     lowed,  
 And that the feastful night of Citheron  
 Doth call her forth, with noise of dancing.  
 At length herself bordeth Æneas thus :  
 Unfaithful wight ! to cover such a fault

Couldst thou hope? unwist to leave my land?  
Not thee our love, nor yet right hand betrothed,  
Ne cruel death of Dido may withhold?  
But that thou wilt in winter ships prepare,  
And try the seas in broil of whirling winds?  
What if the land thou seekest were not strange!  
If not unknown? or ancient Troy yet stood?  
In rough seas yet should Troye town be sought?  
Shunnest thou me? By these tears, and right hand,  
(For nought else have I, wretched, left myself)  
By our spousals and marriage begun,  
If I of thee deserved ever well,  
Or thing of mine were ever to thee lief;  
Rue on this realm, whose ruin is at hand.  
If ought be left that prayer may avail,  
I thee beseech to do away this mind.  
The Libyans, and tyrants of Nomadane,  
For thee me hate: my Tyrians eke for thee  
Are wroth; by thee my shamefastness eke stained,  
And good renown, whereby up to the stars  
Peerless I clamb. To whom wilt thou me leave,  
Ready to die, my sweet guest? sith this name  
Is all, as now, that of a spouse remains.  
But whereto now should I prolong my death?  
What! until my brother Pigmalion  
Beat down my walls? or the Getulian king  
Hiarbas, yet captive lead me away?  
Before thy flight a child had I once borne,  
Or seen a young Æneas in my court



Play up and down, that might present thy face,  
All utterly I could not seem forsaken.'

Thus said the Queen. He to the God's advice,  
Unmoved held his eyes, and in his breast  
Represt his care, and strove against his will :  
And these few words at last then forth he cast.  
' Never shall I deny, Queen, thy desert ;  
Greater than thou in words may well express.  
To think on thee ne irk me aye it shall,  
Whiles of myself I shall have memory ;  
And whiles the spirit these limbs of mine shall rule,  
For present purpose somewhat shall I say.  
Never meant I to cloak the same by stealth,  
Slander me not, ne to escape by flight :  
Nor I to thee pretended marriage ;  
Ne hither came to join me in such league.  
If destiny at mine own liberty,  
To lead my life would have permitted me,  
After my will, my sorrow to redoub,  
Troy and the remainder of our folk  
Restore I should : and with these scaped hands  
The walls again unto these vanquished,  
And palace high of Priam eke repair.  
But now Apollo, called Grineus,  
And prophecies of Lycia me advise  
To seize upon the realm of Italy :  
That is my love, my country, and my land.  
If Carthage turrets thee, Phœnician born,  
And of a Libyan town the sight detain ;

To us Troyans why doest thou then envy  
 In Italy to make our resting seat?  
 Lawful is eke for us strange realms to seek.  
 As oft as night doth cloak with shadows dark  
 The earth, as oft as flaming stars appear,  
 The troubled ghost of my father Anchises  
 So oft in sleep doth fray me, and advise:  
 The wronged head by me of my dear son,  
 Whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown,  
 And lands allotted him by destiny.  
 The messenger eke of the Gods but late  
 Sent down from Jove (I swear by either head)  
 Passing the air, did this to me report.  
 In bright day-light the God myself I saw  
 Enter these walls, and with these ears him heard.  
 Leave then with plaint to vex both thee and me:  
 Against my will to Italy I go.'

Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,  
 With wayward look she 'gan him aye behold,  
 And rolling eyes, that moved to and fro;  
 With silent look discoursing over all:  
 And forth in rage at last thus 'gan she upbraid:  
 'Faithless! forsworn! ne Goddess was thy dam!  
 Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race!  
 But of hard rocks mount Caucase monstrous  
 Bred thee, and teats of Tyger gave thee suck.  
 But what should I dissemble now my cheer?  
 Or me reserve to hope of greater things?  
 Minds he our tears? or ever moved his eyen?

Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our love?  
 What shall I set before? or where begin?  
 Juno, nor Jove with just eyes this beholds.  
 Faith is no where in surety to be found.  
 Did I not him, thrown up upon my shore  
 In need receive, and fonded eke invest  
 Of half my realm? his navy lost, repair?  
 From death's danger his fellows eke defend?  
 Ay me! with rage and furies, lo! I drive.  
 Apollo now, now Lycian prophecies,  
 Another while, the messenger of Gods,  
 He says, sent down from mighty Jove himself.  
 The dreadful charge amid the skies hath brought.  
 As though that were the travail of the Gods,  
 Or such a care their quietness might move!  
 I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:  
 To Italy pass on by help of winds;  
 And through the floods go search thy kingdom new.  
 If ruthful Gods have any power, I trust  
 Amid the rocks thy guerdon thou shalt find;  
 When thou shalt clepe full oft on Dido's name.  
 With burial brandes I, absent, shall thee chase:  
 And when cold death from life these limbs divides,  
 My ghost each where shall still on thee await.  
 Thou shalt aby; and I shall hear thereof,  
 Among the souls below the bruit shall come.'

With such like words she cut off half her tale,  
 With pensive heart abandoning the light.  
 And from his sight herself gan far remove;

Forsaking him, that many things in fear  
 Imagined, and did prepare to say.  
 Her swooning limbs her damsels 'gan relieve,  
 And to her chamber bare of marble stone;  
 And laid her on her bed with tapets spread.

But just Æneas, though he did desire  
 With comfort sweet her sorrows to appease,  
 And with his words to banish all her care;  
 Wailing her much, with great love overcome:  
 The Gods' will yet he worketh, and resorts  
 Unto his navy. Where the Troyans fast  
 Fell to their work, from the shore to unstock  
 High rigged ships: now fletes the tallowed keel;  
 Their oars with leaves yet green from wood they  
 bring;

And masts unshave for haste, to take their flight.  
 You might have seen them throng out of the town  
 Like ants, when they do spoil the bing of corn,  
 For winter's dread, which they bear to their den:  
 When the black swarm creeps over all the fields,  
 And thwart the grass by strait paths drags their prey:  
 The great grains then some on their shoulders truss,  
 Some drive the troop, some chastise eke the slow:  
 That with their travail chafed is each path.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido have?  
 What sighs gave she? when from her towers high  
 The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyan's  
 works,  
 And in her sight the seas with din confounded?

O, witless Love! what thing is that to do  
A mortal mind thou canst not force thereto?  
Forced she is to tears ay to return,  
With new requests to yield her heart to love:  
And lest she should before her causeless death  
Leave any thing untried: 'O Sister Anne!'  
Quoth she, 'behold the whole coast round about,  
How they prepare, assembled every where;  
The streaming sails abiding but for wind:  
The shipmen crown their ships with boughs for joy  
O sister! if so great a sorrow I  
Mistrusted had, it were more light to bear.  
Yet natheless this for me wretched wight,  
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithless, thee alone  
He revered, thee eke his secrets told;  
The meetest time thou knowest to borde the man:  
To my proud foe thus, Sister, humbly say;  
I with the Greeks within the port Aulide  
Conjured not, the Troyans to destroy;  
Nor to the walls of Troy yet sent my fleet:  
Nor cinders of his father Anchises  
Disturbed have, out of his sepulture.  
Why lets he not my words sink in his ears  
So hard to overtreat? Whither whirls he?  
This last boon yet grant he to wretched love  
Prosperous winds for to depart with ease  
Let him abide; the foresaid marriage now,  
That he betray'd, I do not him require;  
Nor that he should fair Italy forgo:

Neither I would he should his kingdom leave.  
Quiet I ask, and a time of delay,  
And respite eke my fury to assuage,  
Till my mishap teach me, all comfortless,  
How for to wail my grief. This latter grace,  
Sister, I crave: have thou remorse of me;  
Which, if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heaps I shall  
Leave by my death redoubled unto thee.'

Moisted with tears thus wretched gan she plain:  
Which Anne reports, and answer brings again.  
Nought tears him move, ne yet to any words  
He can be framed with gentle mind to yield.  
The Werdes withstand, a God stops his meek ears.  
Like to the aged boisteous bodied oak,  
The which among the Alps the Northern winds  
Blowing now from this quarter, now from that,  
Betwixt them strive to overwhelm with blasts:  
The whistling air among the branches roars,  
Which all at once bow to the earth her crops,  
The stock once smit: whiles in the rocks the tree  
Sticks fast; and look, how high to the heav'n her top  
Rears up, so deep her root spreads down to hell.  
So was this Lord now here now there beset  
With words; in whose stout breast wrought many  
cares.

But still his mind in one remains; in vain  
The tears were shed. Then Dido, fray'd of Fates,  
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skies.  
And that she might the rather work her will,

And leave the light, (a grisly thing to tell)  
 Upon the altars burning full of 'cense  
 When she set gifts of sacrifice, she saw  
 The holy water stocks wax black within ;  
 The wine eke shed, change into filthy gore :  
 This she to none, not to her sister told.  
 A marble temple in her palace eke,  
 In memory of her old spouse, there stood,  
 In great honour and worship, which she held,  
 With snow white clothes deck'd, and with boughs  
 of feast :

Whereout was heard her husband's voice, and speech  
 Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth :  
 And oft the owl with rueful song complain'd  
 From the housetop, drawing long doleful tunes.  
 And many things forespoke by prophets past  
 With dreadful warning 'gan her now affray :  
 And stern Æneas seemed in her sleep  
 To chase her still about, distraught in rage :  
 And still her thought, that she was left alone  
 Uncompained, great voyages to wend,  
 In desert land, her Tyrian folk to seek.  
 Like Pentheus, that in his madness saw  
 Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell ;  
 Two suns remove, and Thebès town shew twain.  
 Or like Orestes Agamemnon's son,  
 In tragedies who represented aye  
 Is driven about, that from his mother fled  
 Armed with brands, and eke with serpent's black

That sitting found within the temple's porch  
The ugly furies his slaughter to revenge.

Yelden to woe, when phreusy had her caught,  
Within herself then'gan she well debate,  
Full bent to die, the time and eke the mean ;  
And to her woful sister thus she said,  
In outward cheer dissembling her intent,  
Presenting hope under a semblant glad :

‘Sister, rejoice! for I have found the way  
Him to return, or loose me from his love.  
Toward the end of the great ocean flood,  
Whereas the wandering sun descendeth hence,  
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place  
Where huge Atlas doth on his shoulders turn  
The sphere so round with flaming stars beset.  
Born of Massyle, I hear should be a Nun ;  
That of the Hesperian sisters' temple old,  
And of their goodly garden keeper was ;  
That gives unto the Dragon eke his food,  
That on the tree preserves the holy fruit ;  
That honey moist, and sleeping poppy casts.  
This woman doth avaunt, by force of charm,  
What heart she list to set at liberty ;  
And other some to pierce with heavy cares :  
In running flood to stop the waters' course ;  
And eke the stars their movings to reverse ;  
T' assemble eke the ghosts that walk by night :  
Under thy feet the earth thou shalt behold  
Tremble and roar ; the oaks come from the hill.



The Gods and thee, dear Sister, now I call  
In witness, and thy head to me so sweet,  
To magic arts against my will I bend.  
Right secretly within our inner court,  
In open air rear up a stack of wood ;  
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,  
The which he left within my chamber, stick :  
His weeds dispoiled all, and bridal bed,  
Wherein, alas ! Sister, I found my bane,  
Charge thereupon ; for so the Nun commands,  
To do away what did to him belong,  
Of that false wight that might remembrance bring.

Then whisted she ; the pale her face'gan stain.  
Ne could yet Anne believe, her sister meant  
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice ;  
Nor in her breast such fury did conceive :  
Neither doth she now dread more grievous thing  
Than followed Sycheës death ; wherefore  
She put her will in ure. But then the Queen,  
When that the stack of wood was reared up  
Under the air within the inward court  
With cloven oak, and billets made of fir,  
With garlands she doth all beset the place,  
And with green boughs eke crown the funeral,  
And thereupon his weeds and sword yleft,  
And on a bed his picture she bestows,  
As she that well foreknew what was to come.  
The altars stand about, and eke the Nun  
With sparkled tress ; the which three hundred Gods

With a loud voice doth thunder out at once,  
Erebus the grisly, and Chaos huge,  
And eke the threefold Goddess Hecate,  
And three faces of Diana the virgin :  
And sprinkles eke the water counterfeit  
Like unto black Avernus' lake in hell :  
And springing herbs reap'd up with brazen scythes  
Were sought, after the right course of the Moon ;  
The venom black intermingled with milk ;  
The lump of flesh 'tween the new born foals eyen  
To reave, that winneth from the dam her love.  
She, with the mole all in her hands devout,  
Stood near the altar, bare of the one foot,  
With vesture loose, the bands unlaced all ;  
Bent for to die, calls the Gods to record,  
And guilty stars eke of her destiny :  
And if there were any God that had care  
Of lovers' hearts not moved with love alike,  
Him she requires of justice to remember.

It was then night ; the sound and quiet sleep  
Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught ;  
The woods, the raging seas were fallen to rest ;  
When that the stars had half their course declined ;  
The fields whist, beasts, and fowls of divers hue,  
And what so that in the broad lakes remained,  
Or yet among the bushy thicks of brier,  
Laid down to sleep by silence of the night  
'Gan swage their cares, mindless of travails past.  
Not so the spirit of this Phenician ;  
Unhappy she that on no sleep could chance,

Nor yet night's rest enter in eye or breast:  
Her cares redouble; love doth rise and rage  
again,

And overflows with swelling storms of wrath.

Thus thinks she then, this rolls she in her mind:

‘What shall I do? shall I now bear the scorn,

For to assay mine old woers again?

And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,

Whose marriage I have so oft disdained?

The Trojan navy, and Teucrian vile commands

Follow shall I? as though it should avail,

That whilom by my help they were relieved;

Or for because with kind and mindful folk

Right well doth sit the passed thankful deed?

Who would me suffer (admit this were my will)?

Or me scorned to their proud ships receive?

Oh, woe-begone! full little knowest thou yet

The broken oaths of Laomedon's kind.

What then? alone on merry mariners

Shall I wait? or board them with my power

Of Tyrians assembled me about?

And such as I with travail brought from Tyre

Drive to the seas, and force them sail again?

But rather die, even as thou hast deserved;

And to this woe with iron give thou end.

And thou, Sister, first vanquish'd with my tears,

Thou in my rage with all these mischiefs first

Didst burden me, and yield me to my foe.

Was it not granted me from spousals free,

Like to wild beasts, to live without offence,

Without taste of such cares? is there no faith  
Reserved to the cinders of Sychee?'

Such great complaints brake forth out of her  
breast:

Whiles Æneas full minded to depart,  
All things prepared, slept in the poop on high.  
To whom in sleep the wonted Godhead's form  
Gan aye appear, returning in like shape  
As seemed him; and 'gan him thus advise:  
Like unto mercury in voice and hue,  
With yellow bush, and comely limbs of youth.  
'O Goddess son, in such case canst thou sleep?  
Ne yet, bestraught, the dangers dost foresee,  
That compass thee? nor hear'st the fair winds  
blow?

Dido in mind rolls vengeance and deceit;  
Determ'd to die, swells with unstable ire.  
Wilt-thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?  
Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with sails,  
The blazing brands the shore all spread with flame,  
And if the morrow steal upon thee here.  
Come off, have done, set all delay aside;  
For full of change these women be alway.'  
This said, in the dark night he 'gan him hide.

Æneas, of this sudden vision  
Adread, starts up out of his sleep in haste;  
Calls up his feres: 'Awake, get up, my men,  
Aboard your ships, and hoise up sail with speed;  
A God me wills, sent from above again,  
To haste my flight, and wreathen cables cut.

O holy God, what so thou art, we shall  
Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will ;  
Be at our hand, and friendly us assist ;  
Address the stars with prosperous influence.'  
And with that word his glistening sword unsheaths ;  
With which drawn he the cables cut in twain.  
The like desire the rest embraced all.  
All thing in haste they cast, and forth they whirl ;  
The shores they leave ; with ships the seas are  
spread ;  
Cutting the foam by the blue seas they sweep.

Aurora now from Titan's purple bed  
With new daylight had overspread the earth ;  
When by her windows the Queen the peeping day  
Espied, and navy with 'splay'd sails depart  
The shore, and eke the port of vessels void.  
Her comely breast thrice or four times she smote  
With her own hand, and tore her golden tress.  
'Oh Jove,' quoth she, 'shall he then thus depart,  
A stranger thus, and scorn our kingdom so ?  
Shall not my men do on their armour prest,  
And eke pursue them throughout all the town ?  
Out of the road soon shall the vessel warp.  
Haste on, cast flame, set sail, and wield your oars.  
What said I ? but where am I ? what phrensy  
Alters thy mind ? Unhappy Dido, now  
Hath thee beset a froward destiny.  
Then it behoved, when thou didst give to him  
His sceptre. Lo ! his faith and his right hand !  
That leads with him, they say, his country Gods,

That on his back his aged father bore !  
His body might I not have caught and rent ?  
And in the seas drenched him and his feres ?  
And from Ascanius his life with iron rest,  
And set him on his father's board for meat ?  
Of such debate perchance the fortune might  
Have been doubtful : would God it were assay'd !  
Whom should I fear, sith I myself must die ?  
Might I have thrown into that navy brands,  
And filled eke their decks with flaming fire,  
The father, son, and all their nation  
Destroy'd, and fallen myself dead over all !  
Sun with thy beams, that mortal works descriest ;  
And thou, Juno, that well these travails know'st ;  
Proserpine, thou, upon whom folk do use  
To howl, and call in forked ways by night ;  
Infernal Furies eke, ye wreakers of wrong ;  
And Dido's Gods, who stands at point of death,  
Receive these words, and eke your heavy power  
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserve :  
And our request accept we you beseech :  
If so that yonder wicked head must needs  
Recover port, and sail to land of force ;  
And if Jove's will have so resolved it,  
And such end set as no wight can foredo ;  
Yet at the least assailed might he be  
With arms and wars of hardy nations ;  
From the bounds of his kingdom far exiled ;  
Iulus eke ravish'd out of his arms ;  
Driven to call for help, that may he see

The guiltless corpses of his folk lie dead :  
 And after hard conditions of peace,  
 His realm, nor life desired may he brook ;  
 But fall before his time, ungraved amid the sands.  
 This I require ; these words with blood I shed.  
 And, Tyrians, ye his stock and all his race  
 Pursue with hate ; reward our cinders so.  
 No love nor league betwixt our peoples be ;  
 And of our bones some weaker may there spring,  
 With sword and flame that Troyans may pursue :  
 And from henceforth, when that our power may  
 stretch,

Our coasts to them contrary be for aye,  
 I crave of God ; and our streams to their floods ;  
 Arms unto arms ; and offspring of each race  
 With mortal war each other may fordo.'

This said, her mind she writhed on all sides,  
 Seeking with speed to end her irksome life.  
 To Sychees' nurse Barcen then thus she said,  
 (For hers at home in ashes did remain) :  
 ' Call unto me, dear Nurse, my Sister Anne :  
 Bid her in haste in water of the flood  
 She sprinkle the body, and bring the beasts,  
 And purging sacrifice I did her shew ;  
 So let her come : and thou thy temples bind  
 With sacred garlands : for the sacrifice  
 That I to Pluto have begun, my mind  
 Is to perform, and give end to these cares ;  
 And Trojan statue throw into the flame.'

When she had said, redouble'gan her nurse

Her steps, forth on an aged woman's trot.

But trembling Dido eagerly now bent  
Upon her stern determination ;  
Her bloodshot eyes rolling within her head ;  
Her quivering cheeks flecked with deadly stain,  
Both pale and wan to think on death to come ;  
Into the inward wards of her palace  
She rusheth in, and clamb up, as distraught,  
The burial stack, and drew the Trojan sword,  
Her gift sometime, but meant to no such use.  
Where when she saw his weed, and well known bed,  
Weeping awhile in study 'gan she stay,  
Fell on the bed, and these last words she said :

' Sweet spoils, whiles God and destinies it would,  
Receive this sprite, and rid me of these cares :  
I lived and ran the course fortune did grant ;  
And under earth my great ghost now shall wend :  
A goodly town I built, and saw my walls ;  
Happy, alas, too happy, if these coasts  
The Trojan ships had never touched aye.'

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.  
' Why then,' quoth she, ' unwroken shall we die ?  
But let us die : for this ! and in this sort  
It liketh us to seek the shadows dark !  
And from the seas the cruel Trojan's eyes  
Shall well discern this flame ; and take with him  
Eke these unlucky tokens of my death !'

As she had said, her damsels might perceive  
Her with these words fall pierced on a sword ;  
The blade embrued, and hands besprent with gore



The clamour rang unto the palace top ;  
 The bruit ran throughout all th' astonied town :  
 With wailing great, and women's shrill yelling  
 The roofs 'gan roar ; the air resound with plaint :  
 As though Carthage, or th' ancient town of Tyre  
 With press of enter'd enemies swarmed full :  
 Or when the rage of furious flame doth take  
 The temples' tops, and mansions eke of men.

Her sister Anne, spriteless for dread to hear  
 This fearful stir, with nails'gan tear her face ;  
 She smote her breast, and rushed through the rout  
 And her dying she cleps thus by her name :

' Sister, for this with craft did you me bound ?  
 The stack, the flame, the altars, bred they this ?  
 What shall I first complain, forsaken wight ?  
 Loathest thou in death thy sister's fellowship ?  
 Thou shouldst have call'd me to like destiny ;  
 One woe, one sword, one hour, might end us both.  
 This funeral stack built I with these hands,  
 And with this voice cleped our native Gods ?  
 And, cruel, so absentest me from thy death ?  
 Destroy'd thou hast, Sister, both thee and me,  
 Thy people eke, and princes born of Tyre.  
 Give here ; I shall with water wash her wounds ;  
 And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.'

This said, unto the high degrees she mounted,  
 Embracing fast her sister now half dead,  
 With wailful plaint : whom in her lap she laid,  
 The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.  
 But Dido striveth to lift up again

Her heavy eyen, and hath no power thereto :  
Deep in her breast that fixed wound doth gape.  
Thrice leaning on her elbow'gan she raise  
Herself upward ; and thrice she overthrew  
Upon the bed : ranging with wand'ring eyes  
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Juno having ruth by this  
Of her long pains, and eke her lingering death,  
From heaven she sent the Goddess Iris down,  
'The throwing sprite, and jointed limbs to loose.  
For that neither by lot of destiny,  
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,  
But wretchedly before her fatal day,  
And kindled with a sudden rage of flame,  
Proserpine had not from her head bereft  
The golden hair, nor judged her to hell  
The dewy Iris thus with golden wings,  
A thousand hues shewing against the Sun,  
Amid the skies then did she fly adown  
On Dido's head : where as she'gan alight,  
'This hair,' quod she, 'to Pluto consecrate,  
Commanded I reave ; and thy spirit unloose  
From this body. And when she thus had said,  
With her right hand she cut the hair in twain :  
And therewithal the kindly heat'gan quench,  
And into wind the life forthwith resolve.

The two following poems are given from a very curious MS. of the time of Henry the VIIIth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The greater part of the poems in that MS. have the names, or the initials of their respective authors subscribed. The signatures originally affixed to those here printed have been much effaced. What remains of them, however, is sufficient to lead to some conjecture. The first is subscribed "Finis qd. W. t." The second, "Finis qd. S e." Respecting the first of these names I apprehend no doubt can be entertained, especially as a large number of the poems in the volume bear Wyatt's signature. That the latter name was designed for Surrey's, I think extremely probable; for his name was generally spelt "Surreye:" and the letter preceding the final "e," though erased in part, seems to have been "y." I believe that many compositions have been ascribed to authors on presumptive evidence less strong than the present. It should be observed, that Surrey and Wyatt were in the habit of frequently communicating their verses to each other. See the poems in this volume, which begin; "As oft as I behold and see;" p. 37: and "Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought;" p. 11. — *Dr. Nott.*

#### PRIMUS.

MY fearful hope from me is fled,  
 Which of long time hath been my guide.  
 Now faithful trust is in his stead,  
 And bids me set all fear aside.  
 O' truth it is, I not deny,  
 All Lovers may not live in ease.

Yet some by hap doth hit truly ;  
So like may I, if that she please.

Why ! so it is a gift, ye wot,  
By nature one to love another.  
And since that love doth fall by lot ;  
Then why not I, as well as other.

It may so be the cause is why,  
She knoweth no part to my poor mind :  
But yet as one assuredly  
I speak nothing but as I find.

If Nature will, it shall so be :  
No reason ruleth Fantasy.  
Yet in this ease, as seemeth me,  
I take all thing indifferently.

Yet uncertain I will rejoice,  
And think to have, though yet thou hast.  
I put my chance unto her choice  
With patience, for power is past.

No ! no ! I know the like is fair  
Without disdain or cruelty :  
And so to end from all despair ;  
Until I find the contrary.



## SECUNDUS.

YOUR fearful hope cannot prevail ;  
Nor yet faithful trust also.  
Some thinks to hit, oftentimes do fail ;  
Whereby they change their wealth to woe.

What though ! in that yet put no trust :  
But always after as ye see.  
For say your will, and do your lust ;  
There is no place for you to be.

No such within ; ye are far out.  
Your labour lost ye hope to save.  
But once I put ye out of doubt ;  
The thing is had that ye would have.

Though to remain without remorse,  
And pitiless to be opprest ;  
Yet is the course of Love, by force  
To take all things unto the best.

Well ! yet beware, if thou be wise :  
And leave thy hope thy heat to cool :  
For fear lest she thy love despise,  
Reputing thee but as a fool.

Since this to follow of force thou must,  
And by no reason can refrain ;  
Thy chance shall change thy least mistrust ;  
As thou shalt prove unto thy pain.

When with such pain thou shalt be paid,  
The which shall pass all remedy ;  
Then think on this that I have said ;  
And blame thy foolish Fantasy.

FINIS.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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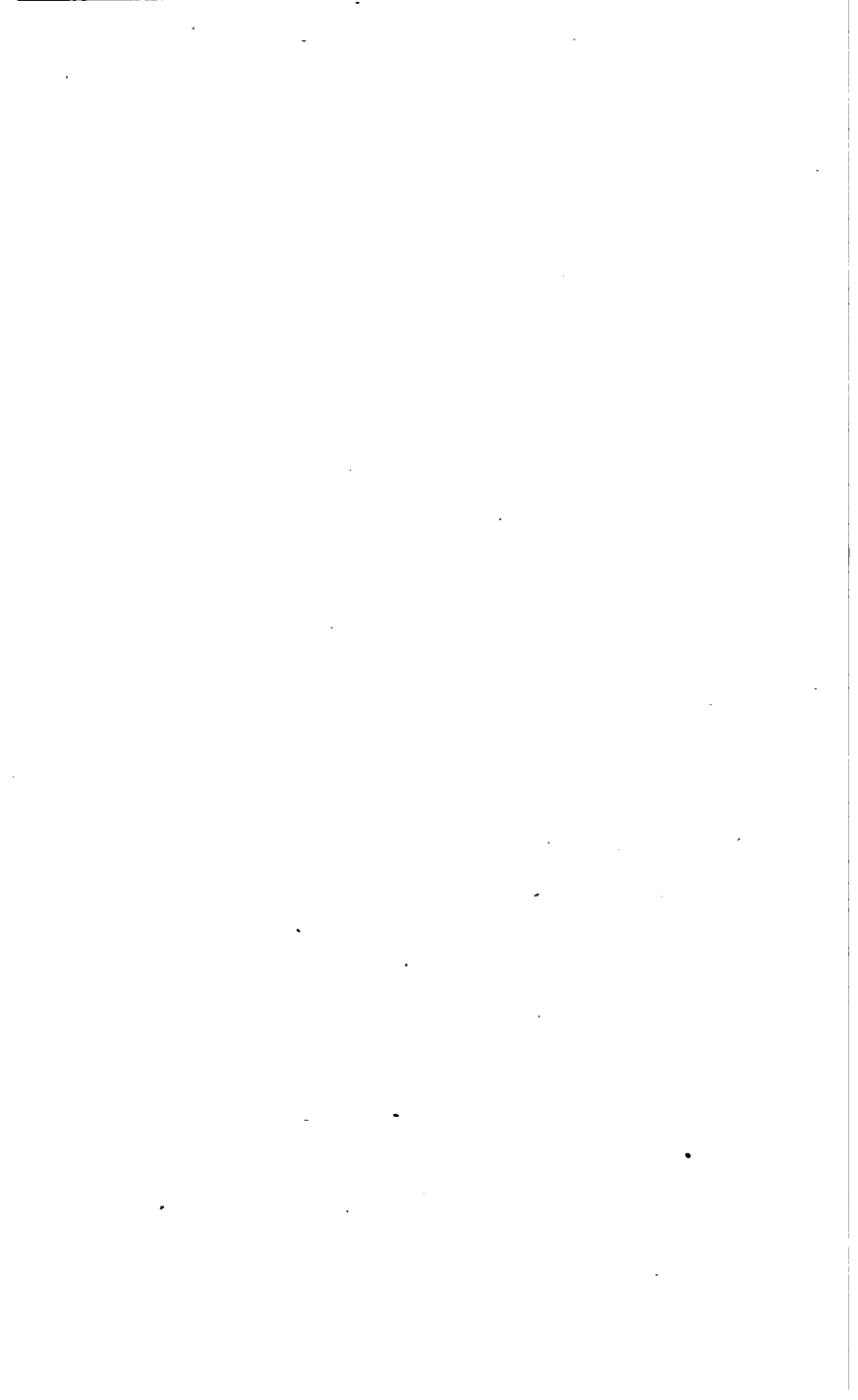
- ALAS! so all things now do hold their peace, 14.  
Although I had a check, 32.  
As oft as I behold, and see, 37.  
Brittle beauty, that Nature made so frail, 13.  
But now the wounded Queen, with heavy care, 153.  
Divers thy death do diversely bemoan, 59.  
Each beast can choose his fere according to his mind, 47.  
From Tuscan came my Lady's worthy race, 12.  
From pensive fancies then I gan my heart revoke, 84.  
Girt in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sow, 43.  
Give ear to my suit, Lord! fromward hide not thy face, 109.  
Give place, ye lovers, here before, 30.  
Good ladies! ye that have your pleasure in exile, 27.  
If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain, 53.  
If he that erst the form so lively drew, 32.  
I never saw my Lady lay apart, 16.  
In Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt, 12.  
In the rude age, when knowledge was not rife, 62.  
In winter's just return, when Boreas gan his reign, 23.  
I, Solomon, David's son, King of Jerusalem, 82.  
Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were, 65.  
Like to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind, 89.  
London! hast thou accused me, 69.  
Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought, 11.  
Martial, the things that do attain, 57.  
My Ratclif, when thy rechless youth offends, 68.  
My fearful hope from me is fled, 186.  
Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead, 62.  
Of thy Life, Thomas, this compass well mark, 58.  
O happy dames that may embrace, 21.

- O loathsome place! where I, 85.  
 O Lord! upon whose will dependeth my welfare, 101.  
 Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green, 15.  
 Since fortune's wrath envieth the wealth, 46.  
 So cruel prison how could betide, alas, 17.  
 Such wayward ways hath Love, that most part in discord, 5  
 The sun hath twice brought forth his tender green, 1.  
 Th' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire, 64.  
 The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings, 3.  
 The golden gift that Nature did thee give, 16.  
 The great Macedon, that out of Persia chased, 59.  
 The storms are past; the clouds are overblown, 87.  
 The fancy which that I have served long, 68.  
 The Sun, when he hath spread his rays, 71.  
 The sudden storms that heave me to and fro, 104.  
 They whisted all, with fixed face attent, 115.  
 Though I regarded not, 39.  
 Though, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be, 105.  
 Thy name, O Lord, how great, is found before our sight, 111.  
 Too dearly had I bought my green and youthful years, 34.  
 When youth had led me half the race, 4.  
 When Summer took in hand the Winter to assail, 8.  
 When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm, 14.  
 When raging love with extreme pain, 20.  
 When I bethought me well, under the restless Sun, 93.  
 When that repentant tears hath cleansed clear from ill, 96.  
 Where reckless youth in an unquiet breast, 101.  
 Wrapt in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro, 41.  
 Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest, 60.  
 Your fearful hope cannot prevail, 187.

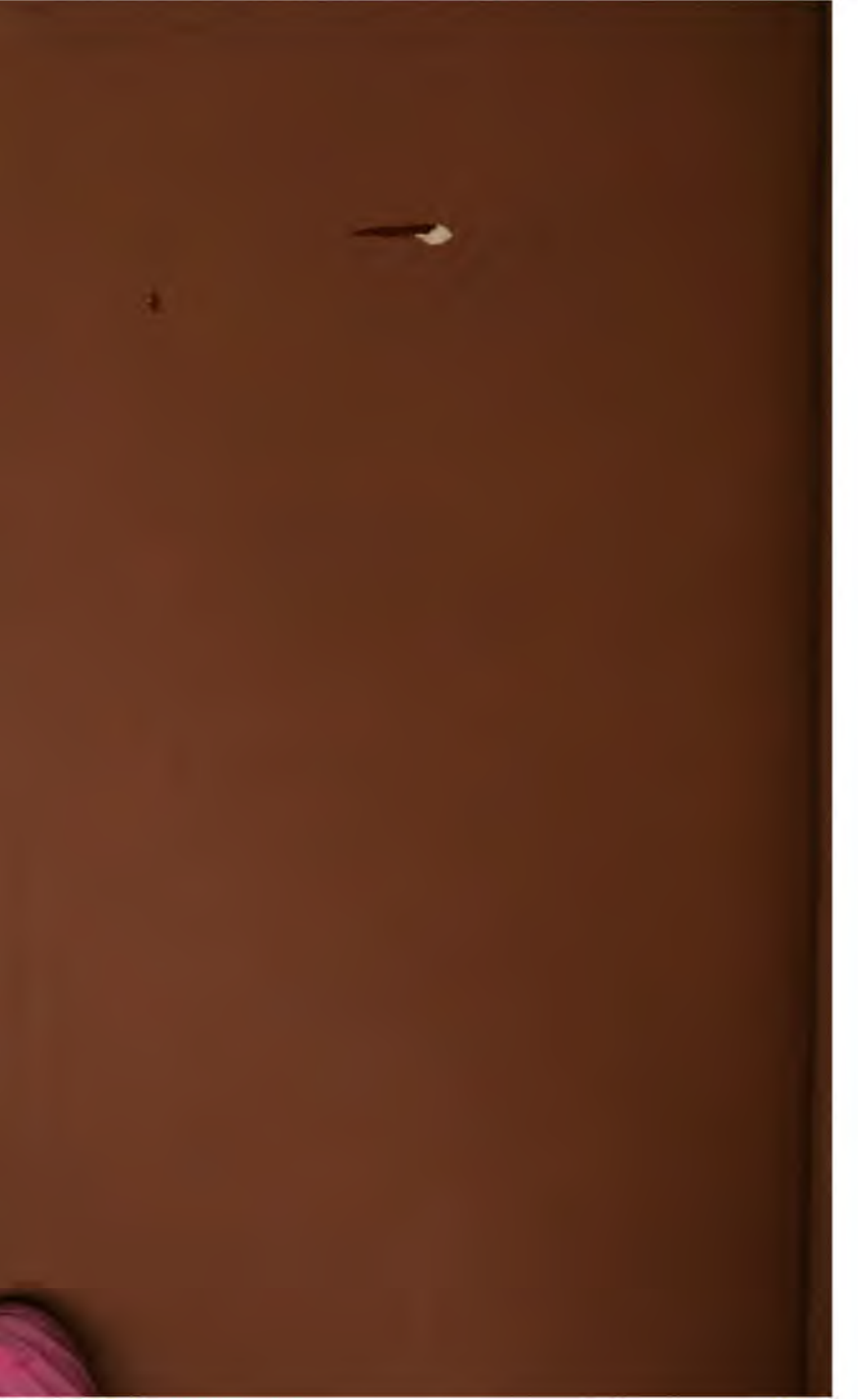
THE END.













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